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JOHN FORD

MINISTIO WOLLE

HENRY WILDER

FRANK A.

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THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
JOHN FORD.

WITH AN  
INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,  
BY  
HENRY WEBER, ESQ.

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VOLUME II.

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EDINBURGH:

*Printed by George Ramsay & Company,*  
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND COMPANY, EDINBURGH;  
AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,  
WILLIAM MILLER, AND JOHN MURRAY,  
LONDON.

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1811.

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**PERKIN WARBECK.**

**VOL. II.**

**A**



## PERKIN WARBECK.

THE entire title of the old quarto of this historical play is the following : " The Chronicle Historie of Perkin Warbeck. A strange truth. Acted (some times) by the Queenes Majesties Servants at the Phoenix in Drurie-lane. Fide Honor. London, printed by T. P. for Hugh Beeston, and are to be sold at his shop, neere the Castle in Cornehill, 1634." In 1715 it was re-printed in octavo, to serve in the list of antidotes to the rebellion of that year, but was not then acted. In 1745, still greater exertions were made to draw a parallel between the mock Duke of York and the unfortunate Charles Edward. " There are now," says Oldys in his MS. notes to Langbaine, " in December 1745, on occasion of the present rebellion under the Pretender's eldest son, two plays, near finished, on this story of Perkin Warbeck, one by Charles Macklin the player, the other by Mr Joseph Elderton a young attorney ; the former for Drury-Lane, the latter at Covent-Garden, but this play of John Ford's has got the start of them at Goodman's Fields. Macklin's was a silly performance, and was soon dismissed, he being twenty pounds out of pocket by acting it, yet got it printed. Elderton's was not finished before it was too late in the season to act it, and when the rebellion was suppressed in the field, it was thought unreasonable to revive it on the stage. Macklin's was called by the foolish title of King Henry VII., or the Popish Impostor, popery being looked on as no objection in that reign. Elderton's was called, The Pretender." The latter play was never printed, and is not noticed in the *Biographia Dramatica*. With regard to Macklin's, the author of that work excuses its imperfections by informing us, " that it was the six weeks labour only of an actor, who, even in that short space, was often called from it by his profession ; and that the players, for the sake of dispatch, had it to study act by act, just as it was blotted ; and that the only revisals it received from the brouillon to the press, were at the rehearsals of it."

Ford's play is founded upon the chronicles of the reign of Henry VII., and particularly upon the history of that monarch by the celebrated Lord Bacon, as appears from the beginning of



the following dedication. To the old quarto, five copies of commendatory verses are prefixed, which will be found in the First Volume. The excellence of the piece must have insured it good reception, and the praises of such a man as Dr Donne were certainly not misapplied, though, from the words in the title-page, "acted some times," we cannot infer that it obtained great popularity. The word may, however, be used in the very common sense of *formerly*, and, in this case, the play was probably produced a considerable time before it was printed.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD,

LORD BOLSOVER AND OGLE\*.

MY LORD,

OUT of the darkness of a former age, (enlightened by a late both learned and an honourable pen †), I have endeavoured to personate a great attempt, and in it, a greater danger. In other labours you

\* This accomplished nobleman was born in the year 1592, and was early in favour with James I., by whom he was made a knight of the Bath in 1610, and created a peer by the title of Baron Ogle and Viscount Mansfield in 1623. He continued in favour with Charles I., who created him Earl of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and, in 1638, assigned him the office of governor to the Prince of Wales. His exertions in favour of the royal cause during the rebellion are too well known to require any notice in this place. He was created Duke of Newcastle in 1664, and died twelve years after, at the advanced age of 84, loaded with honours. He was not only a patron of playwrights, but also condescended to cultivate the dramatic muse himself, having produced four comedies. But his lady exceeded him in the fertility of her imagination, having left to the world not less than twenty-seven dramatic performances.

† Alluding to the History of King Henry VII. by the great Lord Bacon.

may read actions of antiquity discoursed ; in this abridgement, find the actors themselves discour-  
sing ; in some kind practised as well *what* to speak,  
as speaking *why* to do. Your lordship is a most  
competent judge, in expressions of such credit ;  
commissioned by your known ability in examining,  
and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the  
monuments of times. Eminent titles may, indeed,  
inform *who* their owners are, not often *what*. To  
your's the addition of that information in both,  
cannot in any application be observed flattery ; the  
authority being established by truth. I can only  
acknowledge the errors in writing mine own ; the  
worthiness of the subject written being a perfection  
in the story, and of it. The custom of your lord-  
ship's entertainments (even to strangers) is rather  
an example than a fashion : in which consideration  
I dare not profess a curiosity ; but am only studi-  
ous that your lordship will please, amongst such as  
best honour your goodness, to admit into your no-  
ble construction,

JOHN FORD,



## PROLOGUE.

STUDIES have, of this nature, been of late  
So out of fashion, so unfollowed, that  
It is become more justice, to revive  
The antic follies of the times, than strive  
To countenance wise industry : no want  
Of art doth render wit, or lame, or scant,  
Or slothful, in the purchase of fresh bays ;  
But want of truth in them who give the praise  
To their self-love, presuming to out-do  
The writer, or (for need) the actors too.  
But such this author's silence best befits,  
Who bids them be in love with their own wits.  
From him, to clearer judgments, we can say  
He shows a history, couched in a play :  
A history of noble mention, known,  
Famous, and true : most noble, 'cause our own ;  
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain,  
But chronicled at home ; as rich in strain  
Of brave attempts, as ever fertile rage  
In action could beget to grace the stage.  
We cannot limit scenes, for the whole land  
Itself appeared too narrow to withstand  
Competitors for kingdoms : nor is here  
Unnecessary mirth forced, to endear  
A multitude : on these two rests the fate  
Of worthy expectation, truth and state.

The first part of the history of the  
the second part of the history of the  
the third part of the history of the

THE HISTORY OF THE

The fourth part of the history of the  
the fifth part of the history of the  
the sixth part of the history of the

The seventh part of the history of the  
the eighth part of the history of the  
the ninth part of the history of the

The tenth part of the history of the  
the eleventh part of the history of the  
the twelfth part of the history of the

The thirteenth part of the history of the  
the fourteenth part of the history of the  
the fifteenth part of the history of the

The sixteenth part of the history of the  
the seventeenth part of the history of the  
the eighteenth part of the history of the

The nineteenth part of the history of the  
the twentieth part of the history of the  
the twenty-first part of the history of the

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VII., *King of England.*

LORD DAWBENEY.

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *Lord Chamberlain.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

EARL OF SURREY.

FOX, *Bishop of Durham.*

URSWICK, *Chaplain to the King.*

SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD.

LAMBERT SIMNELL.

HIALAS, *a Spanish Agent.*

JAMES IV., *King of Scotland.*

EARL OF HUNTLEY.

EARL OF CRAWFORD.

LORD DALYELL.

MARCHMONT, *a Herald.*

PERKIN WARBECK.

STEPHEN FRION, *his Secretary.*

JOHN A-WATER, *Mayor of Cork.*

HERON, *a mercer.*

SKETON, *a tailor.*

ASTLEY, *a scrivener.*



*Women.**Lady* KATHERINE GORDON, *wife to* PERKIN.*Countess of* CRAWFORD.*JANE DOUGLAS, Lady* KATHERINE'S *maid.**Sheriff, Constable, Officers, Serving-men, Masquers,  
and Soldiers.**Scene,—Great Britain.*

## PERKIN WARBECK.

---

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*Westminster. The Royal Presence-Chamber.*

*Enter King HENRY, supported to the Throne by the Bishop of DURHAM and Sir WILLIAM STANLEY. Earl of OXFORD, Earl of SURREY, and Lord DAWBENY in the train.—A Guard.*

*K. Hen.* Still to be haunted, still to be pursued,  
Still to be frighted with false apparitions  
Of pageant majesty, and new-coin'd greatness,  
As if we were a mockery king in state,  
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and blood,  
In scorn and laughter to the ghosts of York,  
Is all below our merits : Yet, my lords,  
My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast  
In our own royal birth-right ; the rent face  
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughter'd  
people,  
Have been by us, as by the best physician,  
At once both th'roughly cur'd, and set in safety ;

And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,  
Ourselves is scarce secure.

*Dur.* The rage of malice  
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York ;  
For ninety years ten English kings and princes,  
Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords  
And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand  
Of English subjects have, in civil wars,  
Been sacrific'd to an uncivil thirst  
Of discord and ambition : this hot vengeance  
Of the just powers above, to utter ruin  
And desolation, had reign'd on, but that  
Mercy did gently sheath the sword of justice  
In sending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth  
A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.

*Daw.* Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful fortune,  
Yielded to nature, leaving to his sons,  
Edward and Richard, the inheritance  
Of a most bloody purchase ; these young princes  
Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,  
Forc'd to a violent grave ; so just is Heaven.  
Him hath your majesty, by your own arm,  
Divinely strengthen'd, pull'd from his boar's sty  
And struck the black usurper to a carcase :  
Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,  
Tho' Lancaster doth repossess his right ;  
For Edward's daughter is king Henry's queen :  
A blessed union, and a lasting blessing  
For this poor panting island, if some shreds,  
Some useless remnant of the house of York  
Grudge not at this content.

*Oxf.* Margaret of Burgundy  
Blows fresh coals of division.

*Sur.* Painted fires  
Without or heat to scorch, or light to cherish '.

<sup>1</sup> *Painted fires, without or heat to scorch, or light to cherish.*]



*Daw.* York's headless trunk, her father; Edward's fate,  
Her brother king; the smothering of her nephews  
By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature;  
Nor Gloster's own confusion, (all decrees  
Sacred in heaven) can move this woman-monster,  
But that she still, from the unbottom'd mine  
Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore  
Of troubles and seditions.

*Oxf.* In her age,—  
Great sir, observe the wonder,—she grows fruitful,  
Who, in her strength of youth, was always barren:  
Nor are her birth as other mothers' are,  
At nine or ten months' end; she has been with  
child  
Eight or seven years at least; whose twins being  
born,  
A prodigy in nature, even the youngest  
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance,  
As soon as known i'th' world, tall striplings, strong  
And able to give battle unto kings:  
Idols of Yorkish malice.

*Dur.* And but idols;  
A steely hammer crushes them to pieces<sup>1</sup>.

*K. Hen.* Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our service;  
Preferr'd by an officious care of duty  
From the scullery to a falconer; strange example!  
Which shews the difference between noble natures  
And the base-born: but for the upstart duke,  
The new reviv'd York, Edward's second son,

Fires merely painted, having neither heat to scorch enemies nor light to cherish friends. The old copy is unintelligible in this passage, by reading corruptedly,---Without *to* heat *or* scorch.

<sup>1</sup> This speech is given to Oxford as well as the former in the original. It may be applied to any of the other lords present. I have given it to the bishop of Durham.

Murder'd long since i' th' Tower ; he lives again,  
And vows to be your king.

*Stan.* The throne is fill'd, sir.

*K. Hen.* True, Stanley ; and the lawful heir sits  
on it ;

A guard of angels, and the holy prayers  
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence  
Against all force and counsel of intrusion.  
But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,  
Our great ones, should give countenance and cou-  
rage

To trim duke Perkin ; will you all confess  
Our bounties have unthriftilly been scatter'd  
Amongst unthankful men.

*Daw.* Unthankful beasts,  
Dogs, villains, traitors !

*K. Hen.* Dawbeny, let the guilty  
Keep silence ; I accuse none, tho' I know  
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom,  
Are seldom without some great friends at home.

*Stan.* Sir, if no other abler reasons else  
Of duty or allegiance could divert  
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers  
So lately past by men of blood and fortunes  
In Lambert Simnel's party, must command  
More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.  
The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,  
The earl of Kildare, lord Geraldine,  
Francis lord Lovell, and the German baron,  
Bold Martin Swart<sup>1</sup>, with Broughton and the rest,  
(Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy),  
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn  
The present times, or any that live in them,

<sup>1</sup> *Martin Swart.*] A celebrated German soldier of fortune  
in the time of Henry VII. frequently alluded to in old poetry.  
A play was produced in the seventeenth century, celebrating his  
actions.

What folly, nay, what madness 'twere to lift  
A finger up in all defence but your's,  
Which can be but impostorous in a title.

*K. Hen.* Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and  
thy heart

Is figur'd on thy tongue ; nor think we less  
Of any's<sup>1</sup> here. How closely we have hunted  
This cub (since he unlodg'd) from hole to hole,  
Your knowledge is our chronicle: first Ireland,  
The common stage of novelty, presented  
This gewgaw to oppose us, there the Geraldines  
And Butlers once again stood in support  
Of this colossic statue: Charles of France,  
Thence call'd him into his protection ;  
Dissembled him the lawful heir of England ;  
Yet this was all but French dissimulation,  
Aiming at peace with us, which, being granted  
On honourable terms on our part, suddenly  
This smoke of straw was pack'd from France again,  
T' infect some grosser air : and now we learn  
(Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,  
Sir Taylor, and a hundred English rebels)  
They're all retir'd to Flanders, to the dam  
That nurs'd this eager whelp, Margaret of Bur-  
gundy.

But we will hunt him there too, we will hunt him,  
Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet.  
Tho' the archduke were his buckler.

*Sur.* She has styl'd him,  
“ The fair white rose of England.”

*Daw.* Jolly gentleman,  
More fit to be a swabber<sup>2</sup> to the Flemish,  
After a drunken surfeit.

<sup>1</sup> *Of any's here.*] Of the heart or affection of any one present. The phraseology is very incorrect.

<sup>2</sup> *Swabber.*] A sea-term for the boy who sweeps the decks,



*Enter URSWICK.*

*Urs.* Gracious sovereign,  
'Please you peruse this paper. [*The King reads.*

*Dur.* The king's countenance  
Gathers a sprightly blood.

*Daw.* Good news; believe it.

*K. Hen.* Urswick, thine ear.—Thou hast lodged  
him?

*Urs.* Strongly safe, sir.

*K. Hen.* Enough, is Barly come too?

*Urs.* No, my lord.

*K. Hen.* No matter.—Phew! he's but a running  
weed,

At pleasure to be pluck'd up by the roots;  
But more of this anon.—I have bethought me,  
My lords, for reasons which you shall partake,  
It is our pleasure to remove our court  
From Westminster to the Tower: We will lodge  
This very night there; give, lord chamberlain,  
A present order for it.

*Stan.* The Tower?—I shall sir.

*K. Hen.* Come, my true, best, fast friends, these  
clouds will vanish:

The sun will shine at full: the heavens are clear-  
ing. [*Exeunt.*

the most menial occupation on board. The allusion in the text  
is too obvious, and too filthy to require further elucidation.



SCENE II.—*Edinburgh.—The royal Palace.—  
A Flourish.*

*Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.*

*Hunt.* You trifle time, sir.

*Dal.* Oh, my noble lord,  
You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,  
That where the text is argument of pity,  
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it  
With too much ill-plac'd mirth.

*Hunt.* Much mirth, lord Dalyell?  
Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant:  
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,  
Descended from an honourable ancestry,  
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,  
And ruffle in the world by noble actions,  
For a brave mention to posterity.  
I scorn not thy affection to my daughter:  
Not I, by good Saint Andrew; but this bugbear,  
This whoreson tale of honour,—honour, Dalyell!—  
So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear,  
The piece of royalty that is stitch'd up  
In my Kate's blood', that 'tis as dangerous

\* George Gordon, second earl of Huntley, married Jane Stuart, daughter of King James I. Katherine, who, by the consent of the king and parliament of Scotland, married Perkin Warbeck, the pretended Richard, Duke of York, was his eldest daughter. Sir Robert Gordon, in his *Genealogy of the House of Sutherland*, thus relates her future fortunes: "She went into England with her husband Richard, whom the English histories do call a counterfitt, and whom in all her fortunes she intirly loved, adding the vertues of a wyff unto the vertues of her sex, as sayeth the viscount of St Albane, in his historie of King Henrie the Seavinth of England. After her husband's taking out of the sanctuarie at Beaully in the New-Forrest, in England, she wes

For thee, young lord, to perch so near an eaglet,  
As foolish for my gravity to admit it :  
I have spoke all at once.

*Dal.* Sir, with this truth,  
You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope  
For my disorder'd palate, e'er to relish  
A wholesome taste again. Alas ! I know, sir,  
What an unequal distance lies between  
Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalyell's for-  
tunes.

She's the king's kinswoman, plac'd near the crown,  
A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

*Hunt.* Right, but a noble subject, put in that  
too.

*Dal.* I could add more ; and in the highest line,  
Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,  
A Scottish knight ; whose daughter was the mo-  
ther

To him who first begot the race of Jameses,  
That sway the sceptre to this very day.  
But kindreds are not ours, when once the date  
Of many years have swallow'd up the memory  
Of their originals ; so pasture-fields,  
Neighbouring too near the ocean, are supp'd up  
And known no more : for stood I in my first  
And native greatness, if my princely mistress

brought from St Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, and delyvered to  
King Henrie the Seaventh, who intertayned her honorablie, and  
for her better maintenance, according to her birth and vertue, did  
assigne vnto her good lands and rents for all the dayes of her lyff.  
After the death of her husband Richard, shoe mareid Sir Mathio  
Cradock, (a man of great power at that tyme in Clamorganshyre,  
in Wales), of the which mariage is descended this William, Earle  
of Pembroke, by his grandmother, and had some lands by inhe-  
ritance from the Cradookes. Lady Katheren Gordon died in  
Wales, and was buried in a chappell at one of the Earle of Pem-  
brok his dwelling-places in that cuntrey. The Engleshe histories  
doe much commend her for her beauty, comliness, and chastetie."

Vouchsaf'd me not her servant, 'twere as good  
I were reduc'd to clownery, to nothing,  
As to a throne of wonder.

*Hunt. (apart.)* Now, by Saint Andrew,  
A spark of metal! he has a brave fire in him.  
I would he had my daughter so I knew't not.  
But 't must not be so, must not.—Well, young lord,  
This will not do yet, if the girl be headstrong,  
And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,  
And run away with her; dance galliards, do,  
And frisk about the world to learn the languages:  
'Twill be a thriving trade; you may set up by't.

*Dal.* With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain  
Suits not your daughter's virtue, or my constancy.

*Hunt.* You're angry.—'Would he would beat  
me, I deserve it. [*Aside.*  
*Dalyell,* thy hand, we're friends: follow thy court-  
ship;

Take thine own time and speak; if thou prevail'st  
With passion, more than I can with my counsel,  
She's thine; nay, she is thine; 'tis a fair match,  
Free and allowed. I'll only use my tongue,  
Without a father's power; use thou thine:  
Self do, self have. No more words; win and wear  
her.

*Dal.* You bless me; I am now too poor in thanks  
To pay the debt I owe you.

*Hunt.* Nay, thou'rt poor enough.—  
I love his spirit infinitely.—Look ye,  
She comes: to her now, to her, to her!

*Enter KATHERINE and JANE.*

*Kath.* The king commands your presence, sir.

*Hunt.* The gallant—  
This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of yours  
Desires to be your master.



*Kath.* I acknowledge him  
A worthy friend of mine.

*Dal.* Your humblest creature.

*Hunt.* So, so; the game's a-foot, I'm in cold  
hunting,

The hare and hounds are parties. [*Aside.*

*Dal.* Princely lady,  
How most unworthy am I to employ  
My services, in honour of your virtues,  
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy  
Your fair opinion, and much more your love;  
Are only matters of despair, unless  
Your goodness gives large warrants to my boldness,  
My feeble-wing'd ambition.

*Hunt. (Aside.)* This is scurvy.

*Kath.* My lord, I interrupt you not.

*Hunt. (Aside.)* Indeed!

Now on my life she'll court him.—Nay, nay, on sir.

*Dal.* Oft have I tun'd the lesson of my sorrows  
To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity;  
But all in vain; here had my comforts sunk  
And never ris'n again, to tell a story  
Of the despairing lover, had not now,  
Even now, the earl your father——

*Hunt. (Aside.)* He means me sure.

*Dal.* After some fit disputes of your condition,  
Your highness and my lowness, giv'n a licence  
Which did not more embolden, than encourage  
My falt'ring tongue.

*Hunt.* How? how? how's that?  
Embolden? encourage? I encourage ye, d'ye  
hear, sir!

A subtle trick, a quaint one.—Will you hear, man?  
What did I say to you? Come, come, to th' point,

*Kath.* It shall not need my lord.

*Hunt.* Then hear me, Kate!—  
Keep you on that hand of her; I on this—



Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,  
Both striving for an interest in thy heart :  
He courts thee for affection, I for duty ;  
He as a servant pleads, but by the privilege  
Of nature, tho' I might command, my care  
Shall only counsel what it shall not force.  
Thou canst but make one choice ; the ties of marriage

Are tenures, not at will, but during life.  
Consider whose thou art, and who ; a princess,  
A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,  
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.  
The king that sits upon the throne is young,  
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts  
On any least occasion, to endanger  
His person ; wherefore, Kate, as I am confident  
Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education  
By yielding to a common servile rage  
Of female wantonness, so I am confident  
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side<sup>1</sup>  
Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.  
My lord of Dalyell, young in years, is old  
In honours, but nor eminent in titles  
Or in estate, that may support or add to  
The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle  
Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment :  
For, in a word, I give thee freedom ; take it.  
If equal fates have not ordain'd to pitch  
Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion  
Lead thee to shrink mine honour in oblivion :  
Thou art thine own ; I have done.

*Dal.*

Oh ! you're all oracle,  
The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.

<sup>1</sup> *To side thy equals ;*] To match with thy equals. This is a singular use of the verb *to side*, which was originally a technical term at card-playing.

*Kath.* My worthiest lord and father, the indulgence  
Of your sweet composition, thus commands  
The lowest of obedience : you have granted  
A liberty so large, that I want skill  
To choose without direction of example :  
From which I daily learn, by how much more  
You take off from the roughness of a father,  
By so much more I am engag'd to tender  
The duty of a daughter. For respects  
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,  
I nor admire nor slight them ; all my studies  
Shall ever aim at this perfection only,  
To live and die so, that you may not blush  
In any course of mine to own me yours.

*Hunt.* Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart,  
like peace,  
Creating every other hour a jubilee.

*Kath.* To you my lord of Dalyell, I address  
Some few remaining words : The general fame  
That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues,  
Proclaims it clear, but in the best, a president.

*Hunt.* Good wench, good girl, i' faith.

*Kath.* For my part (trust me),  
I value mine own worth at higher rate,  
'Cause you are pleas'd to prize it ; if the stream  
Of your protested service (as you term it)  
Run in a constancy, more than a compliment,  
It shall be my delight, that worthy love  
Leads you to worthy actions ; and these guide you  
Richly to wed an honourable name :  
So every virtuous praise, in after ages,  
Shall be your heir, and I, in your brave mention,  
Be chronicled the mother of that issue,  
That glorious issue.

*Hunt.* Oh, that I were young again

She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit  
From reputation.

*Kath.* To the present motion,  
Here's all that I dare answer : when a ripeness  
Of more experience, and some use of time,  
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth  
Upon exchange of troths<sup>1</sup>, I shall desire  
No surer credit, of a match with virtue,  
Than such as lives in you ; mean time, my hopes  
are

Preserv'd secure, in having you a friend.

*Dal.* You are a blessed lady, and instruct  
Ambition not to soar a farther flight,  
Than in the perfum'd air of your soft voice.—  
My noble lord of Huntley, you have lent  
A full extent of bounty to this parley ;  
And for it shall command your humblest servant.

*Hunt.* Enough : we are still friends, and will  
continue  
A hearty love.—Oh ! Kate, thou art mine own.—  
No more : my lord of Crawford.

*Enter CRAWFORD.*

*Craw.* From the king  
I come, my lord of Huntley, who in counsel  
Requires your present aid.

*Hunt.* Some weighty business ?

*Craw.* A secretary from the duke of York,  
The second son to the late English Edward,

<sup>1</sup> *Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth,  
Upon exchange of troths.*] The phraseology here is extremely involved. The meaning seems to be, "when experience and time give me a resolution to treat for an exchange of the freedom of my youth for mutual truth or betrothing, I shall desire," &c. ; or, in plainer words, "when experience and time shall incline me to give up the freedom of my youth, and give up my truth and faith to another in exchange for his faith," &c.



Conceal'd, I know not where, these fourteen years,  
Craves audience from our master ; and 'tis said  
The duke himself is following to the court.

*Hunt.* Duke upon duke ; 'tis well, 'tis well :—  
here's bustling

For majesty ; my lord, I will along with you.

*Craw.* My service, noble lady.

*Kath.* 'Please you walk, sir ?

*Dal.* Times have their changes ; sorrow makes  
men wise ;

The sun itself must set as well as rise ;

Then, why not I. Fair madam, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Night.*—*The Tower.*—*Lights brought in.*

*Enter DURHAM, SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD, and*  
*URSWICK.*—*Lights.*

*Dur.* You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely  
King Henry, our great master, doth commit  
His person to your loyalty ; you taste  
His bounty and his mercy even in this ;  
'That at a time of night so late, a place  
So private as his closet, he is pleas'd  
To admit you to his favour ; do not falter  
In your discovery, but as you covet  
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies,  
So labour to deserve it, by laying open  
All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

*Urs.* Remember not the witchcraft, or the magic.  
The charms and incantations, which the sorceress  
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason :  
Sir Robert, be your own friend now, discharge  
Your conscience freely ; all of such as love you,  
Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.



Take heed you do not dally with the king,  
He is wise as he is gentle.

*Clif.* I am miserable

If Henry be not merciful.

*Urs.* The king comes.

*Enter King HENRY.*

*K. Hen.* Clifford !

*Clif. (Kneels.)* Let my weak knees rot to the earth,  
If I appear as lep'rous in my treacheries,  
Before your royal eyes, as to my own  
I seem a monster, by my breach of truth.

*K. Hen.* Clifford, stand up : for instance of thy  
safety  
I offer thee my hand.

*Clif.* A sovereign balm  
For my bruis'd soul, I kiss it with a greediness.  
Sir, you are a just master, but I—

*K. Hen.* Tell me,  
Is every circumstance thou hast set down  
With thine own hand, within this paper, true ?  
Is it a sure intelligence of all  
The progress of our enemies' intents  
Without corruption ?

*Clif.* True, as I wish heaven ;  
Or my infected honour white again.

*K. Hen.* We know all, Clifford, fully, since this  
meteor  
This airy apparition first discredlled  
From Tournay into Portugal ; and thence  
Advanc'd his fiery blaze for adoration  
To th' superstitious Irish ; since the beard  
Of this wild comet, conjur'd into France,  
Sparkled in antick flames in Charles his court ;  
But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in dark-  
ness,  
Stole into Flanders, flourishing the rags

Of painted power on the shore of Kent,  
 Whence he was beaten back with shame and scorn,  
 Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws :  
 But tell me, what new course now shapes duke  
 Perkin ?

*Clif.* For Ireland, mighty Henry ; so instructed  
 By Stephen Frion, sometimes <sup>1</sup> secretary  
 In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence,  
 But Perkin's tutor now.

*K. Hen.* A subtle villain  
 That Frion, Frion,—you, my lord of Durham,  
 Knew well the man.

*Dur.* French, both in heart and actions.

*K. Hen.* Some Irish heads work in this mine of  
 treason ;

Speak them.

*Clif.* Not any of the best ; your fortune  
 Hath dull'd their spleens. Never had counterfeit  
 Such a confused rabble of lost bankrupts  
 For counsellors : first Heron, a broken mercer,  
 Then John A-Water, sometimes mayor of Cork,  
 Sketon a taylor, and a scrivener  
 Call'd Astley : and whate'er these list <sup>2</sup> to treat of,  
 Perkin must harken to ; but Frion, cunning  
 Above these dull capacities, still prompts him  
 To fly to Scotland to young James the Fourth ;  
 And sue for aid to him ; this is the latest  
 Of all their resolutions.

<sup>1</sup> *Sometimes,*] Formerly. See the Introduction to this play,  
 and further on in this page, where the word occurs in the same  
 sense. In the Merchant of Venice, Bassanes says :

“ In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
 And she is fair, and fairer than that word,  
 Of wond'rous virtues ; *sometimes* from her eyes  
 I did receive fair speechless messages.”

<sup>2</sup> *List,*] An old word for *choose* ; of too frequent occurrence  
 to require any example of its use.

*K. Hen.* Still more Frion ?

Pestilent adder ! he will hiss out poison,  
As dang'rous as infectious. We must match 'em.  
Clifford thou hast spoke home, we give thee life :  
But, Clifford, there are people of our own  
Remain behind untold ; who are they, Clifford ?  
Name those, and we are friends, and will to rest :  
'Tis thy last task.

*Clif.* Oh, sir, here I must break  
A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.

*K. Hen.* Well, well, be brief, be brief.

*Clif.* The first in rank  
Shall be John Ratcliffe Lord Fitzwater, then  
Sir Simon Mountford, and Sir Thomas Thwaites,  
With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood,  
Worsley, the dean of Paul's, two other friars,  
And Robert Ratcliffe.

*K. Hen.* Churchmen are turn'd devils.  
These are the principal ?

*Clif.* One more remains  
Unnam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

*K. Hen.* Ha, Clifford ! one more ?

*Clif.* Great sir, do not hear him,  
For when Sir William Stanley, your lord chambe-  
lain,

Shall come into the list, as he is chief,  
I shall lose credit with ye ; yet this lord,  
Last nam'd, is first against you.

*K. Hen.* Urswick, the light !  
View well my face, sirs : is there blood left in it ?

*Dur.* You alter strangely, sir.

*K. Hen.* Alter, lord bishop ?  
Why, Clifford stabb'd me, or I dreamt he stabb'd me.  
Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty  
To think they set their own stains off, by laying  
Aspersions on some nobler than themselves :



Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here<sup>1</sup>.  
Thy life again is forfeit ; I recal  
My word of mercy ; for I know thou dar'st  
Repeat the name no more.

*Clif.* I dare, and once more,  
Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley,  
Both in his counsel and his purse, the chief  
Assistant to the feigned duke of York.

*Dur.* Most strange !

*Urs.* Most wicked !

*K. Hen.* Yet again, once more.

*Clif.* Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy,  
And, if time fit, will openly profess it.

*K. Hen.* Sir William Stanley ! Who ? Sir Wil-  
liam Stanley,

My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,  
The pleasure of my court, my bosom friend,  
The charge, and the controulment of my person ;  
The keys and secrets of my treasury ;  
The all of all I am ! I am unhappy :  
Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor  
To my own person, yield my sceptre up  
To Edward's sister, and her bastard duke !

*Dur.* You lose your constant temper.

*K. Hen.* Sir William Stanley !  
O do not blame me ; he, 'twas only he  
Who having rescued me in Bosworth field  
From Richard's bloody sword, snatched from his  
head

The kingly crown, and plac'd it first on mine.  
He never fail'd me ; what have I deserv'd  
To lose this good man's heart, or he his own ?

*Urs.* The night doth waste, this passion ill be-  
comes you :  
Provide against your danger.

<sup>1</sup> *Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here,*] *i. e.* Lies are ever attendants upon treason ; as is the case in the present instance.



*K. Hen.* Let it be so.  
 Urswick, command straight Stanley to his chamber.  
 'Tis well we are i' th' Tower. Set a guard on him.  
 Clifford, to bed : you must lodge here to-night ;  
 We'll talk with you to-morrow. My sad soul  
 Divines strange troubles.

*Daw. (within.)* Ho ! the king, the king !  
 I must have entrance.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney's voice ; admit him.  
 What new combustions huddle next to keep  
 Our eyes from rest ?—the news ?

*Enter DAWBENEY.*

*Daw.* Ten thousand Cornish  
 Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gather'd  
 A-head, led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,  
 They make for London, and to them is join'd  
 Lord Audley. As they march, their number daily  
 Increases ; they are—

*K. Hen.* Rascals—talk no more ;  
 Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night :  
 And if I cannot sleep, I'll wake :—to bed.  
 When counsels fail, and there's no man to trust,  
 Even then an arm from heaven fights for the just.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Edinburgh.—The Presence-Chamber  
 in the Palace, with a Gallery.*

*Enter above, the Countess of CRAWFORD, Lady  
 KATHERINE, JANE, and other ladies.*

*Countess.* Come, ladies, here's a solemn prepara-  
 tion

For entertainment of this English prince ;  
The king intends grace more than ordinary ;  
'Twere pity now, if he should prove a counterfeit.

*Kath.* Bless the young man ! Our nation would  
be laugh'd at

For honest souls through Christendom. My father  
Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,  
But that the king must not be cross'd.

*Countess.* He brings

A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him ;  
But very modest people, for they strive not  
To fame their names too much ; their godfathers  
May be beholding to them, but their fathers  
Scarce owe them thanks : they are disguised princes,  
Brought up it seems to honest trades : no matter ;  
They will break forth in season.

*Jane.* Or break out ;  
For most of them are broken by report.

*A Flourish.—Enter King JAMES, HUNTLEY,  
CRAWFORD, and DALYELL.*

The king.

*Kath.* Let us observe 'em and be silent.

*K. Ja.* The right of kings, my lords, extends not  
only

To the safe conservation of their own,  
But also to the aid of such allies  
As change of time and state hath oftentimes  
Hurl'd down from careful ' crowns, to undergo  
An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes :  
So English Richard, surnam'd Cœur de Lion,  
So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,  
Forc'd by the trial of the wrongs they felt,  
Both sought and found supplies from foreign kings  
To repossess their own. Then grudge not, lords,

*Careful.]* Here used in the literal sense, full of cares.

A much distressed prince : king Charles of France,  
And Maximilian of Bohemia both,  
Have ratified his credit by their letters.

Shall we then be distrustful ? No ; compassion  
Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown,  
And we will have it shine there.

*Hunt.* Do your will, sir.

*K. Ja.* The young duke is at hand ; Dalyell,  
from us

First greet him, and conduct him on ; then Crawford

Shall meet him next, and Huntley, last of all,  
Present him to our arms. Sound sprightly music,  
Whilst majesty encounters majesty !

*Hautboys.—Exit DALYELL, and re-enter with PERKIN WARBECK, FRION, HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY, and JOHN A-WATER. CRAWFORD salutes PERKIN, and afterwards HUNTLEY, who presents him to the King, by whom he is embraced. In the meantime the noblemen slightly salute his followers.*

*War.* Most high, most mighty king ! that now  
there stands

Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,  
A subject of the rarest kind of pity  
That hath in any age touch'd noble hearts,  
The vulgar story of a prince's ruin,  
Hath made it too apparent : Europe knows,  
And all the western world, what persecution  
Hath rag'd in malice against us, sole heir  
To the great throne of old Plantagenets.  
How, from our nursery, we have been hurried  
Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary  
Forc'd to the prison, from the prison haul'd  
By cruel hands to the tormentor's fury ;  
Is register'd already in the volume



Of all mens' tongues, whose true relation draws  
Compassion, melted into weeping eyes,  
And bleeding souls : but our misfortunes since,  
Have rang'd a larger progress thro' strange lands,  
Protected in our innocence by Heaven.  
Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy,  
Quench'd their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to  
murther

Paid them their wages of despair and horror ;  
The softness of my childhood smil'd upon  
The roughness of their task, and robb'd them farther  
Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.  
Great king *they* spar'd my life, the butchers spar'd  
it ;

Return'd the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,  
A truth of my dispatch ; I was convey'd  
With secrecy and speed to Tournay ; foster'd  
By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself :  
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense  
Of fear and of disdain ; fear of the tyrant  
Whose power sway'd the throne then, when disdain  
Of living so unknown, in such a servile  
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts  
Of recollecting who I was ; I shook off  
My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt  
Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman ;  
Heir to the crown of England, snatch'd by Henry  
From Richard's head ; a thing scarce known i'th'  
world.

*K. Ja.* My lord, it stands not with your counsel  
now

To fly upon invectives ; if you can  
Make this apparent what you have discoursed,  
In every circumstance, we will not study  
An answer, but are ready in your cause.

*War.* You are a wise and just king, by the powers  
Above reserv'd, beyond all other aids,



To plant me in mine own inheritance :  
To marry these two kingdoms in a love.  
Never to be divorc'd, while time is time.  
As for the manner, first of my escape,  
Of my conveyance next, of my life since,  
The means, and persons who were instruments,  
Great sir, 'tis fit I over-pass in silence ;  
Reserving the relation to the secrecy  
Of your own princely care, since it concerns  
Some great ones living yet, and others dead,  
Whose issue might be question'd. For your bounty,  
Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,  
We vow hereafter to demean ourself,  
As if we were your own and natural brother ;  
Omitting no occasion in our person,  
To express a gratitude beyond example.

*K. Ja.* He must be more than subject who can  
utter

The language of a king, and such is thine.  
Take this for answer, be whate'er thou art,  
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put  
Thy cause and person into my protection.  
Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee :  
Welcome to James of Scotland. For thy safety,  
Know, such as love thee not, shall never wrong thee.  
Come, we will taste a while our court-delights,  
Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed  
To high attempts of honour. On, lead on !  
Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard ye.  
Lead on— [*Exeunt all but the Ladies above.*]

*Countess.* I have not seen a gentleman  
Of a more brave aspect, or goodlier carriage.  
His fortunes move not him.—Madam, you're pas-  
sionate.

*Kath.* Beshrew me, but his words have touched  
me home,

As if his cause concern'd me : I should pity him  
If he should prove another than he seems.

*Enter CRAWFORD.*

*Craw.* Ladies, the king commands your presence  
instantly,  
For entertainment of the duke.

*Kath.* The duke  
Must then be entertain'd, the king obey'd :  
It is our duty,

*Countess.* We will all wait on him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*London.—The Tower.*

*A Flourish.—Enter King HENRY, OXFORD, DUR-*  
*HAM, SURREY.*

*K. Hen.* Have ye condemn'd my chamberlain ?

*Dur.* His treasons  
Condemn'd him, sir, which were as clear and mani-  
fest,

As foul and dangerous: besides, the guilt  
Of his conspiracy prest him so nearly  
That it drew from him free confession,  
Without an importunity.

*K. Hen.* Oh, lord bishop,  
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,  
And must not stand in evidence against  
Our mercy, and the softness of our nature ;  
The rigour and extremity of law  
Is sometimes too too bitter, but we carry  
A chancery of pity in our bosom.  
I hope we may reprieve him from the sentence  
Of death ; I hope we may.

*Dur.* You may, you may,  
And so persuade your subjects that the title

Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,  
Then yours of Lancaster ; so Stanley holds :  
Which if it be not treason in the highest,  
Then we are traitors all, perjurd, and false,  
Who have took oath to Henry, and the justice  
Of Henry's title ; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,  
With all your other peers of state and church,  
Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven,  
And England's lawful heir.

*Oxf.* By Vere's old honours,  
I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

*Sur.* 'Tis a quarrel  
To engage a soul in.

*K. Hen.* What a coil<sup>1</sup> is here  
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect !  
Stanley was once my friend, and came in time  
To save my life : yet, to say truth, my lords,  
The man staid long enough t' endanger it ;  
But I could see no more into his heart,  
Than what his outward actions did present ;  
And for them have rewarded him<sup>2</sup> so fully,  
As that there wanted nothing in our gift  
To gratify his merit, as I thought,  
Unless I should divide my crown with him,  
And give him half ; tho' now I well perceive  
'Twould scarce have serv'd his turn, without the  
whole.

But I am charitable, lords : let justice  
Proceed in execution, whilst I mourn  
The loss of one whom I esteem'd a friend.

*Dur.* Sir, he is coming this way.

*K. Hen.* If he speak to me  
I could deny him nothing ; to prevent it,

<sup>1</sup> *Coil,*] Bustle, stir.

<sup>2</sup> *Rewarded 'em.*] So the quarto reads corruptedly.



I must withdraw. 'Pray, lords, commend my favours

To his last peace, which, with him, I will pray for:  
That done, it doth concern us to consult  
Of other following troubles. [Exeunt.

*Oxf.* I am glad  
He's gone; upon my life he would have pardon'd  
The traitor, had he seen him.

*Sur.* 'Tis a king  
Compos'd of gentleness.

*Dur.* Rare and unheard of.  
But every man is nearest to himself,  
And that the king observes; 'tis fit he should.

*Enter STANLEY, led by the Executioner, with URS-  
WICK and DAWBENEY.*

*Stan.* May I not speak with Clifford, ere I shake  
This piece of frailty off?

*Daw.* You shall; he's sent for.

*Stan.* I must not see the king?

*Dur.* From him, sir William,  
These lords and I am sent: he bade us say  
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;  
Wishing the laws of England could remit  
The forfeit of your life, as willingly  
As he would, in the sweetness of his nature,  
Forget your trespass; but howe'er your body  
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself  
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,  
As for a friend, close treasur'd in his bosom.

*Oxf.* Without remembrance of your errors past,  
I come to take my leave, and wish you heaven.

*Sur.* And I; good angels guard you!

*Stan.* Oh, the king  
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject  
Of my last prayers. My grave lord of Durham,  
My lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,



Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.  
I was as you are once, great, and stood hopeful  
Of many flourishing years, but fate and time  
Have wheel'd about, to turn me into nothing.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*Daw.* Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man, sir  
William,

You so desir'd to speak with.

*Dur.* Mark their meeting.

*Clif.* Sir William Stanley, I am glad your conscience

Before your end, hath emptied every burden  
Which charg'd it, as that you can clearly witness,  
How far I have proceeded in a duty  
That both concern'd my truth and the state's safety.

*Stan.* Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it!  
Come hither—by this token think on me!

*[Makes a cross on CLIFFORD'S face with his finger.]*

*Clif.* This token? What? I am abus'd?

*Stan.* You are not.

I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,  
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's infamy:

Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem:  
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes

That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written,  
A state-informer's character; more ugly,  
Stamp'd on a noble name, than on a base.

The heavens forgive thee.—'Pray, my lords, no change

Of words: this man and I have us'd too many.

*Clif.* Shall I be disgrac'd  
Without reply?

*Dur.* Give losers leave to talk;  
His loss is irrecoverable.

*Stan.* Once more,  
 To all a long farewell. The best of greatness  
 Preserve the king! My next suit is, my lords,  
 To be remember'd to my noble brother,  
 Derby, my much griev'd brother. Oh, persuade him,  
 That I shall stand no blemish to his house,  
 In chronicles writ in another age :  
 My heart doth bleed for him, and for his sighs.  
 Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,  
 Nor being husband to king Henry's mother,  
 The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can  
 Secure his peace above the state of man.  
 I take my leave to travel to my dust :  
 Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just.  
 Come, confessor ! On with thy axe, friend, on.

[*He is led off to execution.*]

*Clif.* Was I call'd hither by a traitor's breath  
 To be upbraided ? Lords, the king shall know it.

*Enter King HENRY with a white staff.*

*K. Hen.* The king doth know it sir ; the king  
 hath heard  
 What he or you could say. We have given credit  
 To every point of Clifford's information,  
 The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head :  
 He dies for it : are you pleas'd ?

*Clif.* I pleas'd my lord ?

*K. Hen.* No echoes : for your service we dismiss  
 Your more attendance on the court ; take ease,  
 And live at home. But, as you love your life,  
 Stir not from London without leave from us.  
 We'll think on your reward. Away !

*Clif.* I go, sir. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* Die all our griefs with Stanley ! Take  
 this staff  
 Of office, Dawbeney ; henceforth be our chamber-  
 lain.

*Daw.* I am your humblest servant.

*K. Hen.* We are follow'd  
By enemies at home that will not cease  
To seek their own confusion ; 'tis most true,  
The Cornish under Audley are march'd on  
As far as Winchester ; but let them come,  
Our forces are in readiness, we'll catch them  
In their own toils.

*Daw.* Your army, sir, being muster'd,  
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least  
In number six-and-twenty thousand ; men  
Daring and able, resolute to fight,  
And loyal in their truths.

*K. Hen.* We know it, Dawbeney :  
For them we order thus ; Oxford in chief,  
Assisted by bold Essex, and the earl  
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first batallia ;  
Be that your charge.

*Oxf.* I humbly thank you majesty.

*K. Hen.* The next division we assign to Dawbeney :

These must be men of action, for on those  
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.  
The last and main ourself commands in person,  
As ready to restore the fight at all times,  
As to consummate an assured victory.

*Daw.* The king is still oraculous.

*K. Hen.* But, Surrey,  
We have employment of more toil for thee :  
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,  
That James of Scotland late hath entertained  
Perkin the counterfeit, with more than common  
Grace and respect ; nay, courts him with rare favours.  
The Scot is young and forward, we must look for  
A sudden storm to England from the north ;  
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,  
To fortify the castle, and secure



The frontiers against an invasion there.  
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army  
As may relieve the bishop, and encounter,  
On all occasions, the death-daring Scots.  
You know your charges all, 'tis now a time  
To execute, not talk; Heaven is our guard still.  
War must breed peace, such is the fate of kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Edinburgh.—A Hall in the Royal  
Palace.*

*Enter CRAWFORD and DALYELL.*

*Craw.* 'Tis more than strange; my reason cannot  
answer

Such arguments of fine imposture, couched  
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions  
Impossibilities, as if appearance  
Could cozen truth itself: this dukeling mushroom  
Hath doubtless charm'd the king.

*Dal.* He courts the ladies,  
As if his strength of language chain'd attention  
By power of prerogative.

*Craw.* It maddened  
My very soul, to hear our master's motion:  
What surety both of unity and honour  
Must of necessity ensue upon  
A match betwixt some noble of our nation,  
And this brave prince, forsooth!

*Dal.* 'Twill prove too fatal:  
Wise Huntley fears the threat'ning. Bless the lady  
From such a ruin!

*Craw.* How the counsel-privy  
Of this young Phaeton do screw their faces  
Into a gravity, their trades, good people,



Were never guilty of ! The meanest of them  
Dreams of at least an office in the state.

*Dal.* Sure not the hangman's, 'tis bespoke already  
For service of their rogueships.—Silence !

*Enter King JAMES and HUNTLEY.*

*K. Ja.* Do not  
Argue against our will ; we have descended  
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly  
From justice of our birthright, to examine  
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have ;—  
But find it short of duty !

*Hunt.* Break my heart,  
Do, do, king : have my services, my loyalty,  
(Heaven knows untainted ever), drawn upon me  
Contempt now in mine age ? when have I wanted  
A minute of a peace not to be troubled ?  
My last, my long one ? Let me be a dotard,  
A bedlam<sup>1</sup>, a poor sot, or what you please  
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,  
Your own blood, royal sir, tho' mixt with mine,  
By marriage of this girl<sup>2</sup> to a straggler.  
Take, take my head, sir ; whilst my tongue can  
wag  
It cannot name him other.

*K. Ja.* Kings are counterfeits  
In your repute, grave oracle, not presently  
Set on their thrones, with sceptres in their fists :

<sup>1</sup> *Bedlam.*] See Vol. I. p. 179.

<sup>2</sup> *Girl.*] This word must be read as one of two syllables in this place. The reader must be reminded of the very frequent custom of dividing words similar to this into two syllables, as he will otherwise be apt to form a very erroneous idea of the versification of old plays. Most of those of Ford, and peculiarly the present tragedy, are written in metre, as regular as any of modern times.

But use your own detraction: 'tis our pleasure  
To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,  
The lady Katherine: Instinct of sovereignty  
Designs the honour, though her peevish father  
Usurps our resolution.

*Hunt.* Oh, 'tis well,  
Exceeding well! I never was ambitious  
Of using congees to my daughter-queen.  
A queen! perhaps a quean<sup>1</sup>. Forgive me, Dalyell,  
Thou honourable gentleman: none here  
Dare speak one word of comfort.

*Dal.* Cruel misery!

*Craw.* The lady, gracious prince, may be hath  
settled

Affection on some former choice.

*Dal.* Enforcement  
Would prove but tyranny.

*Hunt.* I thank thee heartily.  
Let any yeoman of our nation challenge  
An interest in the girl: then the king  
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,  
Worthy a free consent; now he pulls down  
What old desert hath builded.

*K. Ja.* Cease persuasions:  
I violate no pawns of faiths, intrude not  
On private loves; that I have play'd the orator  
For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant  
Can justify, referring her contents  
To our provision. The Welsh Harry, henceforth,  
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,  
That not the painted idol of his policy,  
Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.  
We are resolv'd.

<sup>1</sup> *A queen, perhaps a quean?*] So the old copy; but I cannot find any sense in this reading. The alteration of a single letter, and of the pointing, affords a very obvious meaning, and undoubtedly the one intended by the poet.

*Hunt.* Some of thy subjects' hearts,  
King James, will bleed for this !

*K. Ja.* Then shall their bloods  
Be nobly spent. No more disputes, he is not  
Our friend who contradicts us.

*Hunt.* Farewel daughter !  
My care by one is lessen'd, thank the king for't !  
I and my griefs will dance now.—Look, lords,  
look ;  
Here's hand in hand already.

*Enter WARBECK, leading in Lady KATHERINE ;  
the Countess of CRAWFORD, JANE DOUGLAS,  
FRION, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, HERON, and  
SKETON.*

*K. Ja.* Peace, old frenzy !—  
How like a king he looks ! Lords, but observe  
The confidence of his aspect. Dross cannot  
Cleave to so pure a metal.—Royal youth !  
Plantagenet undoubted !

*Hunt. (Aside.)* Ho, brave youth' !  
But no Plantagenet, by'r lady yet,  
By red rose or by white.

*War.* An union this way,  
Settles possession in a monarchy  
Establish'd rightly, as is my inheritance :  
Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,  
Your heart, fair princess, and the hand of provi-  
dence,  
Shall crown you queen of me, and my best fortunes.

*Kath.* Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty,  
Love owes true service.

*War.* Shall I ?—

<sup>1</sup> *Ho, brave lady !]* So the quarto reads, no doubt corrupt-  
edly, the word *lady* having been caught by the compositor from  
the next line.



*K. Ja.* Cousin, yes,  
Enjoy her : from my hand accept your bride,  
And may they live at enmity with comfort,  
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths.  
You are the prince's wife now.

*Kath.* By your gift, sir.

*War.* Thus, I take seizure of mine own.

*Kath.* I miss yet  
A father's blessing. Let me find it ;—humbly  
Upon my knees I seek it. [*Kneels before HUNT.*

*Hunt.* I am Huntley,  
Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,  
Nor more nor less ; and, lady, if you wish for  
A blessing, you must bend your knees to heaven ;  
For heaven did give me you. Alas, alas !  
What would you have me say ? May all the hap-  
piness

My prayers ever sued to, fall upon you,  
Preserve you in your virtues.—Pr'ythee, Dalyell,  
Come with me ; for I feel thy griefs as full  
As mine. Let's steal away, and cry together.

[*Exeunt. HUNT. and DAL.*

*Dal.* My hopes are in their ruins.

*K. Ja.* Good, kind Huntley  
Is overjoy'd. A fit solemnity  
Shall perfect these delights : Crawford attend  
Our order for the preparation.

[*Exeunt all but the followers of WAR.*

*Fri.* Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not fol-  
low'd

My undertakings with success ? Here's entrance  
Into a certainty of hope.

*Her.* Hopes are but hopes ; I was ever confi-  
dent, when I traded in remnants, that my stars had  
reserv'd me to the title of a viscount at least : ho-  
nour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.

*Sket.* My brother Heron hath right wisely deli-



ver'd his opinion : for he that threads his needle with the sharp eyes of industry, shall in good time go through-stitch with the new suit of preferment.

*Ast.* Spoken to the purpose, my fine witted brother Sketon : for as no indenture but has its counterpawne ; no *noverint* but his condition or defey-sance ; so no right but may have claim, no claim but may have possession, any act of parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

*Fri.* You are all read in mysteries of state,  
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,  
Active in resolution ; and 'tis pity  
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.  
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,  
Stands the judicious mayor of Cork so silent ?  
Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers  
You must not miss employment of high nature.

*J. a-Wat.* If men may be credited in their mortality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may, or not be ; presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other mens belief, more than other should rely on mine.

*Fri.* Pith of experience ! those that have borne office,  
Weigh every word before it can drop from them.  
But, noble counsellors, since now the present  
Requires, in point of honour ('pray mistake not),  
Some service to our lord ; 'tis fit the Scots  
Should not engross all glory to themselves,  
At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

*Sket.* The Scots ? the motion is defied : I had rather, for my part, without trial of my country, suffer persecution under the pressing-iron<sup>1</sup> of reproach :

<sup>1</sup> *Pressing-iron.*] It must be recollected that Sketon is a tailor, and is speaking his technical language. Oylet-holes, in the next line, are the eyes of needles.

or let my skin be pinch'd full of oylet-holes with the bodkin of derision.

*Ast.* I will sooner lose both my ears on the pil-lory of forgery.

*Her.* Let me live a bankrupt, and die in the lousy hole of hunger, without compounding for six-pence in the pound.

*J. a-Wat.* If men fail not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts, master secretary Frion, or I am cozen'd; which is possible, I grant.

*Fri.* Resolv'd like men of knowledge; at this feast, then,

In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,  
Will in some shew, some masque, or some device,  
Prefer' their duties: now it were uncomely,  
That we be found less forward for our prince,  
Than they are for their lady; and by how much  
We outshine them in persons of account,  
By so much more will our endeavours meet with  
A livelier applause. Great emperors  
Have, for their recreations, undertook  
Such kind of pastimes: as for the conceit,  
Refer it to my study; the performance  
You all shall share a thanks in; 'twill be grateful.

*Her.* The motion is allow'd; I have stole to a dancing-school when I was a 'prentice.

*Ast.* There have been Irish hubbubs<sup>2</sup>, when I have made one too.

<sup>1</sup> *Prefer*;] Here used in the sense of *proffer*. So in the Midsummer Night's Dream: "The short and the long is, our play is preferred;" that is, offered to the duke's option.

<sup>2</sup> *Irish hubbubs*.] The hubbub, ubooboo, or ceannan of the Irish, was properly their war-cry, when they rushed upon their enemies; but the allusion in the text seems to be to a dance, which took its name from it.

*Sket.* For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a cross-caper, turn me off to my trade again.

*J. a-Wat.* Surely, there is, if I be not deceived, a kind of gravity in merriment; as there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of persons in the quality of carriage<sup>1</sup>, which is, as it is construed, either so, or so.

*Fri.* Still you come home to me; upon occasion I find you relish courtship with discretion:  
And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.  
Pray'e wait the prince<sup>2</sup>, and in his ear acquaint him

With this design; I'll follow and direct you.

Oh, the toil [Exeunt all but FRION.

Of humouring this abject scum of mankind!

Muddy-brain'd peasants! Princes feel a misery

Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes

Must yield to such abettors: yet our tide

Runs smoothly without adverse winds; run on!

Flow to a full sea! time alone debates

Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates. [Exit.

<sup>1</sup> *Carriage,*] Behaviour.

<sup>2</sup> *Wait the prince,*] i. e. Wait upon the prince; according to the phraseology of the age.



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Westminster.—The Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, with his gorget<sup>1</sup> on, his sword, plume of feathers, and leading-staff; and URSWICK.*

*K. Hen.* How runs the time of day!

*Urs.* Past ten, my lord.

*K. Hen.* A bloody hour will it prove to some,  
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,  
Throw a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.  
Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Poole,  
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,  
And set them safe from fear.

*Urs.* They are all silent.

*K. Hen.* From their own battlements, they may  
                  behold  
Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men;  
Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens  
Confusion to opposers; we must learn  
To practise war again in time of peace,  
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;  
Ha, Urswick, must we not?

*Urs.* The pow'rs, who seated  
King Henry on his lawful throne, will ever  
Rise up in his defence.

*K. Hen.* Rage shall not fright  
The bosom of our confidence; in Kent  
Our Cornish rebels, cozen'd of their hopes,

<sup>1</sup> *Gorget.*] Properly, armour for the neck; but here it seems to be used for breast-plate, as the king was not likely to have worn armour for the neck alone. Leading-staff is synonymous with truncheon.



Met brave resistance by that country's earl,  
George Aburgeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,  
And other loyal hearts; now, if Blackheath  
Must be reserv'd the fatal tomb to swallow  
Such stiff-neck'd abjects, as with weary marches  
Have travell'd from their homes, their wives, and  
children,

To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,  
We may continue sovereign. Yet Urswick,  
We'll not abate one penny, what in parliament  
Hath freely been contributed; we must not:  
Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,  
The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,  
Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,

Without the food of fit supplies. But Urswick  
I have a charm in secret, that shall loose  
The witchcraft, wherewith young King James is  
bound,

And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

*Urs.* Your majesty's a wise king, sent from heaven,

Protector of the just.

*K. Hen.* Let dinner cheerfully  
Be serv'd in; this day of the week is ours,  
Our day of providence, for Saturday  
Yet never fail'd, in all my undertakings,  
To yield me rest at night.—[*A Flourish.*] What  
means this warning?

Good fate, speak peace to Henry!

*Enter* DAWBENEY, OXFORD, and *Attendants.*

*Daw.* Live the king,  
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

*Oxf.* The head of strong rebellion is cut off,  
The body hew'd in pieces.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney, Oxford,

Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands  
The comfort of your wishes?

*Daw.*

Briefly thus:

The Cornish under Audley, disappointed  
Of flatter'd expectation, from the Kentish  
(Your majesty's right trusty liegemen), flew,  
Feather'd by rage, and hearten'd by presumption,  
To take the field even at your palace-gates,  
And face you in your chamber-royal; arrogance  
Improv'd their ignorance; for they supposing,  
Misled by rumour, that the day of battle  
Should fall on Monday, rather brav'd your forces,  
Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,  
When in the dawning I, by your direction,  
Strove to get Deptford-Strand-bridge, there I found  
Such a resistance, as might shew what strength  
Could make. Here arrows hail'd in showers upon  
us,

A full yard long at least; but we prevail'd.  
My lord of Oxford with his fellow peers,  
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them  
On the one side, I on the other; till, great sir,  
(Pardon the oversight), cager of doing  
Some memorable act, I was engag'd  
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon  
As sensible of danger: now the fight  
Began in heat, which, quenched in the blood of  
Two thousand rebels, and as many more  
Resolv'd to try your mercy, have return'd  
A victory with safety.

*K. Hen.*

Have we lost

An equal number with them?

*Oxf.*

In the total

Scarcely four hundred: Audley, Flammock, Jo-  
seph,

The ringleaders of this commotion,

Railed in ropes, fit ornaments for traitors,  
Wait your determinations.

*K. Hen.* We must pay  
Our thanks where they are only due: Oh, lords!  
Here is no victory, nor shall our people  
Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.  
Alas, poor souls! Let such as are escap'd  
Steal to the country back without pursuit:  
There's not a drop of blood spill'd, but hath drawn  
As much of mine; their swords could have wrought  
wonders  
On their king's part, who faintly were unsheath'd  
Against their prince, but wounded their own  
breasts.

Lords, we are debtors to your care, our payment  
Shall be both sure and fitting your deserts.

*Daw.* Sir, will you please to see those rebels,  
heads

Of this wild monster-multitude?

*K. Hen.* Dear friend,  
My faithful Dawbeney, no: on them our justice  
Must frown in terror; I will not vouchsafe  
An eye to pity to them: let false Audley  
Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate  
To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms  
Painted on paper, with the arms reversed,  
Defac'd, and torn; there let him lose his head.  
The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hang'd,  
Quarter'd, their quarters into Cornwall sent,  
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleas'd  
To pardon, and dismiss from further quest'.  
My lord of Oxford, see it done.

*Oxf.* I shall, sir.

*K. Hen.* Urswick.

<sup>1</sup> *Quest,*] Examination, inquisition, as Cole renders it in his Latin Dictionary, 1679.



*Urs.* My lord ?

*K. Hen.* To Dinham, our high-treasurer,  
Say, we command commissions be new granted,  
For the collection of our subsidies  
Through all the west, and that speedily.  
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due  
For your most constant services.

*Daw.* Your soldiers  
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted  
Their several duties.

*K. Hen.* For it, we will throw  
A largess<sup>1</sup> free amongst them, which shall hearten  
And cherish up their loyalties. More yet  
Remains of like employment; not a man  
Can be dismiss'd, till enemies abroad,  
More dangerous than these at home, have felt  
The puissance of our arms. Oh, happy kings,  
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects hearts !  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Edinburgh.—The royal Palace.*

*Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.*

*Hunt.* Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad  
gentleman :  
Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,  
To hear the jigs<sup>2</sup>, observe the frisks, be enchanted

<sup>1</sup> *Largess.*] Handfuls of money cast among the people, or a donation bestowed on soldiers (Cotgrave); so called from *largesse*, liberality, bounty, *Fr.* which was originally the cry of the heralds at feasts, and subsequently obtained a more extended meaning. The custom of peasants, employed in the harvest, crying out largess, and thus obtaining money from the passers-by, is still usual in Essex, Suffolk, and Kent.

<sup>2</sup> *To hear the jigs.*] Jigs were anciently not only dances, but



With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabours,  
 Hodge-podge of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangles,  
 Like to so many choristers of Bedlam  
 Trowling<sup>1</sup> a catch? The feasts, the manly sto-  
 machs,

The healths in usquebaugh, and bonny clabbore<sup>2</sup>,  
 The ale in dishes never fetch'd from China,  
 The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,  
 And all this for king Oberon, and queen Mab;  
 Should put a soul into ye. Look ye, good man,  
 How youthful I am grown: but by your leave,  
 This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more  
 My daughter; no, by'r lady, 'tis unfit!  
 And yet you see how I do bear this change;  
 Methinks courageously: then shake off care  
 In such a time of jollity.

*Dal.* Alas, sir,  
 How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?  
 Which howsoe'er you shadow, but present  
 To any judging eye, the perfect substance  
 Of which mine are but counterfeits.

*Hunt.* Foh, Dalyell!  
 Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music  
 To this rare bridal feast: let us be merry;

also metrical compositions, generally ballads; *e. g.* in the pro-  
 logue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

"A jig shall be clapt at, and every rhyme  
 Praised and applauded by a clamorous chime."

<sup>1</sup> *Trowling a catch.*] This was a proverbial expression, and  
 is used in Shakespeare's *Tempest*:

"Let us be jocund, let us troll the catch  
 You taught me while-ere."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"If he read this with patience, I'll troul ballads."

<sup>2</sup> *Clabbore.*] I have not been able to discover what particu-  
 lar kind of liquor was thus denominated, never having met with  
 the phrase before.

Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms:  
Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out  
The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye  
In darkness of despair: yet we are safe.

*Dal.* I wish you could as easily forget  
The justice of your sorrows, as my hopes  
Can yield to destiny.

*Hunt.* Pish! then I see  
Thou dost not know the flexible condition  
Of my apt nature; I can laugh, laugh heartily,  
When the gout cramps my joints; let but the stone  
Stop in my bladder, I am strait a-singing;  
The quartan fever shrinking every limb,  
Sets me a-cap'ring straight; do but betray me,  
And bind me a friend ever. What? I trust  
The losing of a daughter, though I doated  
On every hair that grew to trim her head,  
Admits not any pair like one of these.  
Come, thou'rt deceiv'd in me; give me a blow,  
A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't;  
I love my wrongs; still thou'rt deceiv'd in me.

*Dal.* Deceiv'd? Oh, noble Huntley, my few  
years  
Have learnt experience of too ripe an age,  
To forfeit fit credulity. Forgive  
My rudeness, I am bold.

*Hunt.* Forgive me first  
A madness of ambition; by example  
Teach me humility, for patience scorns  
Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys  
Incapable of injuries; tho' old,  
I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim  
Allegiance to my king, could fall at odds  
With all my fellow-peers, that durst not stand  
Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honour.  
But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling  
With their anointed bodies; for their actions,

They only are accountable to heaven<sup>1</sup>.  
 Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain,  
 One antidote's reserv'd against the poison  
 Of my distractions; 'tis in thee to apply it.

*Dal.* Name it, oh! name it quickly, sir!

*Hunt.*

A pardon

For my most foolish slighting thy deserts:  
 I have cull'd out this time to beg it. Pr'ythee,  
 Be gentle! had I been so, thou hadst own'd  
 A happy bride, but now a cast-away,  
 And never child of mine more.

*Dal.* Say not so, sir,  
 It is not fault in her.

*Hunt.*

The world would prate  
 How she was handsome; young I know she was,  
 Tender, and sweet in her obedience;  
 But, lost now, what a bankrupt am I made  
 Of a full stock of blessings!—Must I hope  
 A mercy from thy heart!

*Dal.* A love, a service,  
 A friendship to posterity.

*Hunt.*

Good angels  
 Reward thy charity! I have no more  
 But prayers left me now.

*Dal.* I'll lend you mirth, sir,  
 If you will be in consort<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the passages which are very grating to our ears; but the right of kings *de jure divino*, and the laws of non-resistance, were still held in such veneration at the time this play was written, that we must excuse the poet, who merely followed the more general opinion, which was shortly after destined to yield to a theory directly the reverse.

<sup>2</sup> *Consort.*] Generally a concert of musicians. The text means, "If you will be in the same tune, harmonize with, or join in the harmony of my mind." A similar use of the word occurs in Massinger's *Picture*. Corisca, speaking of Sophia, says,

"She admits no visits;  
 Eats little, and her nightly music is  
 Of sighs and groans, tuned to such harmony  
 Of feeling grief, that I, against my nature,  
 Am made one of the *consort*."



*Hunt.*

'Thank ye truly :

I must, yes, yes, I must,—here's yet some ease,  
A partner in affliction. Look not angry.

*Dal.* Good, noble sir !

*Hunt.*

Oh, hark ! we may be quiet,  
The king, and all the others come : a meeting  
Of gaudy sights : this day's the last of revels ;  
To-morrow sounds of war ; then new exchange ;  
Fiddles must turn to swords.—Unhappy marriage !

*A Flourish.*—*Enter King JAMES, WARBECK leading KATHERINE, CRAWFORD and his Countess ; JANE DOUGLAS. HUNTLEY and DALYELL fall in among the train.*

*K. Ja.* Cousin of York, you and your princely  
bride,

Have liberally enjoy'd such soft delights,  
As a new-married couple could forethink ;  
Nor has our bounty shorten'd expectation :  
But after all those pleasures of repose,  
Or amorous safety, we must rouse the ease  
Of dalliance, with achievements of more glory  
Than sloth and sleep can furnish : yet, for farewell,  
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,  
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

*War.* My royal cousin, in your princely favour,  
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,  
As only an acknowledgment in words  
Would breed suspicion in our state<sup>1</sup> and quality.  
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,  
Whose minister Necessity will perfitte,  
Sit on our own throne<sup>2</sup> ; then our arms laid open

<sup>1</sup> *State,*] Estate, here synonymous with quality. So in King Henry IV. Part II.

“ As you are a king, speak in your state.”

<sup>2</sup> *When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,  
Whose minister Necessity will perfitte,  
Sit on our own throne.*—] This is not very clear. I



To gratitude, in sacred memory  
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,  
Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinc-  
tion.

Then James and Richard, being in effect  
One person, shall unite and rule one people,  
Divisible in titles only.

*K. Ja.*                      *Seat ye.*

## Are the presenters' ready?

Craw.

All are ent'ring.

*Hunt.* Dainty sport toward Dalyell: sit, come sit,  
Sit and be quiet; here are kingly bugs words<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter at one door four Scotch Anticks, accordingly habited*<sup>3</sup>; *at another, WARBECK's followers, disguised as four Wild Irish in trowses*<sup>4</sup>, *long-haired, and accordingly habited.—Music.—The Maskers dance.*

*K. Ja.* To all a general thanks!

suppose the passage means, "When we shall sit on our own throne, in the fulness of fate (or good fortune), whose (*i. e.* Fate's) minister Necessity will perfect our good fortune, our having the throne actually in our possession."

<sup>1</sup> *The presenters ;*] That is, the actors who are to present the masque, or antick.

<sup>2</sup> *Kingly bugs words.*] Words of terror, haughty words, assuming the style of royalty, alluding to the speech of the impostor. So in the Spanish tragedy,

"This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,  
Where none but furies, *bugs*, and tortures dwell."

<sup>3</sup> *Accordingly habited;*] That is, in the guise of their country.

<sup>4</sup> *Wild Irish in trowses.*] These were the wood-kerne of Ireland, of which Spenser, Derrick, and other Elizabethan writers, give us such an unfavourable description. Their trowses, commonly spelt *trossers*, were long pantaloons, exactly fitted to the shape, chequered with various colours, like the tartan of the Highlanders. They wore their hair very long and matted, which they called a glibbe. See the reprint of Derrick's *Image of Ireland*, with the fac-similes of the wooden cuts, in the new edition of Lord Somers's *Tracts*, Vol. I.

*War.* In the next room  
Take your own shapes again ; you shall receive  
Particular acknowledgment. [*Exeunt the maskers.*

*K. Ja.* Enough  
Of merriments ! Crawford, how far's our army  
Upon the march ?

*Craw.* At Hedon-hall, great king ;  
Twelve thousand, well prepar'd.

*K. Ja.* Crawford, to-night  
Post thither. We, in person, with the prince,  
By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner,  
Will be wi' you ; speed away !

*Craw.* I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*

*K. Ja.* Our business grows to head now. Where's  
your secretary,  
That he attends you not to serve ?

*War.* With Marchmont,  
Your herald.

*K. Ja.* Good : the proclamation's ready ;  
By that it will appear how the English stand  
Affected to your title. Huntley, comfort  
Your daughter in her husband's absence ; fight  
With prayers at home for us, who, for your honours,  
Must toil in fight abroad.

*Hunt.* Prayers are the weapons  
Which men so near their graves as I, do use.  
I've little else to do.

*K. Ja.* To rest, young beauties !  
We must be early stirring ; quickly part !  
A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.  
Cousins, good night. [*A flourish.*

*War.* Rest to our cousin king.

*Kath.* Your blessing, sir.

*Hunt.* Fair blessings on your highness, sure you  
need them.

[*Exeunt all but WAR. KATH. and JANE.*

*War.* Jane, set the lights down, and from us return  
To those in the next room, this little purse ;  
Say we'll deserve their loves.

*Jane.* It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*]

*War.* Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal those  
eyes,

Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use  
A parting ceremony ; for to-morrow  
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon  
The temple of thy peace. Swift as the morning  
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,  
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead  
Through various hazards to a careful throne<sup>1</sup>.

*Kath.* My lord, I would fain go wi' you ; there's  
small fortune  
In staying here behind.

*War.* The churlish brow  
Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror  
For ladies' entertainment ; if thou hear'st  
A truth of my sad ending by the hand  
Of some unnatural subject, thou withall  
Shalt hear, how I died worthy of my right,  
By falling like a king ; and in the close,  
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou  
fairest,

Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling  
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided  
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.  
But these are chimes for funerals ; my business  
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph ;  
For love and majesty are reconcil'd,  
And vow to crown thee empress of the west.

*Kath.* You have a noble language, sir ; your right  
In me is without question, and however

<sup>1</sup> *A careful throne,*] i. e. A throne full of cares. See before,  
p. 30.



Events of time may shorten my deserts  
 In other's pity, yet it shall not stagger  
 Or constancy, or duty in a wife.  
 You must be king of me ; and my poor heart  
 Is all I can call mine.

*War.* But we will live,  
 Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test  
 Of our own blood, to let the counterfeit  
 Be known the world's contempt.

*Kath.* 'Pray do not use  
 That word, it carries fate in't. The first suit  
 I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

*War.* Without denial, dearest.

*Kath.* That hereafter,  
 If you return with safety, no adventure  
 May sever us in tasting any fortune :  
 I ne'er can stay behind again.

*War.* You're lady  
 Of your desires, and shall command your will :  
 Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

*Kath.* What our destinies  
 Have rul'd out in their books, we must not search  
 But kneel to.

*War.* Then to fear when hope is fruitless,  
 Were to be desperately miserable ;  
 Which poverty our greatness dare not dream of,  
 And much more scorns to stoop to. Some few mi-  
 nutes

Remain yet, let's be thrifty in our hopes. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Palace at Westminster.*

*Enter King HENRY, HIALAS, and URSWICK.*

*K. Hen.* Your name is Pedro Hialas, a Spaniard ?

*Hial.* Sir, a Castillian born.

*K. Hen.* King Ferdinand,  
With wise queen Isabel his royal consort,  
Write you a man of worthy trust and candour.  
Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with subjects  
Sincere in their employments ; such I find  
Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver  
How joyful I repute the amity,  
With your most fortunate master, who almost  
Comes near a miracle in his success  
Against the Moors, who had devour'd his country,  
Entire now to his sceptre. We, for our part,  
Will imitate his providence, in hope  
Of partage<sup>1</sup> in the use on't ; we repute  
The privacy of his advertisement to us  
By you, intended<sup>2</sup> an ambassador  
To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,  
A policy of love, which well becomes  
His wisdom and your care.

*Hial.* Your majesty  
Doth understand him rightly.

*K. Hen.* Else  
Your knowledge can instruct me ; wherein, sir,  
To fall on ceremony, would seem useless,  
Which shall not need ; for I will be as studious  
Of your concealment in our conference,  
As any counsel shall advise.

*Hial.*—Then, sir,  
My chief request is, that on notice given  
At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send  
Some learned man of power and experience  
To join in treaty with me.

*K. Hen.* I shall do it,  
Being that way well provided by a servant,  
Which may attend you ever.

<sup>1</sup> *Partage.*] Partition, division ; *partage*, Fr.

<sup>2</sup> *Intended.*] Intended for, sent to be.

*Hial.* If king James,  
By any indirection<sup>1</sup>, should perceive  
My coming near your court, I doubt the issue  
Of my employment.

*K. Hen.* Be not your own herald;  
I learn sometimes without a teacher.

*Hial.* Good days  
Guard all your princely thoughts.

*K. Hen.* Urswick, no further  
Than the next open gallery attend him.—  
A hearty love go with you!

*Hial.* Your vow'd beadsman<sup>2</sup>.

[*Exit. URS. and HIAL.*]

*K. Hen.* King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,  
But that a cunning huntsman may in time  
Fall on the scent; in honourable actions  
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

*Enter URSWICK.*

What? the Castillian's past away?

*Urs.* He is,  
And undiscover'd; the two hundred marks  
Your majesty convey'd, he gently pursed  
With a right modest gravity.

*K. Hen.* What was't  
He mutter'd in the earnest of his wisdom?  
He spoke not to be heard: 'twas about——

*Urs.* Warbeck;  
“How if king Henry were but sure of subjects,  
Such a wild runnagate might soon be cag'd,  
No great ado withstanding.”

<sup>1</sup> *Indirection.*] Indirect means.

<sup>2</sup> *Beadsman.*] A beadsman in Catholic countries is one who prays a certain number of prayers for the welfare of another; so called from the beads upon the rosary, by which the prayers are counted.



*K. Hen.* Nay, nay; something  
About my son prince Arthur's match.

*Urs.* Right, right sir :  
He humm'd it out, how that king Ferdinand  
Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the lady Katherine,  
His daughter, and the prince of Wales your son,  
Should never be consummated, as long  
As any earl of Warwick liv'd in England,  
Except by new creation.

*K. Hen.* I remember,  
'Twas so indeed ; the king his master swore it !

*Urs.* Directly as he said.

*K. Hen.* An earl of Warwick !  
Provide a messenger for letters instantly  
To bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps,  
It comes so slow ; we must have airy spirits ;  
Our time requires dispatch.—The earl of Warwick !  
Let him be son to Clarence, younger brother  
To Edward ; Edward's daughter is, I think,  
Mother to our prince Arthur ; get a messenger.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before the Castle of Norham.*

*Enter King JAMES, WARBECK, CRAWFORD, DAL-  
YELL, HERON, ASTLEY, JOHN A-WATER,  
SKETON, and Soldiers.*

*K. Ja.* We trifle time against these castle-walls.  
The English prelate will not yield ; once more  
Give him a summons ! [*Parley.*]

*Enter on the walls the Bishop of DURHAM, armed,  
and a truncheon in his hand, with Soldiers.*

*War.* See the jolly clerk  
Appears, trimm'd like a ruffian.

*K. Ja.* Bishop, yet  
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,  
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,  
And he will take thee to his grace ; else Tweed  
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,  
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones  
From their foundation.

*Dur.* Warlike king of Scotland,  
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforc'd  
To lay his book aside, and clap on arms,  
Unsuitable to my age, or my profession.  
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds,  
You rend the face of peace, and break a league  
With a confederate king that courts your amity ;  
For whom too ? for a vagabond, a straggler,  
Not noted in the world by birth or name,  
An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell  
Loos'd from his chains, to set great kings at strife.  
What nobleman, what common man of note,  
What ordinary subject hath come in,  
Since first you footed on our territories,  
To only feign a welcome ? children laugh at  
Your proclamations, and the wiser pity  
So great a potentate's abuse, by one  
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth  
Of an instructed compliment ; such spoils,  
Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers  
Already have committed, is enough  
To shew your zeal in a conceited justice.  
Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's ven-  
geance ;  
But shake that viper off which gnaws your en-  
trails !

I, and my fellow-subjects, are resolv'd,  
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,  
Till our last blood drop from us.

*War.* O sir, lend

No ear<sup>1</sup> to this seducer of my honour!—  
 What shall I call thee, thou grey-bearded scandal,  
 That kick'st against the sovereignty to which  
 Thou owest allegiance?—Treason is bold-fac'd,  
 And eloquent in mischief. Sacred king  
 Be deaf to his known malice!

*Dur.* Rather yield  
 Unto those holy motions which inspire  
 The sacred heart of an anointed body!  
 It is the surest policy in princes,  
 To govern well their own, than seek encroachment  
 Upon another's right.

*Craw.* The king is serious,  
 Deep in his meditation.

*Dal.* Lift them up  
 To heaven, his better genius!

*War.* Can you study,  
 While such a devil raves? Oh, sir.

*K. Ja.* Well,—bishop,  
 You'll not be drawn to mercy?

*Dur.* Construe me  
 In like case by a subject of your own:  
 My resolution's fix'd; king James, be counsell'd,  
 A greater fate waits on thee.

*[Exeunt DURHAM and his attendants from  
 the walls.]*

*K. Ja.* Forage through  
 The country; spare no prey of life or goods.

*War.* Oh, sir, then give me leave to yield to nature:

I am most miserable; had I been  
 Born what this clergyman would, by defame<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *Me ear.*] So the old quarto reads corruptedly.

<sup>2</sup> *Defame.*] Defamation, infamy. The word occurs often, as Mr Steevens observes, in John Bale's *Votaries*, 1550, but there it is properly spelt *defamy*, being derived from the old French word *defamie*.



Baffle belief with, I had never sought  
 The truth of mine inheritance with rapes  
 Of women, or of infants murder'd; virgins  
 Deflowered; old men butcher'd; dwellings fir'd;  
 My land depopulated, and my people  
 Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation.  
 Shew more remorse, great king, or I shall never  
 Endure to see such havock with dry eyes:  
 Spare, spare, my dear, dear England!

*K. Ja.* You fool your piety  
 Ridiculously, careful of an interest  
 Another man possesseth. Where's your faction?  
 Shrewdly the bishop guess'd of your adherents,  
 When not a petty burgess of some town,  
 No, not a villager hath yet appear'd,  
 In your assistance: that should make you whine,  
 And not your country's sufferance<sup>1</sup> as you term it.

*Dal.* The king is angry.

*Craw.* And the passionate duke,  
 Effeminately dolent<sup>2</sup>.

*War.* The experience  
 In former trials, sir, both of mine own  
 Or other princes, cast out of their thrones,  
 Have so acquainted me, how misery  
 Is destitute of friends, or of relief,  
 That I can easily submit to taste  
 Lowest reproof, without contempt or words.

<sup>1</sup> *Sufferance,*] Here improperly used for *suffering*. In the same sense it occurs again in this play:

———"I fear no change  
 More than thy being partner in my *sufferance*."

<sup>2</sup> *Dolent.*] A very uncommon word in English, meaning miserable, sorrowful, and, in this place, submitting to reproaches; *dolent*, Fr. *Passionate*, in the preceding line, means given to tears, a sense very frequent in old authors.

*Enter FRION.*

*K. Ja.* An humble-minded man.—Now, what intelligence  
Speaks master secretary Frion.

*Fri.* Henry  
Of England hath in open field o'erthrown  
The armies who oppos'd him, in the right  
Of this young prince.

*K. Ja.* His subsidies you mean :  
More if you have it.

*Fri.* Howard earl of Surrey,  
Back'd by twelve earls and barons of the north,  
An hundred knights and gentlemen of name,  
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand  
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,  
Is admiral at sea, and Dawbeney follows  
With an unbroken army for a second.

*War.* 'Tis false ! they come to side with us.

*K. Ja.* Retreat !  
We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with.  
Yet, duke of York, for such thou say'st thou art,  
I'll try thy fortune to the height ; to Surrey,  
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance  
For single combat. Once a king will venture  
His person to an earl, with condition  
Of spilling lesser blood. Surrey is bold,  
And James resolv'd.

*War.* Oh, rather, gracious sir,  
Create me to this glory ; since my cause  
Doth interest this fatal quarrel ; valued least,  
I am his equal.

*K. Ja.* I will be the man.  
March softly off ; where victory can reap  
A harvest crown'd with triumph, toil is cheap.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp near Ayton, on the Borders.*

*Enter SURREY, DURHAM, Soldiers, with drums and colours.*

*Sur.* Are all our braving enemies shrunk back ?  
Hid in the fogs of their distemper'd climate,  
Not daring to behold our colours wave  
In spite of this infected air ! Can they  
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defac'd ?  
The glory of Heydon-hall devastated ? that  
Of Edington cast down ? the pile of Fulden  
O'erthrown ! and this, the strongest of their forts,  
Old Ayton-Castle, yielded and demolished ?  
And yet not peep abroad ? The Scots are bold,  
Hardy in battle, but it seems the cause  
They undertake considered, appears  
Unjointed in the frame on't.

*Dur.* Noble Surrey,  
Our royal master's wisdom is at all times  
His fortune's harbinger ; for when he draws  
His sword to threaten war, his providence  
Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.

[*A trumpet is sounded.*]

*Sur.* Rank all in order ? 'tis a herald's sound ;  
Some message from king James. Keep a fix'd station.

*Enter MARCHMONT and another herald.*

*March.* From Scotland's awful majesty we come  
Unto the English general.

*Sur.* To me ?  
Say on.



*March.* Thus, then : the waste and prodigal  
Effusion of so much guiltless blood,  
As in two potent armies, of necessity,  
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet com-  
passion

Hath studied to prevent ; for which to thee,  
Great earl of Surrey, in a single fight,  
He offers his own royal person ; fairly  
Proposing these conditions only, that,  
If victory conclude our master's right,  
The earl shall deliver for his ransom  
The town of Berwick to him, with the Fishgarths ;  
If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay  
A thousand pounds down present for his freedom,  
And silence further arms : so speaks king James.

*Sur.* So speaks king James ; so like a king he  
speaks.

Heralds, the English general returns  
A sensible devotion from his heart,  
His very soul, to this unfellowed grace :  
For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,  
How his descent from his great throne, to honour  
A stranger subject with so high a title  
As his compeer in arms, hath conquer'd more  
Than any sword could do : for which (my loyalty  
Respected) I will serve his virtues ever  
In all humility : but Berwick, say,  
Is none of mine to part with : in affairs  
Of princes, subjects cannot traffic rights  
Inherent to the crown. My life is mine,  
That dare I freely hazard ; and (with pardon  
To some unbrib'd vain-glory) if his majesty  
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty  
Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling  
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure  
Without condition ; and for this dear favour,

Say, if not countermanded, I will cease  
Hostility, unless provok'd

*March.* This answer  
We shall repeat unpartially.

*Dur.* With favour,  
Pray have a little patience.—[*Apart to SURREY.*]  
Sir, you find

By these gay flourishes, how wearied travail  
Inclines to willing rest; here's but a prologue,  
However confidently utter'd, meant  
For some ensuing acts of peace: consider,  
The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,  
Charge, barrenness of profit, and occasion,  
Presents itself for honourable treaty,  
Which we may make good use of; I will back,  
As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude  
Unto king James, with these his heralds; you  
Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order  
Of breathing<sup>1</sup> or proceeding; and king Henry,  
Doubt not, will thank the service.

*Sur.* To your wisdom,  
Lord bishop, I refer it.

*Dur.* Be it so then.—

*Sur.* Heralds, accept this chain, and these few  
crowns.

*March.* Our duty, noble general.

*Dur.* In part  
Of retribution for such princely love,  
My lord the general is pleased to shew  
The king your master his sincerest zeal,  
By further treaty, by no common man;  
I will myself return with you.

*Sur.* You oblige  
My faithfullest affections to you, lord bishop.

*March.* All happiness attend your lordship!

<sup>1</sup> *Breathing,*] Remaining where we are.

*Sur.* Come, friends,  
 And fellow-soldiers ; we, I doubt, shall meet  
 No enemies, but woods and hills to fight with :  
 Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home ;  
 We may be free from danger, not secure.  
 [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*The Scottish Camp.*

*Enter WARBECK and FRION.*

*War.* Frion, oh Frion ! all my hopes of glory  
 Are at a stand. The Scottish king grows dull,  
 Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent  
 Hath mix'd discourses with him ; they are private,  
 I am not call'd to counsel now. Confusion  
 On all his crafty shrugs ! I feel the fabric  
 Of my designs are tottering.

*Fri.* Henry's policies  
 Stir with too many engines.

*War.* Let his mines,  
 Shap'd in the bowels of the earth, blow up  
 Works rais'd for my defence, yet can they never  
 Toss into air the freedom of my birth,  
 And disavow my blood : Plantagenets !  
 I am my father's son still. But, oh Frion !  
 When I bring into count with my disasters,  
 My wife's companionship, my Kate's, my life's,  
 Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. Mis-  
 chief

Damn Henry's plots ! I will be England's king,  
 Or let my aunt of Burgundy report  
 My fall in the attempt, deserv'd' our ancestors !

<sup>1</sup> *Deserv'd our ancestors.*] This is a very quaint phrase for  
 deserving, or worthy, of our ancestors.



*Fri.* You grow too wild in passion ; if you will  
Appear a prince indeed, confine your will  
To moderation.

*War.* What a saucy rudeness  
Prompts this distrust ? If ? If I would appear ?  
Appear a prince ? Death throttle such deceits  
Even in their birth of utterance ! cursed cozenage  
Of trust ! You make me mad ; 'twere best, it  
seems,

That I should turn impostor to myself,  
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth  
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed  
Of a prince murther'd, and a living baffled !

*Fri.* Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have  
No breath to spend in vain.

*War.* Sir, sir, take heed !  
Gold, and the promise of promotion, rarely  
Fail in temptation.

*Fri.* Why to me this ?

*War.* Nothing :  
Speak what you will ; we are not sunk so low  
But your advice may piece again the heart  
Which many cares have broken : you were wont  
In all extremities to talk of comfort ;  
Have you none left now ? I'll not interrupt you.  
Good, bear with my distractions ! If king James  
Deny us dwelling here, next, whither must I ?  
I pray thee be not angry.

*Fri.* Sir, I told you  
Of letters come from Ireland ; how the Cornish  
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue  
That with such forces, as you could partake',

\* *As you could partake.*] This may probably mean, " as you  
can get for partners in your fortunes."

You would in person land in Cornwall, where  
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

*War.* Let me embrace thee, hug thee ! thou'st  
reviv'd

My comforts ; if my cousin king will fail,  
Our cause will never.—

*Enter* JOHN A-WATER, HERON, ASTLEY, SKE-  
TON.

Welcome, my tried friends,  
You keep your brains awake in our defence.  
Frion, advise with them of these affairs,  
In which be wondrous secret : I will listen  
What else concerns us here : be quick and wary.

[*Exeunt* WARBECK.

*Ast.* Ah, sweet young prince ! Secretary, my  
fellow-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump<sup>1</sup>  
all in one opinion directly, that if this Scotch gar-  
boils<sup>2</sup> do not fadge to our minds, we will pell-mell  
run amongst the Cornish choughs presently, and in  
a trice.

*Sket.* 'Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore,  
cut ten or twelve thousand unnecessary throats,  
fire seven or eight towns, take half a dozen cities,  
get into the market-place, crown him Richard the  
Fourth, and the business is finished.

*J. a-Wat.* I grant you, quoth I, so far forth as men  
may do, no more than men may do ; for it is good  
to consider, when consideration may be to the pur-  
pose, otherwise still, you shall pardon me : “ little  
said is soon amended.”

<sup>1</sup> *Jump,*] *i. e.* Agree. So in King Henry IV. Part I. “ In  
some sort it *jumps* with my humour.”

<sup>2</sup> *Garboils,*] Broils, commotions ; from the old French *gar-  
bouil*, explained by Cotgrave hurly-burly, great stir. To *fadge*,  
which also occurs in this speech, is to suit, agree with ; and is  
used still in some of the provinces.

*Fri.* Then you conclude the Cornish action surest?

*Her.* We do so; and doubt not but to thrive abundantly. Ho, my masters, had we known of the commotion when we set sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours ere this time.

*Sket.* Pish, pish! 'tis but forbearing being an earl or a duke a month or two longer. I say, and say it again, if the work go not on apace, let me never see new fashion more. I warrant you, I warrant you; we will have it so, and so it shall be.

*Ast.* This is but a cold phlegmatic country; not stirring enough for men of spirit. Give me the hearts of England for my money!

*Sket.* A man may batten<sup>1</sup> there in a week only, with hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of muscadine<sup>2</sup> and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after.

*J. a-Wat.* Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience, that to be much troublesome, was to be much wise and busy: I have observed, how filching and bragging has been the best service in these last wars; and therefore conclude peremptorily on the design in England. If things and things may fall out, as who can tell what or how—but the end will shew it.

*Fri.* Resolved like men of judgment! Here to linger  
More time, is but to lose it. Cheer the prince,

<sup>1</sup> *Batten,*] Grow fat, as in Marlow's Jew of Malta:

"Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice-Porridge? That will preserve life, make her round and plump, And batten more than you're aware."

Again, in Shirley's Constant Maid:

"I cannot batten upon commendation  
Without my wages."

<sup>2</sup> *Muscadine,*] A kind of wine brought from Crete; so called, because it has a flavour of musk. The grapes of the vine have the same taste, and are not unusual in hot-houses.



And haste him on to this ; on this depends,  
Fame in success, or glory in our ends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.*

*Enter King JAMES, DURHAM, and HIALAS.*

*Hial.* France, Spain, and Germany combine a  
league

Of amity with England ; nothing wants  
For settling peace through Christendom, but love  
Between the British monarchs, James, and Henry.

*Dur.* The English merchants, sir, have been re-  
ceived

With general procession into Antwerp ;  
The emperor confirms the combination.

*Hial.* The king of Spain resolves a marriage  
For Katherine, his daughter, with prince Arthur.

*Dur.* France courts this holy contract.

*Hial.* What can hinder  
A quietness in England ?

*Dur.* But your suffrage<sup>1</sup>  
To such a silly creature, mighty sir,  
As is but in effect an apparition,  
A shadow, a mere trifle !

*Hial.* To this union  
The good of both the church and commonwealth  
Invite you.

*Dur.* To this unity, a mystery  
Of providence points out a greater blessing  
For both these nations, than our human reason

<sup>1</sup> *But your suffrage.*] Excepting your suffrage, vote, or countenance bestowed on such a creature. The bishop is continuing the Spanish ambassador's speech.

Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,  
 The princess Margaret ; I need not urge,  
 What honour, what felicity can follow  
 On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings,  
 Inleagued by ties of blood ; but sure I am,  
 If you, sir, ratify the peace propos'd,  
 I dare both motion and effect this marriage  
 For weal of both the kingdoms.

*K. Ja.* Dar'st thou, lord bishop ?

*Dur.* Put it to trial, royal James, by sending  
 Some noble personage to the English court  
 By way of embassy.

*Hial.* Part of the business,  
 Shall suit my mediation.

*K. Ja.* Well ; what Heaven  
 Hath pointed out to be, must be ; you two  
 Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.  
 But herein only will I stand acquitted,  
 No blood of innocents shall buy my peace.  
 For Warbeck, as you nick<sup>1</sup> him, came to me,  
 Commended by the states of Christendom ;  
 A prince, tho' in distress ; his fair demeanour,  
 Lovely behaviour, unappalled spirit,  
 Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.  
 The brute beasts have their rocks and caves to fly  
 to,

And men the altars of the church ; to us  
 He came for refuge. Kings come near in nature  
 Unto the gods, in being touch'd with pity.  
 Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,  
 Even with our own, shall no way interrupt  
 A general peace ; only I will dismiss him  
 From my protection ; throughout my dominions  
 In safety, but not ever to return.

*Hial.* You are a just king.

<sup>1</sup> *Nick,*] For nickname.

*Dur.* Wise, and herein happy.

*K. Ja.* Nor will we dally in affairs of weight :  
Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England  
Ambassador from us ; we will throw down  
Our weapons ; peace on all sides now. Repair [we]<sup>1</sup>  
Unto our council ; we will soon be with you.

*Hial.* Delay shall question no dispatch : Heaven  
    crown it !

[*Exeunt DURHAM and HIALAS.*]

*K. Ja.* A league with Ferdinand ! a marriage  
With English Margaret ! a free release  
From restitution for the late affronts !  
Cessation from hostility, and all  
For Warbeck, not deliver'd, but dismiss'd !  
We could not have it better.—Dalyell—

*Enter DALYELL.*

*Dal.* Here, sir.

*K. Ja.* Are Huntley and his daughter sent for ?

*Dal.* Sent for,

And come, my lord.

*K. Ja.* Say to the English prince,  
We want his company.

*Dal.* He is at hand, sir.

*Enter WARBECK, KATHERINE, JANE, FRION,  
HERON, SKETON, JOHN-A-WATER, ASTLEY.*

*K. Ja.* Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,  
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,  
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenc'd  
How much we have engag'd on your behalf :

<sup>1</sup> —————Repair

[*Unto our council.*] So the old copy reads. But the king  
has been speaking to the ambassadors, and, as he immediately  
dismisses them, he cannot be supposed to ask them to repair to  
his council. For this reason, the insertion of the word in brack-  
ets was rendered absolutely requisite.



How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes  
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,  
How windy, rather smoky, your assurance  
Of party shows, we might in vain repeat.  
But now, obedience to the mother church,  
A father's care upon his country's weal,  
The dignity of state, directs our wisdom,  
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;  
To which we are sworn already; it is you  
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,  
And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promis'd  
On your arrival, you have met no usage  
Deserves repentance in your being here:  
But yet I must live master of mine own.  
However, what is necessary for you  
At your departure, I am well content  
You be accommodated with; provided  
Delay prove not my enemy.

*War.* It shall not,  
Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs  
Soars higher, than report of ease and sloth  
Can aim at. I acknowledge all your favours  
Boundless and singular; am only wretched  
In words as well as means, to thank the grace  
That flow'd so liberally. Two empires firmly  
You're lord of, Scotland and duke Richard's heart:  
My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner  
Fail, than my life to serve you, best of kings.  
And, witness Edward's blood in me, I am  
More loath to part with such a great example  
Of virtue, than all other mere respects.  
But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force  
From me, what you have given, this chaste lady,  
Resolved on all extremes.

*Kath.* I am your wife,  
No human power can or shall divorce  
My faith from duty.

*War.* Such another treasure  
The earth is bankrupt of.

*K. Ja.* I gave her, cousin,  
And must avow the gift; will add withall  
A furniture becoming her high birth,  
And unsuspected constancy; provide  
For your attendance. We will part good friends.

[*Exit King and DALYELL.*]

*War.* The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots;  
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.  
But what? our cause and courage are our own:  
Be men, my friends, and let our cousin king,  
See how we follow fate as willingly  
As malice follows us. You're all resolved  
For the west parts of England?

*All.* Cornwall, Cornwall!

*Fri.* The inhabitants expect you daily.

*War.* Cheerfully  
Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends;  
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must  
Prevent intelligence; about it suddenly.

*All.* A prince, a prince, a prince!

[*Exeunt HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY,  
and JOHN A-WATER.*]

*War.* Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts  
The least of scruples, which may charge their soft-  
ness

With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting  
To noble courage now, here were the trial:  
But I am perfect, sweet; I fear no change,  
More than thy being partner in my sufferance<sup>1</sup>.

*Kath.* My fortunes, sir, have arm'd me to en-  
counter

What chance soe'er they meet with.—Jane, 'tis fit  
Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

<sup>1</sup> *Sufferance,*] Suffering. See above, p. 66.

*Jane.* Never till death will I forsake my mistress,  
Nor then in wishing to die with you gladly.

*Kath.* Alas, good soul!

*Fri.* Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy  
I will relate your present undertakings;  
From her expect on all occasions, welcome.  
You cannot find me idle in your services.

*War.* Go, Frion, go! wise men know how to  
sooth

Adversity, not serve it: thou hast waited  
Too long on expectation; never yet  
Was any nation read of, so besotted  
In reason, as to adore the setting sun.  
Fly to the archduke's court; say to the duchess,  
Her nephew, with fair Katherine, his wife,  
Are in their expectation to begin  
The raising of an empire. If they fail,  
Yet the report will never. Farewel, Frion!

[*Exit FRION.*]

This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late,  
I fear, too much familiar with the Fox<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.*

*Hunt.* I come to take my leave; you need not  
doubt

My interest in this sometime-child of mine;  
She's all yours now, good sir.—Oh, poor lost crea-  
ture!

Heaven guard thee with much patience; if thou  
canst

Forget thy title to old Huntley's family,  
As much of peace will settle in thy mind  
As thou canst wish to taste, but<sup>2</sup> in thy grave.

<sup>1</sup> *The Fox.*] A pun upon the name of the crafty Fox, bishop of Durham.

<sup>2</sup> *But,*] Was very generally used in the sense of *except*.



Accept my tears yet, pr'ythee, they are tokens  
Of charity, as well as of affection,

*Kath.* This is the cruell'st, farewell!

*Hunt.* Love, young gentleman,  
This model of my griefs; she calls you husband;  
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss:

It is a father's, not a lover's off'ring.— [*Kisses her.*  
Take it, my last.—I am too much a child.

Exchange of passion is to little use,  
So I should grow too foolish.—Goodness guide  
thee! [*Exit HUNTLEY.*

*Kath.* Most miserable daughter!—Have you  
ought

To add, sir, to our sorrows?

*Dal.* I resolve,  
Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all  
Your fortunes in my person, if your lord  
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

*War.* We will be bosom friends, most noble Dal-  
yell;

For I accept this tender of your love  
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.—  
Clear thy drown'd eyes, my fairest; time and in-  
dustry

Will shew us better days, or end the worst.

#### SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Westminster.*

*Enter OXFORD and DAWBENEY.*

*Oxf.* No news from Scotland yet, my lord?

*Daw.* Not any  
But what king Henry knows himself; I thought  
Our armies should have march'd that way; his  
mind,  
It seems, is alter'd.

*Oxf.* Victory attends  
His standard everywhere.

*Daw.* Wise princes, Oxford,  
Fight not alone with forces. Providence  
Directs and tutors strength; else elephants,  
And barbed horses<sup>1</sup>, might as well prevail,  
As the most subtille stratagems of war.

*Oxf.* The Scottish king shew'd more than com-  
mon bravery,  
In proffer of a combat hand to hand  
With Surrey.

*Daw.* And but shew'd it; northern bloods  
Are gallant being fired, but the cold climate,  
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth  
The glowing flames.

*Oxf.* Surrey, upon my life,  
Would not have shrunk an hair's breath.

*Daw.* May he forfeit  
The honour of an English name and nature<sup>2</sup>,  
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness,  
As violent as hunger runs to food.  
'Twas an addition, any worthy spirit  
Would covet, next to immortality,  
Above all joys of life; we all miss'd shares  
In that great opportunity.

*Enter King HENRY and URSWICK whispering.*

*Oxf.* The king:  
See he comes smiling.

<sup>1</sup> *Barbed horses.*] War-horses, with their trappings and armour on. So in King Richard III.:

“ And now, instead of mounting *barbed* steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber.”

<sup>2</sup> *The honour of an English name and nature.*] I suppose the poet means “ the honour of an English name, and the nature of an Englishman.” The four last words are printed with Italics in the originals.

*Daw.* Oh, the game runs smooth  
On his side then, believe it: cards well shuffled,  
And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester thrift,  
But others must rise losers.

*K. Hen.* The train takes?

*Urs.* Most prosperously.

*K. Hen.* I knew it should not miss.  
He fondly angles who will hurl his bait  
Into the water, 'cause the fish at first  
Plays round about the line, and dares not bite.  
Lords, we may reign your king yet. Dawbeney,  
Oxford,  
Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown?

*Daw.* A slave.

*Oxf.* A vagabond.

*Urs.* A glow-worm.

*K. Hen.* Now, if Frien,  
His practiced politician, wear a brain  
Of proof, king Perkin will in progress ride  
Through all his large dominions; let us meet him,  
And tender homage. Ha, sirs! Liegemen ought  
To pay their fealty.

*Daw.* 'Would the rascal were,  
With all his rabble, within twenty miles  
Of London,

*K. Hen.* Farther off is near enough  
To lodge him in his home. I'll wager odds,  
Surrey and all his men are either idle,  
Or hasting back; they have not work, I doubt,  
To keep them busy.

*Daw.* 'Tis a strange conceit, sir.

*K. Hen.* Such voluntary favours as our people  
In duty aid us with, we never scatter'd  
On cobweb parasites, or lavished out  
In riot, or a needless hospitality:  
No undeserving favourite doth boast  
His issues from our treasury; our charge



Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward  
 Of every contribution, which provides  
 Against the creeping canker of disturbance.  
 Is it not rare then, in this toil of state  
 Wherein we are embarked, with breach of sleep,  
 Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy  
 Returns nor thanks, nor comfort? Still the West  
 Murmur and threaten innovation,  
 Whisper our government tyrannical,  
 Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,  
 Of which they are but owners by our gift.  
 It must not be.

*Oxf.* It must not, should not.

*Enter a Post.*

*K. Hen.* So then,  
 To whom?

*Post.* This packet to your sacred majesty.

*K. Hen.* Sirrah, attend without. [*Exit Post.*]

*Oxf.* News from the North, upon my life.

*Daw.* Wise Henry  
 Divines aforehand of events: with him  
 Attempts and execution are one act.

*K. Hen.* Urswick, thine ear; Frion is caught,  
 the man

Of cunning is out-reach'd: we must be safe:  
 Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move  
 To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,  
 My Durham owns a brain deserves that see.  
 He's nimble in his industry, and mounting:  
 Thou hear'st me?

*Urs.* And conceive your highness fitly.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney and Oxford, since our army  
 stands

Entire, it were a weakness to admit  
 The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:  
 Set forward toward Salisbury; the plains

Are most commodious for their exercise,  
Ourself will take a muster of them there;  
And, or disband them with reward, or else  
Dispose as best concerns us.

*Daw.* Salisbury?

Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.

*K. Hen.* Dear friend—  
The charge must be our own; we would a little  
Partake the pleasure with our subjects' ease.  
Shall I entreat your loves?

*Oxf.* Command our lives.

*K. Hen.* You're men know how to do, not to  
forethink.

My bishop is a jewel tried, and perfect;  
A jewel, lords. The post who brought these letters,  
Must speed another to the mayor of Exeter;  
Urswick, dismiss him not.

*Urs.* He waits your pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Perkin a king? a king!

*Urs.* My gracious lord.

*K. Hen.* Thoughts, busied in the sphere of royalty,  
Fix not on creeping worms, without their stings,  
Mere excrements of earth. The use of time  
Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention  
Of ills expected. We're resolved for Salisbury.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Coast of Cornwall.*

*A shout within.—Enter WARBECK, DALYELL,  
KATHERINE, and JANE.*

*War.* After so many storms as wind and seas  
Have threaten'd to our weather-beaten ships,  
At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived  
On our dear mother earth, ungrateful only  
To heaven and us, in yielding sustenance  
To sly usurpers of our throne and right.

These general acclamations, are an omen  
 Of happy process to their welcome lord :  
 They flock in troops, and from all parts, with wings  
 Of duty fly, to lay their hearts before us.  
 Unequall'd pattern of a matchless wife,  
 How fares my dearest yet ?

*Kath.* Confirm'd in health ;  
 By which I may the better undergo  
 The roughest face of change ; but I shall learn  
 Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction,  
 For comforts to this truly noble gentleman,  
 (Rare unexampled pattern of a friend ;)   
 And, my beloved Jane, the willing follower,  
 Of all misfortunes.

*Dal.* Lady, I return  
 But barren crops of early protestations,  
 Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.

*Jane.* I wait but as the shadow to the body,  
 For, madam, without you let me be nothing.

*War.* None talk of sadness, we are on the way  
 Which leads to victory : keep cowards' thoughts  
 With desperate sullenness ! The lion faints not  
 Lock'd in a grate, but, loose, disdains all force  
 Which bars his prey ; and we are lion-hearted,  
 Or else no king of beasts. Hark, how they shout,  
[Another shout,

Triumphant in our cause ! bold confidence  
 Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

*Enter SKETON.*

*Sket.* Save king Richard the Fourth, save thee  
 king of hearts ! The Cornish blades are men of  
 mettle ; have proclaimed through Bodnam, and the  
 whole country, my sweet prince monarch of Eng-  
 land : four thousand tall yeomen<sup>1</sup>, with bow and

<sup>1</sup> Tall yeomen.] Tall is not used here in the common sense



sword, already vow to live and die at the foot of king Richard.

*Enter ASTLEY.*

*Ast.* The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is servant for an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the rendezvous, and nothing wants to victory but courage and resolution. *Sigillatum et datum decimo Septembris, anno regni regis primo, et cætera; confirmatum est.* All's cock-sure.

*War.* To Exeter, to Exeter, march on :  
Commend us to our people ; we in person  
Will lend them double spirits, tell them so.

*Sket. and Ast.* King Richard, king Richard !

[*Exeunt.*

*War.* A thousand blessings guard our lawful  
arms !

A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls !  
Pale fear unedge their weapon's sharpest points,  
And when they draw their arrows to the head,  
Numbness shall strike their sinews ! Such advantage  
Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice,  
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,  
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart  
To execution ; whilst the throats of traitors  
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity  
Of royal birth ! how it strikes dumb the tongues  
Whose prodigality of breath is brib'd  
By trains to greatness ! Princes are but men,  
Distinguished in the fineness of their frailty ;

of high, but in that of *stout* or *bold*, which was also very usual in old writers. Robin Hood, in the old play of the Piuner of Wakefield, says :

" We be three *tall* yeomen, and thon but one."

And Bobadil says to Downright, in *Every Man in his Humour* : " Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me  
- - *tall* man," &c.

Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind ;  
For there's a fire more sacred, purifies  
The dross of mixture. Herein stands the odds,  
Subjects are men ; on earth kings men and gods.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cornwall.*

*Enter KATHERINE and JANE, in riding-suits,  
with one servant.*

*Kath.* It is decreed ; and we must yield to fate,  
Whose angry justice, tho' it threaten ruin,  
Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial  
Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.  
Here in a stranger's, and an enemy's land,  
Forsaken and unfurnished of all hopes,  
But such as wait on misery, I range  
To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.  
My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced  
To one kind gentlewoman, and this groom.  
Sweet Jane, now whither must we ?

*Jane.* To your ships,  
Dear lady, and turn home.

*Kath.* Home ! I have none.  
Fly thou to Scotland ; thou hast friends will weep  
For joy to bid thee welcome ; but, oh Jane !  
My Jane, my friends are desperate of comfort,  
As I must be of them ; the common charity,  
Good people's alms, and prayers of the gentle,  
Is the revenue must support my state.  
As for my native country, since it once

Saw me a princess in the height of greatness  
My birth allow'd me ; here I make a vow,  
Scotland shall never see me, being fallen,  
Or lessen'd in my fortunes. Never, Jane,  
Never to Scotland more will I return.  
Could I be England's queen, a glory, Jane,  
I never fawn'd on, yet the king who gave me,  
Hath sent me with my husband from his presence ;  
Deliver'd us suspected to his nation ;  
Render'd us spectacles to time and pity:  
And is it fit I should return to such  
As only listen after our descent  
From happiness enjoy'd, to misery,  
Expected, tho' uncertain ? Never, never ;  
Alas, why dost thou weep ? and that poor creature  
Wipe his wet checks too ? Let me feel alone  
Extremities, who know to give them harbour :  
Nor thou nor he has cause. You may live safely.

*Jane.* There is no safety whilst your dangers,  
                    madam,  
Are every way apparent.

*Serv.* Pardon, lady ;  
I cannot choose but shew my honest heart ;  
You were ever my good lady.

*Kath.* Oh, dear souls.  
Your shares in grief are too too much.

*Enter DALYELL.*

*Dal.* I bring,  
Fair princess, news of further sadness yet,  
Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted with.

*Kath.* Not more, my lord, than I can welcome :  
                    speak it,  
The worst, the worst I look for.

*Dal.* All the Cornish,  
At Exeter were by the citizens  
Repulsed, encounter'd by the earl of Devonshire,



And other worthy gentlemen of the country.  
 Your husband march'd to Taunton, and was there  
 Affronted<sup>1</sup> by king Henry's chamberlain;  
 The king himself in person, with his army  
 Advancing nearer, to renew the fight  
 On all occasions. But the night before  
 The battles were to join, your husband, privately  
 Accompanied with some few horse, departed  
 From out the camp, and posted none knows whither.

*Kath.* Fled without battle given?

*Dal.* Fled, but follow'd  
 By Dawbeney; all his party's left to taste  
 King Henry's mercy, for to that they yielded;  
 Victorious without bloodshed.

*Kath.* Oh, my sorrows!  
 If both our lives had proved the sacrifice  
 To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,  
 And robb'd him of the glory of his pride.

*Dal.* Impute it not to faintness or to weakness  
 Of noble courage, lady, but foresight:  
 For by some secret friend he had intelligence  
 Of being bought and sold by his base followers.  
 Worse yet remains untold.

*Kath.* No, no, it cannot.

*Dal.* I fear you are betray'd. The Earl of Oxford  
 Runs hot in your pursuit.

*Kath.* He shall not need,  
 We'll run as hot in resolution, gladly  
 To make the earl our jailor.

*Jane.* Madam, madam,  
 They come, they come!

<sup>1</sup> *Affronted.*] Met directly in front, or face to face. As in  
 Fuimus Troes;

"Let's then dismiss the legate with a frown,  
 And draw our forces toward the sea, to join  
 With the four kings of Kent, and so *affront*  
 His first arrival."

*Enter OXFORD, with his followers.*

*Dal.* Keep back, or he who dares  
Rudely to violate the law of honour,  
Runs on my sword.

*Kath.* Most noble sir, forbear !  
What reason draws you hither, gentlemen ?  
Whom seek ye ?

*Oxf.* All stand off ! With favour, lady,  
From Henry, England's king, I would present,  
Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,  
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

*Kath.* We are that princess whom your master  
king  
Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into  
His power : let him use tyranny,  
We shall not be his subjects.

*Oxf.* My commission  
Extends no further, excellentest lady,  
Than to a service ; 'tis king Henry's pleasure,  
That you, and all that have relation to you,  
Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness.  
For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not ought  
Of what you do call yours, shall find disturbance,  
Or any welcome, other than what suits  
Your high condition.

*Kath.* By what title, sir,  
May I acknowledge you ?

*Oxf.* Your servant, lady,  
Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,  
Inherits what his ancestors before him  
Were owners of.

*Kath.* Your king is herein royal,  
That by a peer so ancient in desert,  
As well as blood, commands us to his presence.

*Oxf.* Invites you, princess, not commands.

*Kath.* Pray use

Your own phrase as you list ; to your protection,  
Both I and mine submit.

*Oxf.* There's in your number  
A nobleman whom fame hath bravely spoken.  
To him the king my master bade me say  
How willingly he courts his friendship ; far  
From an enforcement, more than what in terms  
Of courtesy, so great a prince may hope for.

*Dal.* My name is Dalyell.

*Oxf.* 'Tis a name hath won  
Both thanks and wonder, from report ; my lord,  
The court of England emulates your merit,  
And covets to embrace you.

*Dal.* I must wait on  
The princess in her fortunes.

*Oxf.* Will you please,  
Great lady, to set forward ?

*Kath.* Being driven  
By fate, it were in vain to strive with heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*Salisbury.*

*Enter King HENRY, SURREY, URSWICK, and a  
guard of Soldiers.*

*K. Hen.* The counterfeit king Perkin is escaped ;  
Escape so let him ; he is hedg'd too fast  
Within the circuit of our English pale<sup>1</sup>,  
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls

<sup>1</sup> *Our English pale.*] By the English pale was generally meant that part of Ireland in which English colonies were planted, and the English language spoken, in opposition to the other parts inhabited by the wild Irish. But, in the text, the whole English dominions seem to be included in the term.



Which guard our land: the seas are rough, and  
wider

Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey, hence-  
forth

Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past,  
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied  
Our fancy, than affrighted rest of state.

But, Surrey, why, in articling a peace  
With James of Scotland, was not restitution  
Of losses which our subjects did sustain  
By the Scotch inroads, question'd?

*Sur.* Both demanded  
And urg'd, my lord; to which the king replied,  
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,  
How that our master Henry was much abler  
To bear the detriments, than he repay them.

*K. Hen.* The young man, I believe, spake honest  
truth;

He studies to be wise betimes. Has, Urswick,  
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and lord Brook, our steward,  
Return'd the Western gentlemen full thanks,  
From us, for their tried loyalties?

*Urs<sup>1</sup>.* They have:  
Which, as if life and health had reign'd amongst  
them,  
With open hearts they joyfully received.

*K. Hen.* Young Buckingham is a fair-natur'd  
prince,

Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father;  
Attended by an hundred knights and squires  
Of special name, he tender'd humble service,  
Which we must ne'er forget: and Devonshire's  
wounds,

Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

<sup>1</sup> This speech is given to Surrey in the quarto, but it evidently

*Enter DAWBENEY, with a guard, leading in WARBECK, HERON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, and SKETON, chained.*

*Daw.* Life to the king, and safety fix his throne!  
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow  
Of majesty, but, in effect, a substance  
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown  
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy :  
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

*K. Hen.* *Shew him to me.* Dawbeney,  
We observe no wonder ; I behold, 'tis true,  
An ornament of nature, fine and polished,  
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.  
How came he to thy hands ?

*Daw.* *From sanctuary.* From sanctuary  
At Beweley, near Southampton ; register'd  
With these few followers, for persons priviledged.

*K. Hen.* I must not thank you, sir ; you were to  
blame  
To infringe the liberty of houses sacred :  
Date we be irreligious ?

*Daw.* *Gracious lord,*  
They voluntarily resign'd themselves,  
Without compulsion.

*K. Hen.* *So ?* 'twas very well ;  
'Twas very, very well.—Turn now thine eyes,  
Young man, upon thyself, and thy past actions !  
What revels in combustion through our kingdom,  
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,  
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt  
To break thy neck !

*War.* But not my heart ; my heart  
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen

beldngs to Urswick, who is present, and to whom king Henry  
had addressed the question, to which this is the reply.

By death's perpetual winter : if the sun  
Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun  
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse  
Lasting and universal ! Sir, remember  
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,  
Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,  
For comfort to the duke of Bretaine's court.  
Richard, who sway'd the sceptre, was reputed  
A tyrant then ; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd  
To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day  
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore  
At Milford Haven.

*Daw.* Whither speeds his boldness ?  
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

*K. Hen.* Oh, let him range :  
The player's on the stage still ; 'tis his part ;  
He does but act. What follow'd.

*War.* Bosworth Field ;  
Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,  
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,  
Appear'd at once ; the tale is soon applied :  
Fate which crown'd these attempts when least as-  
sur'd,  
Might have befriended others, like resolv'd.

*K. Hen.* A pretty gallant ! Thus, your aunt of  
Burgundy,  
Your dutchess aunt inform'd her nephew ; so  
The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded  
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,  
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

*War.* Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art  
To put a feigned blush on : scorn wears only  
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes  
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath  
The sphere of majesty : in such a court  
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,



By which the sovereign is best distinguish'd  
From zanies<sup>1</sup> to his greatness.

*K. Hen.* Sirrah, shift  
Your antick pageantry, and now appear  
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger  
Of fooling out of season.

*War.* I expect  
No less, than what severity calls justice,  
And politicians safety. Let such beg  
As feed on alms ; but, if there can be mercy  
In a protested enemy, then may it  
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engagements  
To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurr'd  
A loss of all ; to them, if any charity  
Flow from some noble orator, in death,  
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

*K. Hen.* So brave !  
What a bold knave is this ! Which of the rebels  
Has been the mayor of Cork ?

*Daw.* This wise formality :  
Kneel to the king, ye rascals ! [*They kneel.*

*K. Hen.* Canst thou hope  
A pardon where thy guilt is so apparent ?

*J. a-Wat.* Under your favours, as men are men,  
they may err : for I confess, respectively, in taking  
great parts, the one side prevailing, the other side  
must go down : herein the point is clear, if the pro-  
verb hold, that hanging goes by destiny, that it is to  
little purpose to say, this thing or that shall be thus  
or thus ; for, as the fates will have it, so it must  
be ; and who can help it ?

*Daw.* O blockhead ! thou a privy-councillor ?  
Beg life and cry aloud, " Heaven save king Henry !"

<sup>1</sup> *Zanies,*] Buffoons, mimics, merry-andrews. As in *Love's  
Labour's Lost* :

" Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany."

*J. a-Wat.* Every man knows what is best, as it happens : for my own part, I believe it is true, if I be not deceived, that kings must be kings, and subjects subjects. But which is which, you shall pardon me for that ; whether we speak or hold our peace, all are mortal, no man knows his end.

*K. Hen.* We trifle time with follies.

*All.* ~~Let us be done~~ Mercy, mercy.

*K. Hen.* Urswick, command the dukeling and these fellows

To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower :  
With safety let them be convey'd to London.  
It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,  
Taunts, or abuse be suffer'd to their persons ;  
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.  
Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition  
Hath many years distracted.

*War.* Noble thoughts  
Meet freedom in captivity. The Tower ?  
Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

*K. Hen.* No more !

*Urs.* Come, come, you shall have leisure to be-  
think you.

[*Exit. URS. with PERKIN and his followers.*]

*K. Hen.* Was ever so much impudence in forgery !  
The custom sure of being styl'd a king,  
Hath fastened in his thought that he is such.  
But we shall teach the lad another language ;  
'Tis good we have him fast.

*Daw.* The hangman's physic  
Will purge this saucy humour.

*K. Hen.* Very likely :  
Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,  
Being not too far provoked.

*Enter OXFORD, KATHERINE in her richest attire, JANE, and attendants.*

*Oxf.* Great sir, be pleased,  
With your accustom'd grace, to entertain  
The princess Katherine Gordon.

*K. Hen.* Oxford, herein  
We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.  
A lady of her birth and virtues could not  
Have found us so unfurnish'd of good manners,  
As not, on notice given, to have met her  
Half way in point of love. Excuse, fair cousin,  
The oversight. Oh fie ! you may not kneel :  
'Tis most unfitting : first, vouchsafe this welcome,  
A welcome to your own, for you shall find us  
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

*Kath.* My fortunes and mine honours are weak  
champions,  
As both are now befriended, sir ; however,  
Both bow before your clemency.

*K. Hen.* Our arms  
Shall circle them from malice.—A sweet lady !  
Beauty incomparable ! Here lives majesty  
At league with love.

*Kath.* Oh, sir, I have a husband.

*K. Hen.* We'll prove your father, husband, friend,  
and servant.  
Prove what you wish to grant us. Lords, be careful  
A patent presently be drawn, for issuing  
A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly,  
During our cousin's life ; our queen shall be  
Your chief companion, our own court your home,  
Our subjects all your servants.

*Kath.* But my husband !

*K. Hen.* By all descriptions, you are noble Dal-  
yell,  
Whose generous truth hath fam'd a rare observance.



We thank you ; 'tis a goodness gives addition  
To every title, boasted from your ancestry,  
In all most worthy.

*Dal.* Worthier than your praises,  
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.

*K. Hen.* Embrace him lords, whoever calls you  
mistress,

Is lifted in our charge<sup>1</sup>.—A goodlier beauty  
Mine eyes yet ne'er encounter'd,

*Kath.* Cruel misery  
Of fate ! What rests to hope for ?

*K. Hen.* Forward, lords,  
To London. Fair, ere long, I shall present you  
With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's blessing.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London.—The Tower-hill.*

*Enter Constable and Officers ; WARBECK, URS-  
WICK, and LAMBERT SIMNEL the falconer.—A  
great crowd.*

*Const.* Make room there ! keep off, I require  
you ; and none come within twelve foot of his ma-  
jesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure. Bring  
forward the malefactors.—Friend, you must to this  
geer, no remedy.—Open the hole, and in with the  
legs, just in the middle hole ; there, that hole.  
Keep off, or I'll commit you all ! Shall not a man  
in authority be obey'd ? So, so, there ; 'tis as it

<sup>1</sup> *Lifted in our charge.*] A quaint phrase, meaning, I sup-  
pose, " so much raised by calling you mistress as to become our  
charge, to induce us to consider ourselves obliged to take charge  
of him."

should be : put on the padlock, and give me the key. Off, I say, keep off.

[WARBECK is put in the stocks.

*Urs.* Yet Warbeck clear thy conscience ; thou hast tasted

King Henry's mercy liberally ; the law  
Has forfeited thy life ; an equal jury  
Have doom'd thee to the gallows. Twice most  
wickedly,

Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower ;  
Inveigling to thy party, with thy witchcraft,  
Young Edward, earl of Warwick, son to Clarence ;  
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt ;  
Poor gentleman ! unhappy in his fate,  
And ruin'd by thy cunning ! so a mongrel  
May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess  
Thy parentage ; for yet the king has mercy.

*Simn.* You would be Dick the Fourth, very  
likely !

Your pedigree is publish'd ; you are known  
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,  
A land-loper<sup>1</sup> : your father was a Jew,  
Turn'd Christian merely to repair his miseries.  
Where's now your kingship ?

*War.* Baited to my death ?  
Intolerable cruelty ! I laugh at  
The Duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes.  
Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

*Simn.* You will not know me who I am ?

*Urs.* Lambert Simnel,  
Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar ;  
But, on submission, not alone received  
To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.

<sup>1</sup> *Land-loper,*] " A vagabond, or a rogue that runs up and down the country."—Blount's Dict.

*Simm.* I would be earl of Warwick, toil'd and ruffled

Against my master, leap'd to catch the moon.  
Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do :  
An earl forsooth ! Whenas in truth I was,  
As you are, a mere rascal : yet his majesty,  
A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect him !—

Forgave me all my villanies, reprieved  
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted  
My surety of obedience to his service ;  
And I am now his falconer, live plenteously ;  
Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness  
Of liberty and favour ; sleep securely :  
And is not this, now, better, than to buffet  
The hangman's clutches ? or to brave the cordage  
Of a tough halter, which will break your neck ?  
So, then, the gallant totters : pr'ythee, Perkin,  
Let my example lead thee ; be no longer  
A counterfeit ; confess and hope for pardon.

*War.* For pardon ? hold my heart-strings, whilst contempt

Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance  
To this base man's foul language ! Thou poor vermin,

How dar'st thou creep so near me ? thou an earl ?  
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness  
As all thy swing<sup>1</sup> of slight ambition flew at.  
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,  
By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour  
To infect the purer air, which drops again  
Into the muddy womb that first exhal'd it.  
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance

<sup>1</sup> *As all the swing.*] So the old copy reads. The slight alteration in the text restores the sense, which otherwise is very obscure.



From the base beadle's whip, crown'd all thy hopes.  
 But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop  
 Of such a royal blood as flows in mine ;  
 Thou would'st not change condition to be second  
 In England's state, without the crown itself !  
 Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence :  
 But let the world, as all, to whom I am  
 This day a spectacle, to time deliver,  
 And by tradition fix posterity,  
 Without another chronicle than truth,  
 How constantly my resolution suffer'd  
 A martyrdom of majesty !

*Simn.* He's past  
 Recovery ; a Bedlam cannot cure him.

*Urs.* Away : inform the king of his behaviour.

*Simn.* Perkin, beware the rope ! the hangman's  
 coming.

*Urs.* If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,  
 Pity thy soul !                   [*Exit LAMBERT SIMNEL.*]

*Enter KATHERINE, JANE, DALYELL, and OX-*  
*FORD.*

*Jane.*           Dear lady !

*Oxf.*                               Whither will you ?

Without respect of shame ?

*Kath.*                               Forbear me, sir,

And trouble not the current of my duty !—

Oh my lov'd lord ! can any scorn be yours

In which I have no interest ? Some kind hand

Lend me assistance, that I may partake

Th' infliction of this penance. My life's dearest,

Forgive me : I have staid too long from tend'ring

Attendance on reproach ; yet bid me welcome.

*War.* Great miracle of constancy ! my miseries  
 Were never bankrupt of their confidence

In worst of afflictions, till, this now, I feel them.

Report, and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,

Might to eternity have stood a pattern  
For every virtuous wife, without this conquest.  
Thou hast outdone belief ; yet may their ruin  
In after marriages, be never pitied,  
To whom thy story shall appear a fable.  
Why would'st thou prove so much unkind to greatness,

To glorify thy vows by such a servitude ?  
I cannot weep ; but trust me, dear, my heart  
Is liberal of passion. Harry Richmond ?  
A woman's faith hath robb'd thy fame of triumph.

*Oxf.* Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up  
The devil that ranges in your tongue.

*Urs.* Thus witches  
Possess'd, even their deaths deluded, say,  
They have been wolves and dogs, and sail'd in egg-shells

Over the sea, and rode on fiery dragons ;  
Pass'd in the air more than a thousand miles,  
All in a night : the enemy of mankind  
Is powerful, but false ; and falsehood confident.

*Oxf.* Remember, lady, who you are. Come  
from  
That impudent impostor !

*Kath.* You abuse us :  
For when the holy churchman join'd our hands,  
Our vows were real then ; the ceremony  
Was not in apparition, but in act.  
Be what these people term thee, I am certain  
Thou art my husband : no divorce in heaven  
Has been sued out between us ; 'tis injustice  
For any earthly power to divide us.  
Or we will live, or let us die together.  
There is a cruel mercy.

*War.* 'Spite of tyranny  
We reign in our affections, blessed woman !  
Read in my destiny the wrack of honour ;

Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory,  
Some miserable happiness : since, herein,  
Even when I fell, I stood enthron'd a monarch  
Of one chaste wife's troth, pure, and uncorrupted.  
Fair angel of perfection, immortality  
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration ;  
Court every rich opinion of true merit,  
And saint it in the kalendar of virtue ;  
When I am turn'd into the self-same dust  
Of which I was first form'd.

*Oxf.* The lord ambassador,  
Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on  
Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,  
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country  
Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.

*Kath.* Why art thou angry, Oxford ? I must be  
More peremptory in my duty.—Sir,  
Impute it not unto immodesty,  
That I presume to press you to a legacy,  
Before we part for ever !

*War.* Let it be then  
My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

*Kath.* Confirm it with a kiss, pray !

*War.* Oh ! with that  
I wish to breathe my last : upon thy lips,  
Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal  
The testament of honourable vows :  
Whoever be that man that shall unkiss  
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty  
In this world's just applause, not more desertful.

*Kath.* By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I  
swear  
To die a faithful widow to thy bed :  
Not to be forced or won : oh, never, never !



*Enter SURREY, DAWBENEY, HUNTLEY, and CRAWFORD.*

*Daw.* Free the condemned person ; quickly free him !

What, has he yet confess'd ?

[*WARBECK is taken out of the stocks.*

*Urs.* Nothing to purpose ;

But still he will be king.

*Sur.* Prepare your journey

To a new kingdom then.—Unhappy madam,  
Wilfully foolish !—See, my lord ambassador,  
Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit  
In this disgrace of fate.

*Hunt.* I never 'pointed

Thy marriage, girl ; but yet, being married,  
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely :  
Thy griefs<sup>1</sup> are mine ; I glory in thy constancy ;  
And must not say I wish that I had miss'd  
Some partage<sup>2</sup> in these trials of a patience.

*Kath.* You will forgive me, noble sir.

*Hunt.* Yes, yes :

In every duty of a wife and daughter,  
I dare not disavow thee.—To your husband,  
(For such you are, sir) I impart a farewell  
Of manly pity ; what your life has past through,  
The dangers of your end will make apparent ;  
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,  
No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,  
Which keeps so firm a station.—We are parted.

*War.* We wear a crown of peace<sup>3</sup>. Renew thy age

<sup>1</sup> The *griefs*.] So the old quarto. The emendation is too obvious to need any defence.

<sup>2</sup> *Partage*,] Partnership.

<sup>3</sup> *Wee are a crown of peace*.] No doubt this reading was corrupted from that in the text.

Most honourable Huntley. Worthy Crawford,  
We may embrace. I never thought thee injury.

*Craw.* Nor was I ever guilty of neglect  
Which might procure such thought. I take my  
leave, sir.

*War.* To you, lord Dalyell,—what? accept a  
sigh,

'Tis hearty and in earnest.

*Dal.* I want utterance,  
My silence is my farewell.

*Kath.* Oh!—oh!—

*Jane.* Sweet madam,  
What do you mean? My lord, your hand.

*Dal.* Dear lady,  
Be pleased that I may wait you to your lodgings.

[*Exeunt DALYELL and JANE, leading out  
Lady KATHERINE.*]

*Enter Sheriff and Officers with SKETON, ASTLEY,  
HERON, and JOHN A-WATER, with halters about  
their necks.*

*Orf.* Look ye, behold your followers, appointed  
To wait on you in death!

*War.* Why, peers of England,  
We'll lead them on courageously. I read  
A triumph over tyranny upon  
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment  
Of victory! Our ends, and Warwick's head,  
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue  
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder  
Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race  
Of fourteen kings Plantagenets, determines  
In this last issue male; Heaven be obeyed!  
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,  
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,  
As prodigal to nature in our debts.  
Death! pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;

A minute's storm, or not so much ; to tumble  
From bed to bed, be massacred alive  
By some physicians, for a month or two,  
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,  
Might stagger manhood : here, the pain is past  
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit !  
Spurn coward passion ! so illustrious mention  
Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er death.

*[Exeunt Sheriff and Officers with the prisoners.]*

*Daw.* Away, impostor beyond precedent !  
No chronicle records his fellow.

*Hunt.* I have  
Not thoughts left ; 'tis sufficient in such cases  
Just laws ought to proceed.

*Enter King HENRY, DURHAM, and HIALAS.*

*K. Hen.* We are resolv'd.  
Your business, noble lords, shall find success,  
Such as your king importunes.

*Hunt.* You are gracious.

*K. Hen.* Perkin, we are inform'd, is arm'd to  
die :

In that we'll honour him. Our lords shall follow  
To see the execution ; and from hence  
We gather this fit use : that public states,  
As our particular bodies, taste most good  
In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

*[Exeunt.]*





## EPILOGUE.

Here has appear'd, though in a several fashion,  
The threats of majesty ; the strength of passion ;  
Hopes of an empire ; change of fortunes ; all  
What can to theatres of greatness fall,  
Proving their weak foundations. Who will please,  
Amongst such several sights, to censure these  
No birth abortive, nor a bastard-brood,  
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood),  
May warrant, by their loves, all just excuses,  
And often find a welcome to the muses.





THE  
FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

THE KODAK CHROMALITH PROCESS

The Kodak Chromalith Process is a new method of producing color prints from a single negative. It is a simple and rapid process, and the results are of a high quality. The process is based on the use of a special Kodak film, which is exposed to the light of the subject to be reproduced. The film is then developed in a special solution, which produces a color image. This image is then transferred to a special paper, which is also exposed to the light of the subject. The result is a color print, which is of a high quality and can be reproduced many times.

ADVANTAGES OF THE KODAK CHROMALITH PROCESS

## THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

THIS comedy was printed in quarto in the year 1638, with the following title: "The Fancies, Chast and Noble: Presented by the Queenes Majesties Servants, at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane. Fide Honor. London, printed by E. P. for Henry Seile, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Tyger's Head in Fleet Street, over against Saint Dunstan's Church." It has a copy of verses by Edward Greenfield prefixed, for which see the First Volume. There is no enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ. The play has, like most of our author's, never been reprinted, and seems to have attracted very little notice hitherto.





TO

THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD, THE LORD

**RANDAL MACDONNELL,**

EARL OF ANTRIM IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, LORD  
VISCOUNT DUNLUCE \*.

MY LORD,

PRINCES, and worthy personages of your own eminence, have entertained poems of this nature with a serious welcome. The desert of their authors might transcend mine, not their study of service.

\* This nobleman was the son of Sir Randal Macdonell, who, in his youth, joined in Tyrone's rebellion, but subsequently became a loyal subject of King James, and contributed greatly to the civilization of Ireland, for which service he was created successively Viscount Dunluce and Earl of Antrim. He died 18th December 1636. The peer who succeeded him, and to whom the present play is dedicated, was born in 1609. He attended King Charles I. in his expedition against Scotland in 1639; was accused of joining the rebels in Ireland in 1642, but cleared; but subsequently joined them for the benefit of his royal master. He was twice imprisoned by Major-General Monro in Carrickfergus, but escaped both times. In 1643, he was created Marquis of Antrim. Though he made his peace with Cromwell, he assisted Charles II. in his escape, after the battle of Worcester. He died at an advanced age, in the year 1673.

A practice of courtship to greatness hath not hitherto, in me, aimed at any thrift: yet I have ever honoured virtue, as the richest ornament to the noblest titles. Endeavour of being known to your Lordship, by such means, I conceive no ambition; the extent being bounded by humility: so neither can the argument appear ungracious; nor the writer, in that, without allowance. You enjoy, my Lord, the general suffrage, for your freedom of merits: may you likewise please, by this particular presentment, amongst the number of such, as I faithfully honour those merits, to admit, into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

## PROLOGUE.

THE Fancies! that's our play; in it is shown  
Nothing, but what our author knows his own  
Without a learned theft; no servant here  
To some fair mistress, borrows for his care,  
His lock, his belt, his sword, the fancied grace  
Of any pretty ribbon; nor, in place  
Of charitable friendship, is brought in  
A thriving gamester, that doth chance to win  
A lusty sum; while the good hand doth ply him,  
And fancies this or that, to him sits by him.  
His free invention runs but in conceit  
Of mere imaginations; there's the height  
Of what he writes; which if traduced by some,  
'Tis well, he says, he's far enough from home.  
For you, for him, for us, then this remains,  
Fancy your even opinions, for our pains.





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OCTAVIO, *marquis of Sienna.*

TROYLO SAVELLI, *his nephew.*

LIVIO, *brother to CASTAMELA.*

ROMANELLO, *brother to FLAVIA.*

JULIO DE VARANA, *lord of Camerino, second husband to FLAVIA.*

FABRICIO, *a merchant, FLAVIA's first husband.*

SECCO, *a barber,*

NITIDO, *a page,* } *attendants on the marquis.*

SPADONE,

CAMILLO,

VESPUCCI, } *attendants on JULIO.*

CASTAMELA, *sister to LIVIO.*

FLAVIA, *wife to JULIO.*

MOROSA, *an old court lady.*

CLARELLA,

SILVIA,

FLORIA,

} *court ladies.*

Scene,—*Sienna.*

THE CITY OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE, JANUARY 1, 1891.

REPORT OF THE

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FOR THE YEAR 1890.

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ALBANY: J. B. LEECH, 1891.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE, JANUARY 1, 1891.

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR 1890.

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THE  
FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* TROYLO-SAVELLI, and LIVIO.

*Troy.* Do, do : Be wilful, desperate ! 'tis manly ;  
Build on your reputation ! Such a fortune  
May furnish out your tables, trim your liveries,  
Enrich your heirs with purchase of a patrimony,  
Which shall hold out beyond the waste of riot ;  
Stick honours on your heraldry, with titles  
As swelling, and as numerous as may likely  
Grow to a pretty volume. Here's eternity !  
All this can reputation, marry, can it ;  
Indeed, what not ?

*Liv.* Such language from a gentleman  
So noble in his quality as you are,  
Deserves, in my weak judgment, rather pity  
Than a contempt.

*Troy.* Could'st thou consider, Livio,  
The fashion of the times, their study, practice,  
Nay, their ambitions, thou would'st soon distin-  
guish



Betwixt the abject lowness of a poverty,  
And the applauded triumphs of abundance,  
Though compass'd by the meanest service. Where-  
in

Shall you betray your guilt to common censure,  
Waving the private charge of your opinion,  
By rising up to greatness, or at least  
To plenty, which now buys it?

*Liv.* Troylo-Savelli

Plays merrily on my wants.

*Troy.* Troylo-Savelli

Speaks to the friend he loves, to his own Livio.  
Look, pr'ythee, through the great duke's court in  
Florence;

Number his favourites, and then examine  
By what steps some chief officers in state  
Have reached the height they stand in.

*Liv.* By their merits.

*Troy.* Right, by their merits: well he merited  
Th' intendments<sup>1</sup> o'er the gallies at Leghorn,  
Made grand collector of the customs there,  
Who led the prince unto his wife's chaste bed,  
And stood himself by, in his night-gown, fearing  
The jest might be discover'd: Was't not hand-  
some?

The lady knows not yet on't.

*Liv.* Most impossible.

*Troy.* He merited well to wear a robe of chamlet,  
Who train'd his brother's daughter, scarce a girl,  
Into the arms of Mont-Angentorato;  
Whilst the young lord of Telamon, her husband,  
Was packeted to France, to study courtship<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *The intendments o'er the gallies,*] The intendance over them; being made intendant over the gallies.

<sup>2</sup> *Courtship.*] Here used for the manners and behaviour of a court. In the same sense it occurs in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence:

Under, forsooth, a colour of employment;  
Employment, yea of honour.

*Liv.* You're well read  
In mysteries of state.

*Troy.* Here, in Sienna,  
Bold Julio de Varana, lord of Camerine,  
Held it no blemish to his blood and greatness,  
From a plain merchant, with a thousand ducats,  
To buy his wife, nay, justify the purchase;  
Procur'd it by a dispensation  
From Rome, allow'd and warranted: 'twas thought  
By his physicians, that she was a creature  
Agreed best with the cure of the disease,  
His present new infirmity then labour'd in.  
Yet these are things in prospect of the world,  
Advanced, employ'd, and eminent.

*Liv.* At best,  
'Tis but a goodly pandarism.

*Troy.* Shrewd business:  
Thou child in thrift, thou fool of honesty,  
Is't a disparagement for gentlemen,  
For friends of lower rank, to do the offices  
Of necessary kindness, without fee,  
For one another, courtesies of course,  
Mirths of society; when petty mushrooms,  
Transplanted from their dunghills, spread on moun-  
tains,

And pass for cedars by their servile flatteries  
On great mens' vices? Pandar! thou'rt deceived,  
The word includes preferment; 'tis a title  
Of dignity, I could add somewhat more else.

*Liv.* Add any thing of reason.

*Troy.* Castamela,  
Thy beauteous sister, like a precious tissue,

---

"What she wanted  
In courtship, was, I hope, supplied in civil  
And modest entertainment."

Not shaped into a garment fit for wearing;  
 Wants the adornments of the workman's cunning  
 To set the richness of the piece at view,  
 Though in herself all wonder. Come, I'll tell thee:  
 A way there may be—know, I love thee, Livio—  
 To fix this jewel in a ring of gold,  
 Yet lodge it in a cabinet of ivory,  
 White, pure, unspotted ivory: put case,  
 Livio himself shall keep the key on't!

*Liv.* Oh, sir,  
 Create me what you please of yours; do this.  
 You are another nature.

*Enter OCTAVIO and NITIDO.*

*Troy.* Be then pliable<sup>1</sup>  
 To my first rules of your advancement.—See  
 Octavio, my good uncle, the great marquis  
 Of our Sienna, comes, as we could wish,  
 In private.—Noble sir!

*Oct.* My bosom's secretary,  
 My dearest, best lov'd nephew.

*Troy.* We have been thirsty<sup>2</sup>  
 In our pursuit.—Sir, here's a gentleman  
 Desertful of your knowledge, and as covetous  
 Of entertainment from it. You shall honour  
 Your judgment, to entrust him to your favours;  
 His merits will commend it.

*Oct.* Gladly welcome:  
 Your own worth is a herald to proclaim it.  
 For taste of your preferment, we admit you  
 The chief provisor of our horse.

*Liv.* Your bounty  
 Styles me your ever servant.

<sup>1</sup> *Be then pliable.*] These words are unnecessarily repeated in the quarto.

<sup>2</sup> *Thirsty,*] i. e. eager.



*Troy.* He's our own ;  
Surely, nay most persuadably.—My thanks, sir',  
\* \* \* \*

Owes to this just engagement.

*Oct.* Slack no time  
To enter on your fortunes.—Thou art careful,  
My Troylo, in the study of a duty.

His name is Livio? [*Apart to TROYLO.*

*Liv.* Livio, my good lord.

*Oct.* Again, you're welcome to us. — Be as  
speedy, [*Apart to TROYLO.*

Dear nephew, as thou'rt constant.—Men of parts,  
Fit parts and sound, are rarely to be met with,  
But being met with, therefore to be cherish'd  
With love and with supportance. While I stand,  
Livio can no way fall.—Yet, once more welcome.

[*Exeunt OCT. and NIT.*

*Troy.* An honourable liberality,  
Timely dispos'd, without delay or question,  
Commands a gratitude. Is not this better  
Than waiting three or four months at livery,  
With cup and knee unto this chair of state,  
And to their painted arras, for a need<sup>2</sup>  
From goodman-usher, or the formal secretary ;  
Especially the juggler with the purse,  
That pays some shares? In all, a younger brother,  
Sometimes an elder, not well trimm'd i' th' head-  
piece,

<sup>2</sup> *My thanks, sir,*

*Owes to this just engagement.*] As there is no possibility  
of extracting sense out of the last line, we must conclude that a  
previous one must have been lost, perhaps of the following im-  
port :

“ My thanks, sir,  
For all the noble honours which my friend  
Owes to this just engagement.”

<sup>2</sup> *A need,*] Seems here to be used for a thing required or ask-  
ed in a petition.



May spend what his friend left in expectation,  
Of being turn'd out of service for attendance,  
Or marry a waiting-woman, and be damn'd for't  
To open laughter, and (what's worse<sup>1</sup>) old beggary.  
What thinks my Livio, of this rise at first?  
Is't not miraculous?

*Liv.* It seems the bargain  
Was driv'n before between you.

*Troy.* 'Twas, and nothing  
Could void it, but the peevish resolution  
Of your dissent from goodness, as you call it;  
A thin, a thread-bare honesty, a virtue  
Without a living to't.

*Liv.* I must resolve  
To turn my sister whore? Speak a home-word  
For my old bachelor!—Lord, so? is't not so?  
A trifle in respect of present means;  
Here's all.

*Troy.* Be yet more confident; the slavery  
Of such an abject office shall not tempt  
The freedom of my spirit: stand ingenious  
To thine own fate<sup>2</sup>, and we shall practise wisely  
Without the charge of scandal.

*Liv.* May it prove so! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *What's worth.*] So the quarto reads.

<sup>2</sup> *Stand ingenious*

*To thine own fate.*] Ingenious and ingenuous were continually confounded in old writings, but the exact meaning of neither the one nor the other strictly applies in the text, where *ingenious* seems to stand for *true*, *faithful*.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

*Enter SECCO, sprinkling his hat and face with a casting bottle, and carrying a little looking-glass at his girdle<sup>1</sup>; setting his countenance.*

*Sec.* Admirable! Incomparably admirable! To be the minion, the darling, the delight of love; 'tis a very tickling to the marrow, a kissing i'th' blood, a bosoming the extacy, the rapture of virginity, soul and paradise of perfection,—ah!—pity of generation, Secco, there are no more such men.

*Enter SPADONE.*

*Spa.* Oyes! if any man, woman, or beast, have

<sup>1</sup> The fashion of wearing looking-glasses at the girdle was very universal among the gallants and ladies at the time. Mr Gifford hopes that the former wore them in their pockets, and not ostentatiously at their girdle, as the latter did; but, from the text, it seems that men were as open-faced in their coxcombrty as the ladies. Gascoigne, in his *Steel-Glas*, which was written in 1576, already alludes to the fashion:

“ I see, and sigh, bycause it makes me sadde,  
That penishe pryde doth all the world possesse,  
And enery wight will haue a *looking-glasse*  
To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not.”

Nor did the absurdity of the affectation escape being lashed by Bishop Hall in his *Biting Satires*, Book IV. Sat. vi.:

——“ Comely striplings wish it were their chance,  
For Canis' distaffe to exchange their lance,  
And weare curl'd perriwigs, and chalk their face,  
And still are poring on their *pocket-glass*.”

From the last line it would appear, that the ladies, at the time when these satires were written, had not yet the effrontery to expose this token of affectation to public view. As to the *casting-bottles*, mentioned in the text, they were nothing more than bottles of perfumed liquors. Both the fashions are mentioned together in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*: “Where is your page? call for your *casting-bottle*, and place your *mirror* in your hat.”

found, stolen, or taken up a fine, very fine, male barber, of the age of above or under eighteen, more or less—

*Sec.* Spadone, hold, what's the noise?

*Spa.* Umph! pay the cryer. I have been almost lost myself in seeking you: here's a letter from—

*Sec.* Whom, whom, my dear Spadone? whom!

*Spa.* Soft and fair! an you be so brief, I'll return it whence it came, or look out a new owner.—O-yes!

*Sec.* Low, low: what dost mean? is't from the glory of beauty, Morosa, the fairest fair? be gentle to me; here's a ducate: speak low, pr'ythee!

*Spa.* Give me one, and take t'other: 'tis from the party. Golden news, believe it.

*Sec.* Honest Spadone! Divine Morosa! [*Reads.*

*Spa.* [*Aside.*] Fairest fair, quoth'a! So is an old rotten coddled mungrel, parcel bawd, parcel midwife: all the marks are quite out of her mouth; not the stump of a tooth left in her head, to mumble the curd of a posset.—Signior, 'tis as I told you! all's right?

*Sec.* Right, just as thou told'st me; all's right.

*Spa.* To a very hair, *signior mio*.

*Sec.* For which, sirrah, Spadone! I will make thee a man; a man, dost hear? I say a man.

*Spa.* Thou'rt a prick-ear'd foist', a cittern-headed gew-gaw, a knack, a snipper-snapper! Twit me

<sup>1</sup> *Thou'rt a prick-eared foist.*] Prick-eared means, with ears erect, and the application of the term to a fool is explained by the following passage of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*: "There were newly come to the citie two young men that were Romans, which ranged up and downe the streetes, *with their ears upright.*" A *foist*, according to Decker's *Belman of London*, was a cant term for a pick-pocket. *Cittern-headed* has been already fully explained in a note in the *Lover's Melancholy*, (Vol. I. p. 141.) A *knack* is still a Scotch word for a taunt, a gibe, a trick; but I have not met with it as a term of reproach in any other place.



with the decrements of my pendants? Though I am made a gelding, and, like a tame buck, have lost my dowsets,—more a monster than a cuckold with his horns seen,—yet I scorn to be jeered by any checker-approved barbarian<sup>1</sup> of ye all. Make me a man! I defy thee.

*Sec.* How now, fellow? how now! roaring ripe indeed!

*Spa.* Indeed? Thou'rt worse: a dry shaver, a copper-bason suds-monger.

*Sec.* Nay, nay; by my mistress' fair eyes, I meant no such thing.

*Spa.* Eyes in thy belly! the reverend madam shall know how I have been used. I will blow my nose in thy casting-bottle, break the teeth of thy combs, poison thy camphire-balls, slice out thy towels with thine own razor, be-tallow thy tweezees, and urine in thy bason. Make me a man!

*Sec.* Hold! take another ducat: as I love new clothes—

*Spa.* Or cast old ones.

*Sec.* Yes, or cast old ones; I intended no injury.

*Spa.* Good, we are piec'd again. Reputation, signior, is precious.

*Sec.* I know, it is.

*Spa.* Old sores would not be rubbed.

*Sec.* For me, never.

*Spa.* The lady guardianness, the mother of the Fancies<sup>2</sup>, is resolved to draw with you in the wholesome [yoke] of matrimony, suddenly.

<sup>1</sup> *By any checker, approved barbarian.*] So the quarto reads; but a hyphen seems absolutely necessary between the words checker and approved. The term then denotes one who has the approbation of the ale-houses, which, as is well known, are still frequently distinguished by checkers painted on the windows.

<sup>2</sup> *Mother of the Fancies,*] Mother of loves. Fancy is used for



*Sec.* She writes as much : and, Spadone, when we are married—

*Spa.* You will to bed no doubt.

*Sec.* We will revel in such variety of delights,—

*Spa.* Do miracles, and get babies.

*Sec.* Live so sumptuously,—

*Spa.* In feather and old furs.

*Sec.* Feed so deliciously,—

*Spa.* On pap and bull-beef.

*Sec.* Enjoy the sweets of our years,—

*Spa.* Eighteen and threescore with advantage<sup>1</sup>.

*Sec.* Tumble and wallow in abundance,—

*Spa.* The pure crystal puddle of pleasures.

*Sec.* That all the world should wonder.

*Spa.* A pox on them that envy ye !

*Sec.* How do the beauties, my dainty knave, live, wish, think, and dream ? Sirrah, ha !

*Spa.* Fumble, one with another, on the gambos of imagination between their legs : eat they do, and sleep, game, laugh, and lie down, as beauties ought to do : there's all.

*Sec.* Commend me to my choicest, and tell her, the minute of her appointment shall be waited on. Say to her, she shall find me a man at all points.

*Enter* NITIDO.

*Spa.* Why, there's another quarrel, man : once more, in spite of my nose,—

love in innumerable passages of Shakespeare, of which the following, from a beautiful song in the Merchant of Venice, may suffice :

“ Tell me, where is *fancy* bred? . . .  
It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed ; and *fancy* dies  
In the cradle where it lies.”

<sup>1</sup> *With advantage,*] i. e. With something more.

*Nit.* Away, Secco, away! my lord calls: a' has a loose hair started from his fellows: a clip of your art is commanded.

*Sec.* I fly, Nitido. Spadone, remember me.

[*Exit.*

*Nit.* Trudging between an old moil, and a young calf, my nimble intelligencer? What? thou fatten'st apace on, capon, still.

*Spa.* Yes, crimp; 'tis a gallant life to be an old lord's pimp whiskin<sup>1</sup>: but, beware of the porter's lodge, for carrying tales out of the school.

*Nit.* What a terrible sight to a libb'd<sup>2</sup> breech is a sow-gelder!

*Spa.* Not so terrible as a cross-tree that never grows, to a wag-halter<sup>3</sup> page.

*Nit.* Good! witty rascal, thou'rt a satire, I protest: but that the nymphs need not fear the evidence of thy mortality, go put on a clean bib, and spin amongst the nuns; sing'em a bawdy song. All the children thou get'st, shall be christened in wassel-bowls<sup>4</sup>, and turned into a college of men-midwives. Farewell, night-mare!

*Spa.* Very, very well: if I die in thy debt for

<sup>1</sup> *Pimp whiskin.*] I do not perfectly understand the particular meaning of the last word. Cotgrave explains *singlement*, "a sayling, or cutting the sea by sayling; also, a *whisking*, lashing, jerking, scutching." The word occurs again, and is applied to the same person in the fourth act of this comedy.

<sup>2</sup> *Libb'd.*] A northern idiom for gelded, still usual in Scotland.

<sup>3</sup> *A wag-halter.*] Cotgrave explains *baboin*, "a trifling, busie, or craftie knave; a *crack-rope*, *wag-halter*, unhappie rogue, retchesse villaine." Another of these terms is used in the next speech but one.

<sup>4</sup> *Wassel-bowls.*] It was formerly usual in villages to carry about from one house to another a wassel-bowl, on particular feasting days, such as new-year's eve and twelfth-night. The derivation of the word has been so often explained, that every reader may be supposed to be acquainted with it.

this, crack-rope, let me be buried in a coal-sack.  
I'll fit ye, ape's-face ! look for't.

*Nit.* [Sings.] *And still the urchin would, but  
could not do.*

*Spa.* Mark the end on't, and laugh at last.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of LIVIO.*

*Enter ROMANELLO and CASTAMELA.*

*Rom.* Tell me you cannot love me.

*Cast.* You importune  
Too strict a resolution : as a gentleman  
Of commendable parts, and fair deserts,  
In ev'ry sweet condition that becomes  
A hopeful expectation, I do honour  
Th' example of your youth ; but, sir, our fortunes,  
Concluded on both sides in narrow bands,  
Move you to construe gently my forbearance,  
In argument of fit consideration.

*Rom.* Why, Castamela, I have shaped thy virtues,

Even from our childish years, into a dowry  
Of richer estimation, than thy portion,  
Doubled an hundred times, can equal. Now  
I clearly find, thy current of affection  
Labours to fall into the guilt of riot,  
Not the free ocean of a soft content.  
You'd marry pomp and plenty ; 'tis the idol,  
I must confess, that creatures of the time  
Bend their devotions to : but I have fashion'd  
Thoughts much more excellent of you.

*Cast.* Enjoy  
Your own prosperity, I am resolv'd  
Never, by any charge with me, to force  
A poverty upon you. Want of love,



'Tis rarely cherish'd with the love of want.  
I'll not be your undoing.

*Rom.* Sure some dotage  
Of living stately, richly, lend a cunning  
To eloquence. How is this piece of goodness  
Chang'd to ambition! Oh, you are most miserable  
In your desires! the female curse has caught you.

*Cast.* Fie! fie! how ill this suits.

*Rom.* A devil of pride  
Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a star,  
Whilst you grasp mole-hills.

*Cast.* Worse and worse, I vow.

*Rom.* But that some remnant of an honest sense  
Ebbs a full tide of blood to shame, all women  
Would prostitute all honour to the luxury  
Of ease and titles.

*Cast.* Romanello, know  
You have forgot the nobleness of truth,  
And fix'd on scandal now.

*Rom.* A dog, a parrot,  
A monkey, a caroch, a guarded lackey,  
A waiting-woman with her lips seal'd up,  
Are pretty toys to please my mistress wanton:  
So is a fiddle too, 'twill make it dance,  
Or else be sick and whine.

*Cast.* This is uncivil.  
I am not, sir, your charge.

*Rom.* My grief you are,  
For all my services are lost and ruin'd.

*Cast.* So is my chief opinion of your worthiness,  
When such distractions tempt you; you would  
prove  
A cruel lord, who dare, being yet a servant,  
As you profess, to bait my best respects  
Of duty to your welfare; 'tis a madness  
I have not oft observed. Possess your freedom;



You have no right in me ; let this suffice :  
I wish your joys much comfort.

*Enter LIVIO, fresh suited*<sup>1</sup>.

*Liv.* Sister, look ye,  
How by a new creation of my tailor's,  
I've shook off old mortality ; the rags  
Of home-spun gentry—pr'ythee, sister, mark it—  
Are cast by, and I now appear in fashion  
Unto men, am received<sup>2</sup>,—observe me sister,  
The consequence concerns you.

*Cast.* True, good brother,  
For my well-doing must consist in yours.

*Liv.* Here's Romanello, a fine temper'd gallant,  
Of decent carriage, of indifferent means ;  
Considering that his sister, new hoist up,  
From a lost merchant's warehouse, to the titles  
Of a great lord's bed, may supply his wants ;  
Not sunk in his acquaintance ; for a scholar  
Able enough, and one who may subsist  
Without the help of friends, provided always,  
He fly not upon wedlock without certainty  
Of an advancement : else a bachelor  
May thrive by observation on a little,  
As single life's no burden ; but to draw  
In yokes is chargeable, and will require  
A double maintenance : why, I can live  
Without a wife, and purchase.

*Rom.* Is't a mystery,

<sup>1</sup> *Fresh suited,*] Apparell'd, or dressed in new clothes. Cor-  
delia says to Kent, in the last act of King Lear :

“ Be better suited :

These weeds are memories of those worser hours ;  
I pr'ythee put them off.”

<sup>2</sup> And *received.*] This is the reading of the old quarto ; but  
as very little sense can be extracted from it, the slight alteration  
in the text seems to be absolutely indispensable.

You've lately found out Livio, or a cunning  
Conceal'd till now, for wonder?

*Liv.* Pish! believe it,  
Endeavours and an active brain are better  
Than patrimonies left by parents.—Prove it.—  
One thrives by cheating; shallow fools and un-  
thrifths,

Are game knaves only fly at: then a fellow  
Presumes on his haire, and that his back can toil,  
For fodder from the city.—Lies.—Another,  
Reputed valiant, lives by the sword, and takes up  
Quarrels, or braves them, as the novice likes,  
To gild his reputation<sup>1</sup>;—Most improbable.—  
A world of desperate undertakings, possibly,  
Procures some hungry meals, some tavern surfeits,  
Some frippery<sup>2</sup> to hide nakedness: perhaps  
The scrambling<sup>3</sup> half a ducat now and then  
To roar and noise it with the tattling hostess,  
For a week's lodging: these are pretty shifts,  
Souls bankrupt of their royalty submit to.  
Give me a man, whose practice and experience,

<sup>1</sup> Bravadoes, like the one described in the text, are often introduced as characters into old plays, particularly those of Ben Jonson, and seem to have formed a particular class in the community of blackguards. Every one is acquainted with that admirable character, Captain Bobadil, in *Every Man in his Humour*; and the scene in Shirley's *Gamester*, where Hazard allows himself to be beaten by Barnacle's nephew, thereby to give the latter a reputation of valour, will explain the latter part of the description in the text.

<sup>2</sup> *Frippery*.] In this instance, an old suit of clothes. A *frippery* was properly a shop where old clothes were sold. So in *Wit without Money*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“As if I were a running *frippery*.”

<sup>3</sup> *Scrambling*.] Generally the same as scrambling. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“*Scrambling*, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,  
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander.”

Conceives not barely the philosopher's stone,  
But indeed has it ; one whose wit's his Indies.  
The poor is most ridiculous.

*Rom.* You're pleasant  
In new discoveries of fortune ; use them  
With moderation, Livio.

*Cast.* Such wild language  
Was wont to be a stranger to your custom ;  
However, brother, you are pleas'd to vent it,  
I hope, for recreation.

*Liv.* Name and honour :  
What are they ? a mere sound without supportance,  
A begging chastity, youth, beauty, handsomeness,  
Discourse ; behaviour which might charm attention,  
And curse the gazer's eyes into amazement ;  
Are nature's common bounties : so are diamonds  
Uncut, so flowers unworn, so silk-worms' webs  
Unwrought, gold unrefin'd. Then all those glories  
Are of esteem, when us'd and set at price :  
There's no dark sense in this.

*Rom.* I understand not  
The drift on't, nor how meant, nor yet to whom.

*Cast.* 'Pray, brother, be more plain.

*Liv.* First, Romanello,  
This for your satisfaction : if you waste  
More hours in courtship to this maid, my sister,  
Weighing her competency with your own,  
You go about to build without foundation :  
So that care will prove void.

*Rom.* A sure acquittance,  
If I must be discharged.

*Liv.* Next, Castamela,  
To thee, my own lov'd sister, let me say,  
I have not been so bountiful in shewing  
To fame the treasure which this age hath open'd,  
As thy true value merits.

*Cast.* You are merry.



*Liv.* My jealousy of thy fresh blooming years,  
Prompted a fear of husbanding too charily<sup>1</sup>  
Thy growth to such perfection, as no flattery  
Of art can perish<sup>2</sup> now.

*Cast.* Here's talk in riddles :  
Brother, the exposition ?

*Liv.* I'll no longer  
Chamber thy freedom ; we have been already  
Thrifty enough in our low fortunes ; henceforth  
Command thy liberty, with that thy pleasures.

*Rom.* I'st come to this ?

*Cast.* You're wond'rous full of courtesy.

*Liv.* Ladies of birth and quality are suitors  
For being known t'ye ; I have promised, sister,  
They shall partake your company.

*Cast.* What, ladies ?  
Where ? when ? how ? who ?

*Liv.* A day, a week, a month,  
Sported amongst such beauties, is a gain  
On time ; they're young, wise, noble, fair, and  
chaste.

*Cast.* Chaste ?

*Liv.* Castamela, chaste ; I would not hazard  
My hopes, my joys of thee, on dangerous trial.  
Yet if, as it may chance, a neat cloth'd merriment  
Pass without blush in tattling to the words,  
Fall not too broad, 'tis but a pastime smil'd at  
Amongst yourselves in counsel, but beware  
Of being overheard.

*Cast.* This is pretty.

*Rom.* I doubt I know not what, yet must be si-  
lent. [ *Apart.*

<sup>1</sup> *Charily,*] *i. e.* cautiously.

<sup>2</sup> *Perish.*] This verb is frequently used actively. For in-  
stance, in the *Maid's Tragedy* :

—————“ Let not my sins  
*Perish* your noble youth.”



*Enter* TROYLO, FLORIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, and  
NITIDO.

*Liv.* They come as soon as spoke of.—Sweetest  
fair ones,

My sister cannot but conceive this honour  
Particular in your respects. Dear sir,  
You grace us in your favours.

*Troy.* Virtuous lady.

*Flo.* We are your servants.

*Clar.* Your sure friends.

*Sil.* Society

May fix us in a league.

*Cast.* All fitly welcome.

I find not reason, gentle ladies, whereon  
To cast this debt of mine; but my acknowledge-  
ment

Shall study to pay thankfulness.

*Troy.* Sweet beauty,

Your brother hath indeed been too much churl  
In this concealment from us all, who love him,  
Of such desir'd a presence.

*Sil.* Please to enrich us

With your wish'd amity.

*Flo.* Our coach attends;

We cannot be deny'd.

*Clar.* Command it, Nitido.

*Nit.* Ladies, I shall: now for a lusty harvest!

'Twill prove a cheap year, should these barns be  
fill'd once. [Exit.]

*Cast.* Brother, one word in private.

*Liv.* Phew! anon

I shall instruct at large.—We are prepared  
And easily entreated; 'tis good manners  
Not to be troublesome.

*Troy.* Thou'rt perfect, Livio.

*Cast.* Whether—but, he's my brother.

*Troy.* Fair, your arm;  
I am your usher, lady.

*Cast.* As you please, sir.

*Liv.* I wait you to your coach. Some two hours  
hence

I shall return again. [*Exeunt.*

*Rom.* Troylo-Savelli,  
Next heir unto the marquis! and the page too,  
The marquis's own page? Livio transform'd  
Into a sudden bravery<sup>1</sup>, and alter'd  
In nature, or I dream! Amongst the ladies,  
I not remember I have seen one face.  
There's cunning in these changes: I am resolute,  
Or to pursue the trick on't, or lose labour.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in JULIA's House.*

*Enter FLAVIA, supported by CAMILLO, and  
VESPUCI.*

*Flav.* Not yet return'd?

*Cam.* Madam?

*Flav.* The lord our husband,  
We mean. Unkind! four hours are almost past,  
(But twelve short minutes wanting by the glass),  
Since we broke company. Was never, gentlemen,  
Poor princess us'd so!

<sup>1</sup> *Bravery,*] Gallant attire, finery of dress. As in the Unna-  
tural Combat of Massinger:

“I am studying now  
Where I shall hide myself, till the rumour of  
My wealth and *bravery* vanish.”

*Ves.* With your gracious favour,  
Peers, great in rank and place, ought of necessity  
To attend on state employments.

*Cam.* For such duties  
Are all their toil and labour ; but their pleasures  
Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers  
All sense of other travel.

*Flav.* Trimly spoken.  
When we were common, mortal, and a subject,  
As other creatures of Heav'n's making are,  
(The more the pity !) bless us ! how we waited  
For the huge play-day, when the pageants flutter'd  
About the city<sup>1</sup> ; for we then were certain,  
The madam-courtiers would vouchsafe to visit us,  
And call us by our names, and eat our viands ;  
Nay, give us leave to sit at the upper end  
Of our own tables, telling us how welcome  
They'd make us when we came to court. Full  
little

Dreamt I, at that time, of the wind that blew me  
Up to the weathercock of th' honours now  
Are thrust upon me ; but we bear the burthen,  
Were't twice as much as 'tis. The next great  
feast,

<sup>1</sup> *On the huge play-day when the pageants flutter'd  
About the city.*] Those tasteless exhibitions, the pageants  
performed at the inauguration of the lord-mayors of London,  
were in full glory about the time this play was produced. They  
were put together by the city poet of the time, an office which  
expired with the renowned Elkanah Settle. " They generally  
consisted," says the compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica*, " of  
personifications of industry, commerce, the city of London, the  
Thames, and beings of the like kind, intermixed with heathen  
gods and goddesses, and seem to have afforded great delight to the  
rude and uncultivated understandings for whose entertainment  
they were intended." About Ford's time, they were produced  
by some poets who deserved better employment, such as Web-  
ster, Middleton, and Heywood.



We'll grace the city-wives, (poor souls!) and see  
How they'll behave themselves before our presence.  
You two shall wait upon us.

*Ves.* With best observance,  
And glory in our service.

*Cam.* We are creatures  
Made proud in your commands.

*Flav.* Believ't you are so:  
And you shall find us readier in your pleasures,  
Than you in your obedience. Fie! methinks  
I have an excellent humour to be pettish,  
A little toysome; 'tis a pretty sign  
Of breeding: is't not, sirs? I could, indeed, la,  
Long for some strange good things now.

*Cam.* Such news, madam,  
Would overjoy my lord, your husband.

*Ves.* Cause  
Bonfires and bell-rings.

*Flav.* I must be with child, then,  
An't be but for the public jollity;  
Or lose my longings, which were mighty pity.

*Cam.* Sweet fates forbid it!

*Enter FABRICIO.*

*Fab.* Noblest lady—

*Ves.* Rudeness!

Keep off, or I shall—Sawcy groom, learn manners!  
Go swab amongst your goblins.

*Flav.* Let him stay:  
The fellow I have seen, and now remember  
His name, Fabricio.

*Fab.* Your poor creature, lady;  
Out of your gentleness, please you to consid  
The brief of this petition, which contains  
All hope of my last fortunes.

*Flav.* Give it from him.



*Cam.* Heré, madam.—[*Delivers the petition.*]

Mark, Vespucci, how the wittol<sup>1</sup>  
Stares on his sometime wife! sure, he imagines  
To be a cuckold by consent, is purchase  
Of approbation in a state.

*Ves.* Good reason.

The gain repriev'd him from bankrupt's statute,  
And fil'd him in the charter of his freedom.

"She had seen the fellow!" Did'st observe?

*Cam.* Most punctually:  
Could call him by his name too; why 'tis possible,  
She has not yet forgot he was her husband.

*Ves.* That were strange: oh! 'tis a precious  
trinket.

Was ever puppet so slipt up?

*Cam.* The tale  
Of Venus' cat, man, chang'd into a woman,  
Was emblem but to this. She turns.

*Ves.* A' stands  
Just like Acteon in the painted cloth<sup>2</sup>.

*Cam.* No more.

*Flav.* Friend, we have read, and weighed  
the sum

Of what your scrivener, [by] which<sup>3</sup> in effect  
Is meant your counsel learned, has drawn for ye:  
'Tis a fair hand, in sooth, but the contents  
Somewhat unseasonable: for let us tell ye,  
You've been a spender, a vain spender; wasted  
Your stock of credit, and of wares, unthriftily.  
You are a faulty man, and should we urge  
Our lord as often for supplies, as shame,

<sup>1</sup> *Wittol,*] One that knows, and bears with, or winks at his wife's dishonesty.—Cotgrave.

<sup>2</sup> *Painted cloth.*] The same as tapestry, which was the most fashionable manner of adorning the walls in those days.

<sup>3</sup> [*By*] *which.*] The word in brackets is omitted in the original.

Or wants, drive you to ask, it might be construed  
An impudence, which we defy ; an impudence,  
Base in base women, but in noble sinful.  
Are ye not asham'd yet of yourself ?

*Fab.* Great lady,  
Of my misfortunes I'm ashamed.

*Cam.* [*Aside to Ves.*] So, so,  
This jeer twangs roundly, does it not Vespucci ?

*Ves.* Why, here's a lady worshipful !

*Flav.* Pray, gentlemen,  
Retire a while ; this fellow shall resolve  
Some doubts that stick about me.

*Both.* As you please. [*Exeunt.*]

*Flav.* To thee Fabricio, — oh, the change is  
cruel !—

Since I find some small leisure, I must justify  
Thou art unworthy of the name of man.  
These holy vows, which we, by bonds of faith,  
Recorded in the register of truth,  
Were kept by me unbroken ; no assaults  
Of gifts, of courtship, from the great and wanton,  
No threats, nor sense of poverty, to which  
Thy riots had betrayed me, could betray  
My warrantable thoughts to impure folly.  
Why would'st thou force me miserable ?

*Fab.* The scorn  
Of rumour is reward enough, to brand  
My lewder actions : 'twas, I thought, impossible,  
A beauty fresh as was your youth, could brook  
The last of my decays.

*Flav.* Did I complain ?  
My sleeps between thine arms were ev'n as sound,  
My dreams as harmless, my contents as free,  
As when the best of plenty crown'd our bride-bed.  
Amongst some of a mean, but quiet, fortune,  
Distrust of what they call their own, or jealousy  
Of those whom in their bosoms they possess





*Flav.* [*Gives him money.*] Keep those ducats ;  
I shall provide you better : 'twere a bravery,  
Could you forget the place wherein you've render'd  
Your name for ever hateful.

*Fab.* I will do't,  
Do't, excellentest goodness, and conclude  
My days in silent goodness.

*Flav.* You may prosper  
In Spain, in France, or elsewhere, as in Italy.  
Besides, you are a scholar bred, however  
You interrupted study with commèce.  
I'll think of your supplies ; meantime, pray, storm  
not  
At my behaviour to you ; I have forgot  
Acquaintance with mine own—keep your first dis-  
tance.

*Enter JULIO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.*

Camillo! who is near? Vespucci!

*Jul.* What?  
Our lady's cast familiar?

*Flav.* Oh, my stomach  
Wambles, at sight of—sick, sick, I am sick—  
I faint at heart—kiss me, nay pr'ythee quickly,  
Or I shall swoon. You've staid a sweet while  
from me.

And this companion<sup>1</sup> too—beshrew him!

*Jul.* Dearest,  
Thou art my health, my blessing. Turn the bank-  
rupt

Out of my doors!—Sirrah, I'll have thee whipt,  
If thou com'st here again.

*Cam.* Hence, hence, you vermin!  
[*Exit FAB.*]

*Jul.* How is't, my best of joys?

<sup>1</sup> *This companion,*] i. e. fellow.





SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Palace.**Enter TROYLO and LIVIO.*

*Troy.* Sea-sick ashore still ! thou could'st rarely  
'scape

A calenture in a long voyage, Livio,  
Who in a short one, and at home, art subject  
To such faint stomach qualms : no cordials comfort  
The business of thy thoughts, for aught I see :  
What ails thee, man ? be merry, hang up jealousies !

*Liv.* Who, I ? I jealous ? no, no, here's no cause  
In this place ; 'tis a nunnery, a retirement  
For meditation ; all the difference extant  
But puzzles only bare belief, not grounds it.  
Rich services in place ! soft and fair lodgings,  
Varieties of recreations, exercise  
Of music in all changes, neat attendance,  
Princely, nay royal furniture of garments,  
Satiety of gardens, orchards, waterworks,  
Pictures so ravishing that ranging eyes,  
Might dwell upon a dotage of conceit,  
Without a single wish for livelier substance !  
The great world, in a little world of fancy,  
Is here abstracted : no temptation proffer'd  
But such as fools and mad folks can invite to ;  
And yet——

*Troy.* And yet your reason cannot answer  
Th' objections of your fears, which argue danger.

*Liv.* Danger ? dishonour, Troylo : were my sister  
In safety from those charms, I must confess  
I could live here for ever.

*Troy.* But you could not,  
I can assure you ; for't 'twere then scarce possible  
A door might open t'you, hardly a loop-hole.

*Liv.* My presence then is usher to her ruin,  
And loss of her, the fruit of my preferment?

*Troy.* Briefly partake a secret; but be sure  
To lodge it in the inmost of thy bosom,  
Where memory may not find it for discovery;  
By our firm truth of friendship, I require thee.

*Liv.* By our firm truth of friendship, I subscribe  
To just conditions.

*Troy.* Our great uncle-marquis,  
Disabled from his cradle, by an impotence  
In nature first; that impotence since seconded  
And render'd more infirm, by a fatal breach  
Receiv'd in fight against the Turkish gallies,  
Is made incapable of any faculty  
Of active manhood, more than what affections  
Proper unto his sex, must else distinguish:  
So that no helps of art can warrant life,  
Should he transcend the bounds his weakness limits.

*Liv.* On: I attend with eagerness.

*Troy.* 'Tis strange  
Such natural defects at no time check  
A full and free sufficiency of spirit,  
Which flows, both in so clear and fix'd a strength,  
That to confirm belief, it seems, where nature  
Is in the body lame, she is supplied  
In fine proportion of the mind. A word  
Concludes all: to a man his enemy,  
He is a dangerous threat'ning; but to women,  
However pleasurable, no way cunning  
To shew abilities of friendship, other  
Than what his outward senses can delight in,  
Or charge and bounty court with.

*Liv.* Good, good—Troylo,  
Oh, that I had a lusty faith to credit it,  
Though none of all this wonder should be possible.

*Troy.* As I love honour, and an honest name,  
I fault not, my Livio, in one syllable.



*Liv.* News admirable! 'tis, 'tis so.—Pish, I know it,

Yet he has a kind heart of his own to girls,  
Young, handsome girls; yes, yes, so he may :  
'Tis granted:—he would now and then be piddling,  
And play the wanton, like a fly that dallies  
About a candle's flame; then scorch his wings,  
Drop down, and creep away, ha?

*Troy.* Hardly that too;  
To look upon fresh beauties, to discourse  
In an unblushing merriment of words,  
To hear them play or sing, and see them dance;  
To pass the time in pretty amorous questions,  
Read a chaste verse of love, or prattle riddles,  
Is th' height of his temptations.

*Liv.* Send him joy on't.

*Troy.* His choices are not of the courtly train,  
Nor city's practice; but the country's innocence;  
Such as are gentle born, not meanly; such,  
To whom both gawdiness and ape-like fashions  
Are monstrous; such as cleanliness and decency,  
Prompt to a virtuous envy; such as study  
A knowledge of no danger, but themselves.

*Liv.* Well, I have liv'd in ignorance. The an-  
cients,

Who chatted of the golden age, feign'd trifles.  
Had they dreamt this, they would have truth'd it  
heaven;

I mean an earthly heaven, less it is not.

*Troy.* Yet is this bachelor-miracle not free  
From the epidemical headache.

*Liv.* The yellows?

*Troy.* Huge jealous fits; admitting none to enter  
But me, his page and barber, with an eunuch,  
And an old guardianness. It is a favour  
Not common, that the license of your visits  
To your own sister, now and then, is wink'd at.



*Liv.* But why are you his instrument? his nephew!

'Tis ominous in nature.

*Troy.* Not in policy:  
Being his heir, I may take truce a little,  
With mine own fortunes.

*Liv.* Knowing how things stand too.

*Troy.* At certain seasons, as the humour takes him,

A set of music are permitted peaceably,  
To cheer their solitariness, provided  
They're strangers, not acquainted near the city:  
But never the same twice, pardon him that;  
Nor must their stay exceed an hour, or two  
At farthest, as at this wise wedding; wherefore  
His barber is the master to instruct  
The lasses both in song and dance, by him  
Train'd up in either quality.

*Liv.* A caution  
Happily studied.

*Troy.* Farther to prevent  
Suspicion, he has married his young barber  
To the old matron, and withal is pleased,  
Report should mutter him a mighty man  
For th' game, to take off all suspicion  
Of insufficiency; and this strict company  
He calls his Bower of Fancies.

*Liv.* Yes, and properly,  
Since all his recreations are in fancy.  
I'm infinitely taken.—Sister? marry,  
'Would I had sisters in a plenty, Troylo,  
So to bestow them all and turn them fancies.  
Fancies! why 'tis a pretty name, methinks.

*Troy.* Something remains, which in conclusion  
shortly, [A Song behind the scenes.  
Shall take thee fuller.—Hark, the wedding jollity!

With a bride-cake on my life, to grace the nuptials!  
Perhaps the ladies will turn songsters.

*Liv.* Silence!

*Enter SECCO and MOROSA, with CASTAMELA, FLORIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, SPADONE; and Musicians.*

*Sec.* Passing neat and exquisite, I protest, fair creatures. These honours to our solemnity are liberal and uncommon; my spouse and myself, with our posterity, shall prostitute our services to your bounties.—Shall's not duckling?

*Mor.* Yes, honeysuckle; and do as much for them one day, if things stand right as they should stand. Bill, pigeon, do; thou'st be my cat-a-mountain, and I thy sweet-briar, honey. We'll lead you to kind examples, pretty ones, believe it; and you shall find us, one in one, whilst hearts do last.

*Sec.* Ever mine own, and ever.

*Spa.* Well said, old touch-hole.

*Liv.* All happiness, all joy!

*Troy.* A plenteous issue;

A fruitful womb.—Thou hast a blessing, Secco.

*Mor.* Indeed, he has, sir, if ye know all, as I conceive you know enough, if not the whole: for you have, I may say, tried me to the quick, through and through, and most of my carriage, from time to time.

*Spa.* 'Twould wind-break a moil<sup>1</sup>, or a ringed mare, to vie burthens with her. [*Aside.*]

*Mor.* What's that you mumble, gelding, shey?

*Spa.* Nothing, forsooth, but that you're a bouncing couple well met, and 'twere pity to part you, though you hung together in a smoky chimney.

<sup>1</sup> *Moil.*] An old word for a mule, frequently occurring in these plays.—See Vol. I. p. 301. Further on, Secco bestows the same term as a reproach upon his wife.

*Mor.* 'Twere e'en pity, indeed, Spadone: nay, thou'st a foolish loving nature of thine own, and wishest well to plain dealings, o'my conscience.

*Spa.* Thank your brideship—your bawdship.

[*Aside.*

*Flo.* Our sister is not merry.

*Clar.* Sadness cannot  
Become a bridal harmony.

*Sil.* At a wedding  
Free spirits are requir'd.

*Troy.* You should dispense  
With serious thoughts now, lady.

*Mor.* Well said, gentlefolks.

*Liv.* Fie, Castamela, fie!

*All.* A dance, a dance!

*Troy.* By any means, the day is not complete else.

*Cast.* Indeed, I'll be excus'd.

*Troy.* By no means, lady.

*Sec.* We all are suitors.

*Cast.* With your pardons, spare me;  
For this time grant me licence to look on.

*Mor'.* Command your pleasures, lady.—Every  
one hand

Your partner:—nay, Spadone must make one;  
These merriments are free.

*Spa.* With all my heart, I'm sure I am not the  
heaviest in the company. Strike up for the honour  
of the bride and bridegroom. [*A Dance.*

*Troy.* So, so, here's art in motion: On all parts,  
You have bestirr'd you nimbly.

*Mor.* I could dance now,  
E'en till I dropt again; but want of practice  
Denies the scope of breath, or so: yet, sirrah,

[*Mor.*] This speech is printed as part of Castamela's in the  
old copy, the impropriety of which is so very evident, that no  
defence of the alteration can be required.



My cat-a-mountain, do not I trip quickly,  
And with a grace too, sirrah ?

*Sec.* Light as a feather.

*Spa.* Sure you are not without a stick of liquorice in your pocket, forsooth ? You have, I believe, stout lungs of you own ; you swim about so roundly without rubs. 'Tis a tickling sight to be young still.

*Enter* NITIDO.

*Nit.* Madam Morosa.

*Mor.* Child ?

*Nit.* To you in secret.

*Spa.* That ear-wig scatters the troop now ; I'll go near to fit 'em.

*Liv.* My lord, upon my life—

*Troy.* Then we must sever.

*Mor.* Ladies and gentlemen, your ears.

*Spa.* Oh, 'twas ever a wanton monkey—he will wriggle into a starting-hole so cleanly.—An it had been on my wedding-day,—I know what I know.

*Sec.* Say'st so, Spadone ?

*Spa.* Nothing, nothing ; I prate sometimes beside the purpose.—Whoreson, lecherous weazle !

*Sec.* Look, look, look, how officious the little knave is !—but—

*Spa.* Why, there's the business ; buts on one's forehead are but scurvy buts.

*Mor.* Spadone, discharge the fiddlers instantly.

*Spa.* Yes, I know my postures.—Oh monstrous buts ! [Exit.

*Mor.* Attend within, sweeting.—Your pardons gentlemen. To your recreations, dear virgins ! Page, have a care.

*Nit.* My duty, reverend madam.

*Troy.* Livio, away !—Sweet beauties—



*Cast.* *Aloud* ? Brother.

*Liv.* Suddenly.<sup>1</sup>

I shall return.—Now for a round temptation. [*Aside.*

*Mor.* One gentle word in private with your ladyship ;

I shall not hold you long.

[*Exeunt severally, MOR. stays CAST.*

*Cast.* What means this buddle

Of flying several ways thus ? Who has frighted them ?

They live not at devotion here, or pension ?

Pray quit me of distrust.

*Mor.* May it please your goodness,  
You'll find him even in every point as honourable,  
As flesh and blood can vouch him.

*Cast.* Ha ! him ! whom ?  
What him ?

*Mor.* He will not press beyond his bounds.  
He will but chat and toy, and feel your—

*Cast.* Guard me  
A powerful genius ! feel—

*Mor.* Your hands to kiss them,  
Your fair, pure, white hands. What strange business is it ?

These melting twins of ivory, but softer  
Than down of turtles, shall but feed the appetite—

*Cast.* A rape upon my ears.

*Mor.* The appetite  
Of his poor ravish'd eye ; should he swell higher  
In his desires, and soar upon ambition  
Of rising in humility, by degrees ;  
Perhaps he might crave leave to clap—

*Cast.* Fond<sup>2</sup> woman,  
In thy grave sinful.

<sup>1</sup> *Suddenly,*] Quickly, hastily.

<sup>2</sup> *Fond,*] Foolish. In the north the word is still used in this

*Mor.* Clap or pat the dimples,  
Where love's tomb stands erected on your cheeks.  
Else pardon those slight exercises, pretty one :  
His lordship is as harmless a weak implement,  
As e'er young lady trembled under.

*Cast.* Lordship !  
Stead me my modest anger ! 'tis belike then,  
Religious matron, some great man's prison,  
Where virgins' honours suffer martyrdom,  
And you are their tormentor ; let's lay down  
Our ruin'd names to the insulter's mercy !  
Let's sport and smile on scandal—rare calamity,  
What hast thou toil'd me in !—You named his  
lordship,  
Some gallant youth, and fiery ?

*Mor.* No, no, 'deed la !  
A very grave, stale bachelor, my dainty one ;  
There's the conceit : he's none of your hot rovers,  
Who ruffle at first dash, and so disfigure  
Your dresses, and your sets of blush at once.  
He's wise in years, and of a temperate warmth ;  
Mighty in means and power, and withal liberal :  
A wanton in his wishes, but else, farther,  
He cannot—'cause—he cannot—

*Cast.* Cannot ? pr'ythee  
Be plainer ; I begin to like thee strangely ;  
What cannot ?

*Mor.* You urge timely, and to purpose :  
He cannot do,—the truth is truth,—do any thing,  
As one should say, that's any thing ; put case—  
I do but put the case, forsooth,—he find ye.—

*Cast.* My stars I thank ye, for being ignorant,  
Of what this old-in-mischief can intend.—  
And so we might be merry, bravely merry ?

sense. Lilly says in *Euphues* and his England, “ He that is young thinketh the old man *fond*, and the olde knoweth the young man to be a foole.”

*Mor.* You hit it—what else.—She is cunning

[*Aside.*.]—Look ye,  
Pray lend your hand, forsooth.

*Cast.* Why, pr'ythee, take it.

*Mor.* You have a delicate moist palm—umph—  
can ye

Relish that tickle? there.

*Cast.* And laugh, if need were.

*Mor.* And laugh? why now you have it; what  
hurt pray

Perceive ye? there's all, all; go to, you want tu-  
toring,

Are an apt scholar; I'll neglect no pains  
For your instruction.

*Cast.* Do not.—But his lordship,  
What may his lordship be?

*Mor.* No worse man  
Than marquis of Sienna, the great master  
Of this small family; your brother<sup>1</sup> found him  
A bounteous benefactor, has advanced him  
The gentleman o'th' horse; in a short time  
He means to visit you himself in person,  
As kind, as loving an old man!

*Cast.* We'll meet him  
With a full flame of welcome. Is't the marquis?  
No worse?

*Mor.* No worse I can assure your ladyship;  
The only free maintainer of the Fancies.

*Cast.* Fancies? how mean ye that?

*Mor.* The pretty souls  
Who are companions in the house; all daughters  
To honest virtuous parents, and right worshipful;  
A kind of chaste collapsed ladies.

*Cast.* Chaste too,  
And yet collapsed?

<sup>1</sup> *Master,*] So the old copy reads erroneously. The compo-  
sitor no doubt caught the word from the preceding line.



*Mor.* Only in their fortunes.

*Cast.* Sure, I must be a Fancy in the number.

*Mor.* A Fancy principal, I hope you'll fashion  
Your entertainment, when the marquis courts you,  
As that I may stand blameless.

*Cast.* Free suspicion<sup>1</sup>.

*Mor.* My brother's raiser?

*Cast.* Merely.

*Mor.* My supporter?

*Cast.* Undoubtedly.

*Mor.* An old man and a lover?

*Cast.* True, there's the music, the content, the  
harmony.

*Mor.* And I myself a Fancy?

*Cast.* You are pregnant<sup>2</sup>.

*Mor.* The chance is thrown; I now am fortune's  
minion;

I will be bold and resolute.

*Cast.* Blessing on thee! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Free suspicion,*] i. e. Free your mind from suspicion; a singular phrase; but similar liberties are frequently taken in old plays, peculiarly in those of Ford.

<sup>2</sup> *You are pregnant.*] You are cunning, quick, ready at guessing. From the following passage in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, it appears to have been a newly coined word in his time, or at least one of those quaint phrases which gallants put down in their tablets, to show their fashionable learning in some future conversation:

*Viola.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir Andrew.* Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get them all three ready.



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street.**Enter ROMANELLO.*

*Rom.* Prosper me now my fate ; some better genius,

Than such a one as waits on troubled passions,  
Direct my courses to a noble issue !

My thoughts have wander'd in a labyrinth,

But if the clue I have laid hold on fail not,

I shall tread out the toil of these dark paths,

In spite of politic reaches. I am furnish'd

In mine own hopes by her unlucky fortunes,

Whose fame is ruin'd. Flavia, my lost sister !

Lost to report by her unworthy husband,

Though heightened by a greatness, in whose mix-  
tures,

I hate to claim a part.

*Enter NITIDO.*

Oh welcome, welcome,

Dear boy ! thou keep'st time with my expectations

As justly as the promise of my bounties

Shall reckon with thy service.

*Nit.* I have fashion'd  
The means of your admittance.

*Rom.* Precious Nitido !

*Nit.* More, 'have bethought me of a shape, a  
quaint one,

You may appear in, safe and unsuspected.

*Rom.* Thou'rt an ingenious boy.

*Nit.* Beyond all this ;

Have so contriv'd the feat, that, at first sight,

Troylo himself shall court your entertainment ;  
Nay, force you to vouchsafe it.

*Rom.* Thou hast done  
All counsel, and all cunning.

*Nit.* True, I have, sir,  
Fadg'd<sup>1</sup> nimbly in my practises : but surely,  
There are some certain clogs, some roguish staggers,  
Some—what shall I call 'em ?—in the business.

*Rom.* Nitido,  
What, faint now ? dear heart, bear up : what stag-  
gers ?

What clogs ? let me remove them.

*Nit.* Am I honest  
In this discovery ?

*Rom.* Honest ? pish, is that all ?  
By this rich purse, and by the twenty ducats  
Which line it, I will answer for thy honesty  
Against all Italy, and prove it perfect.  
Besides, remember I am bound to secrecy.  
Thou'lt not betray thyself ?

*Nit.* All fears are clear'd then ;  
But if——

*Rom.* If what ? out with't.

*Nit.* If we're discover'd,  
You'll answer, I am honest still ?

*Rom.* Do'st doubt it ?

*Nit.* Not much ; I have your purse in pawn for it.  
Now to the shape : and know<sup>2</sup>, the wit in Florence,  
Who, in the great duke's court, buffoons his com-  
pliment,

According to the change of meats in season,  
At every free lord's table——

<sup>1</sup> *Fadged,*] Proceeded, succeeded. A very common word in the old dramatists.

<sup>2</sup> *And know the wits in Florence.*] I strongly suspect the author wrote,---*You know the wit in Florence.*

*Rom.* Or free meetings  
In taverns; there he sits at the upper end,  
And eats, and prates, he cares not how nor what :  
The very quake of fashions, the very he that  
Wears a stiletto on his chin <sup>1</sup>.

*Nit.* You have him.  
Like such a thing must you appear, and study,  
Amongst the ladies, in a formal foppery,  
To vent some curiosity of language,  
Above their apprehensions, or your own,  
Indeed beyond sense; you are the more *the person* :  
Now amorous, then scurvy, sometimes bawdy ;  
The same man still, but evermore fantastical,  
As being the suppositor <sup>2</sup> to laughter ;  
It hath sav'd charge in physic.

*Rom.* When occasion  
Offers itself,—for where it does or not,  
I will be bold to take it,—I may turn  
To some one in the company ; and changing  
My method, talk of state, and rail against  
Th' employment of the time, mislike the carriage <sup>3</sup>  
Of places, and mislike that men of parts,  
Of merit, such as myself am, are not

<sup>1</sup> *A stiletto on his chin.*] The stiletto beard was a very fashionable appendage to the chin of a courtier. So in a ballad quoted by Mr Malone from a ballad in *Le Prince d'Amour* :

“ The steeletto beard,  
O, it makes me afeard,  
It is so sharp beneath ;  
For he that doth place  
A dagger in his face,  
What wears he in his sheath.”

<sup>2</sup> *The suppositor.*] A metaphor taken from physic: “ A suppositarie, made of honey and salt boyled into the consistence of paste, and fashioned somewhat like a finger.”---*Cotgrave*.

<sup>3</sup> *The carriage of places.*] Carriage is used in such a variety of senses by old authors, that it is sometimes difficult to discover its precise meaning in a particular passage. Here it seems to stand for application, or bestowing of places.



Thrust into public action : 'twill set off  
A privilege I challenge from opinion,  
With a more lively current.

*Nit.* On my modesty,  
You are some kin to him.—Signior Prugnioli !  
Signior Mushrumpo !  
Leap but into his antick garb<sup>1</sup>, and trust me  
You'll fit it to a thought.

*Rom.* The time ?

*Nit.* As suddenly  
As you can be transform'd ;—for the event,  
'Tis pregnant.

*Rom.* Yet my pretty knave, thou hast not  
Discover'd where fair Castamela lives ;  
Nor how, nor amongst whom.

*Nit.* Pish, yet more queries<sup>2</sup> ?  
Till your own eyes inform, be silent ; else  
Take back your earnest. What ? turn woman ? fie !  
Be idle and inquisitive ?

*Rom.* No more.  
I shall be speedily provided ; ask for  
A note at mine own lodging. [Exit.

*Nit.* I'll not fail you,  
Assuredly, I will not fail you, signior,  
My fine inamorato. Twenty ducats ?  
They're half his quarter's income. Love, oh love,  
What a pure madness art thou ! I shall fit him,  
Fit, quit, and split him too.—Most bounteous sir.

*Enter TROYLO.*

*Troy.* Boy, thou art quick and trusty,  
Be withal close and silent, and thy pains  
Shall meet a liberal addition.

*Nit.* Though, sir,  
I'm but a child, yet you shall find me——

<sup>1</sup> *Antick garb,*] i. e. quaint, uncommon dress.

<sup>2</sup> *Pish, it more queries<sup>2</sup>*] So the old quarto reads.



*Troy.* No matter, Man  
In the contrivements, I will speak for thee.  
Well he does relish the disguise!

*Nit.* Most greedily;  
Swallows it with a liquorish delight;  
Will instantly be shaped in't, instantly.  
And, on my conscience, sir, the supposition  
Strengthened by supposition, will transform him  
Into the beast itself he does resemble.

*Troy.* Spend that and look for more, boy.

[*Gives money.*]

*Nit.* Sir, it needs not:  
I have already twenty ducats pursed  
In a gay case: 'las, sir! to you, my service  
Is but my duty.

*Troy.* Modesty in pages  
Shows not a virtue, boy, when it exceeds  
Good manners. Where must we meet?

*Nit.* Sir, at's lodging,  
Or near about: he will make haste, believe it.

*Troy.* Wait th' opportunity, and give me notice.  
I shall attend.

*Nit.* If I miss my part, hang me! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—*An Apartment in JULIO's House.*

*Enter VESPUCCI and CAMILLO.*

*Vesp.* Come, thou art caught, Camillo.

*Cam.* Away, away,  
That were a jest indeed; I caught!

*Vesp.* The lady  
Does scatter glances, wheels her round, and smiles;  
Steals an occasion to ask how the minutes  
Each hour have run in progress; then thou kissest  
All thy four fingers, crouchest and sigh'st faintly:

“ Dear beauty, if my watch keep fair decorum,  
Three quarters have near past the figure X ;”  
Or as the time of day goes—

*Cam.* So, Vespucci :  
This will not do, I read it on thy forehead,  
The grain of thy complexion is quite altered ;  
Once 'twas a comely brown, 'tis now of late  
A perfect green and yellow ; sure prognosticates  
Of th' overflux o'th' gall, and melancholy,  
Symptoms of love and jealousy. “ Poor soul !”  
Quoth she, the *she*, “ why hang thy looks like bell-  
ropes

Out of the wheels ?” Thou, flinging down thy eyes  
Low at her feet, reply'st, “ Because, oh sovereign !  
The great bell of my heart is crack'd, and never  
Can ring in tune again, till't be new cast  
By one only skilful foundress.” Hereat  
She turned aside, wink'd, thou stood'st still, and  
star'dst ;

I did observe it : be plain, what hope ?

*Vesp.* She loves thee ;  
Doats on thee ; in my hearing told her lord  
Camillo was the Pyramus and Thisbe  
Of courtship, and of compliment : ah ha !  
She nick'd it there : I envy not thy fortunes :  
For, to say truth, thou'rt handsome and deserv'st her,  
Were she as great again as she is.

*Cam.* I handsome ?  
Alas, alas, a creature of Heaven's making,  
There's all ! But, sirrah, pr'ythee, let's be sociable ;  
I do confess, I think the goody-madam  
May possibly be compass'd : I resolve, too,  
To put in for a share, come what can come on't.

*Vesp.* A pretty toy 'tis. Since thou'rt open  
breasted,  
Camillo, I presume she is [a] wanton,  
And therefore mean to give the sowse whenever  
I find the game on wing.

*Cam.* Let us consider :  
She's but a merchant's leavings.

*Vesp.* Hatch'd i'th' country,  
And fledg'd i'th' city.

*Cam.* 'Tis a common custom  
'Mongst friends,—they are not friends else—chief-  
ly gallants,

To trade by turns in such like frail commodities :  
The one is but reversioner to t'other.

*Vesp.* Why, 'tis the fashion, man.

*Cam.* Most free and proper ;  
One surgeon, one apothecary.

*Vesp.* Thus, then ;  
When I am absent, use the gentlest memory  
Of my endowments, my unblemish'd services  
To ladies' favours : with what faith and secrecy,  
I live in her commands, whose special courtesies  
Oblige me to particular engagements.  
I'll do as much for thee.

*Cam.* With this addition,  
“ Camillo, best of fairs, a man so bashful,  
So simply harmless, and withal so constant,  
Yet resolute in all true rights of honour ;  
That to deliver him in perfect character,  
Were to detract from such a solid virtue  
As reigns not in another soul ; he is”——

*Vesp.* The thing a mistress ought to wish her ser-  
vant.

Are we agreed ?

*Cam.* Most readily. On th' other side,  
Unto the lord her husband, talk as coarsely  
Of one another as we can.

*Vesp.* I like it,  
So shall we sift her love, and his opinion.

*Enter JULIO, FLAVIA, and FABRICIO.*

*Jul.* Be thankful, fellow, to a noble mistress ;



Two hundred ducats are no trifling sum,  
Nor common alms.

*Flav.* You must not loiter lazily,  
And speak about the town, my friend, in taverns,  
In gaming-houses ; nor sneak after dinner  
To public shews, to interludes, in riot,  
To some lewd painted baggage, trick'd up gaudily,  
Like one of us :—Oh, fie upon them, giblets !  
I have been told they ride in coaches, flaunt it  
In braveries, so rich, that 'tis scarce possible  
How to distinguish one of these vile naughty packs  
From true and arrant ladies ; they'll inveigle  
Your substance and your body,—think on that,—  
I say, your body ; look to't.—  
Is't not sound counsel ?

*Jul.* 'Tis more, 'tis heavenly.

*Vesp.* [*Aside to CAM.*] What hope, Camillo, now,  
if this tune hold ?

*Cam.* Hope fair enough, Vespucci, now as ever ;  
Why, any woman in her husband's presence  
Can say no less.

*Vesp.* 'Tis true, and she hath leave here.

*Fab.* Madam, your care and charity at once  
Have so new-moulded my resolves, that henceforth  
Whene'er my mention falls into report,  
It shall requite this bounty : I am travelling  
To a new world.

*Jul.* I like your undertakings.

*Flav.* New world ! where's that I pray ? good,  
if you light on

A parrot or a monkey that has qualities  
Of a new fashion, think on me.

*Fab.* Yes, lady ;

Aye, I shall think on you ; and my devotions  
Tender'd where they are due in single meekness,  
With purer flames will mount, with free increase  
Of plenty, honours, full contents, full blessings,



Truth and affection 'twixt your lord and you.  
 So with my humblest, best leave, I turn from you.  
 Never, as now, I am to appear before you.  
 All joys dwell here, and lasting ! [Exit.]

*Flav.* Pr'ythee, sweetest,  
 Hark in your ear.—Beshrew't, the brim of your hat  
 Struck in mine eyes.—Dissemble honest tears,  
 The griefs my heart does labour in [*Aside.*].—[It]  
 smarts

Unmeasurably.

*Jul.* A chance, a chance ; 'twill off ;  
 Suddenly off :—forbear ; this handkerchief  
 But makes it worse.

*Cam.* Wink, madam, with that eye ;  
 The pain will quickly pass.

*Vesp.* Immediately ;  
 I know it by experience.

*Flav.* Yes, I find it.

*Jul.* Spare us a little, gentlemen  
 [*Exit CAM. and VESP.*]  
 Speak freely :

What wert thou saying, dearest ?

*Flav.* Do you love me ?  
 Answer in sober sadness : I'm your wife now ;  
 I know my place and power.

*Jul.* What's this riddle ?  
 Thou hast thyself replied to thine own question,  
 In being married to me ; a sure argument  
 Of more than protestation.

*Flav.* Such it should be  
 Were you as other husbands : it is granted,  
 A woman of my state may like good clothes,  
 Choice diet, many servants, change of merriments ;  
 All these I do enjoy : and wherefore not ?  
 Great ladies should command their own delights :—  
 And yet, for all this, I am us'd but homely,  
 But I am serv'd even well enough.

*Jul.* My Flavia,  
I understand not what thou would'st.

*Flav.* Pray pardon me ;  
I do confess I'm foolish, very foolish ;  
Trust me, indeed I am ; for I could cry  
Mine eyes out, being in the weeping humour :  
You know I have a brother.

*Jul.* Romanello,  
An unkind brother.

*Flav.* Right, right : since you bosom'd  
My latter youth, he never would vouchsafe  
As much as to come near me. Oh, it mads me,  
Being but two, that we should live at distance ;  
As if I were a cast-away, and you,  
For your part, take no care on't, nor attempted  
To draw him hither.

*Jul.* Say the man be peevish,  
Must I petition him ?

*Flav.* Yea, marry, must you,  
Or else you love not me. Not see my brother ?  
Yes I will see him ; so I will, will see him.  
You hear't.—Oh my good lord, dear gentle, pr'ythee,  
You sha'nt be angry : 'las, I know, poor gentleman !  
He bears a troubled mind : but let us meet  
And talk a little ; we perhaps may chide  
At first, shed some few tears, and then be quiet ;  
There's all.

*Jul.* Write to him and invite him hither,  
Or go to him thyself. Come, no more sadness ;  
I'll do what thou can'st wish.

*Flav.* And, in requital,  
Believe I shall say something that may settle  
A constancy of peace for which thou'lt thank me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter SECCO and SPADONE.*

*Sec.* The rarest fellow, Spadone! so full of gambols; he talks so humorously—does he not?—so carelessly; oh, rich<sup>1</sup>! o' my hope of posterity! I could be in love with him.

*Spa.* His tongue trouls<sup>2</sup> like a mill-clack; he towzes the ladies' sisters, as a tumbling dog does young rabbits. Hey here, dab there. Your Madonna, he has a catch at her too; there's a trick in the business,—I am a dunce else,—I say, a shrewd one.

*Sec.* Jump with me<sup>3</sup>; I smell a trick too, if I could tell what.

*Spa.* Who brought him in? that would be known.

*Sec.* That did signior Troylo; I saw the page part at the door. Some trick still: go to, wife, I must and I will have an eye to this gear<sup>4</sup>.

*Spa.* A plain case; roguery, brokage and roguery, or call me bulchin<sup>5</sup>. Fancies, quoth a'! rather

<sup>1</sup> *Oh, rich!*] I am unable to explain this exclamation, and suspect some corruption.

<sup>2</sup> *His tongue trouls.*] So in Perkin Warbeck,

“Like to so many choristers in Bedlam  
Trowling a catch.”

See the note on that passage, p. 53. of this volume.

<sup>3</sup> *Jump with me,*] *i. e.* exactly what I think. It was a very common phrase in our author's days, and is still used in some of the remote parts of England.

<sup>4</sup> *Gear,*] *i. e.* business. This was a colloquial expression of frequent occurrence, and used in a very indeterminate manner. *For this gear,* was nearly employed in the same manner as *for the nonce*; *e. g.* in the *Merchant of Venice*: “If fortune be a woman, she's a good wench *for this gear*.”

<sup>5</sup> *Bulchin,*] Seems to have been a *young male calf*, as Mr Reed



frenzies. We shall all roar shortly; turn madcaps; lie open to what comes first: I may stand to't.—That boy page is a naughty boy page. Let me feel your forehead: ha, oh, hum,—yes,—there,—there again. I'm sorry for ye; a hand-saw cannot cure ye. Monstrous and apparent!

*Sec.* What? what? what? what? what, Spadone?

*Spa.* What, what, what, what! nothing but velvet tips<sup>1</sup>; you are of the first head yet. Have a good heart, man; a cuckold, though he be a beast, wears invisible horns; else we might know a city-bull from a country-calf.—Villainous boy, still!

*Sec.* My razor shall be my weapon, my razor.

*Spa.* Why, he's not come to the honour of a beard yet; he needs no shaving.

*Sec.* I will trim him and tram him.

*Spa.* Nay, she may do well enough for one.

*Sec.* One? ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand; do beyond arithmetic, Spadone! I speak it with some passion, I am a notorious cuckold.

*Spa.* Gross and ridiculous!—Look ye! point blank I dare not swear that this same mountebanking new-come foist<sup>2</sup>, is at least a procurer in the business, if not a pretender himself: but I think what I think.

*Sec.* Hee, Troylo, Livio, the page, that hole-creeping page, all horn me, sirrah. I'll forgive thee from my heart. Dost not thou drive a trade too in my bottom?

*Spa.* A likely matter! 'Las, I'm metamorphosed, I: be patient, you'll mar all else.

conjectures. So in Dekker's *Satiromastrix*: "Dost roar, *bulchin*, dost roar?"

<sup>1</sup> *Velvet tips.*] In allusion to the down or velvet upon the first sprouting horns of a young deer.

<sup>2</sup> *Foist.*] Cotgrave explains *menteur*, "A lyer, fibber, *foist-cr*, fabler, cogger, leasing-mungar, false limmer."



*Within.* Ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Sec.* Now, now, now, now the game's rampant, rampant.

*Spa.* Leave your wild figaries, and learn to be a tame antick, or I'll observe no longer.

*Within.* Ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Enter* TROYLO, CASTAMELA, FLORIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, MOROSA, *and* ROMANELLO, *like a courtly Mountebank.*

*Sil.* You are extremely busy, signior.

*Flo.* Courtly,

Without a fellow !

*Clar.* Have a stabbing wit.

*Cast.* But are you always, when you press on ladies

Of mild and easy nature, so much satire,  
So tart and keen as we do taste you now ?  
It argues a lean brain.

*Rom.* Gip to your beauties !

You would be fair, forsooth ; you would be monsters ;

Fair women are such ; monsters to be seen  
Are rare, and so are they.

*Troy.* Bear with him, ladies.

*Mor.* He is a foul-mouth'd man.

*Sec.* Whore, bitch-fox, treedle, fa la la la !

*Mor.* How's that, my cat-a-mountain ?

*Spa.* Hold her there, boy.

*Clar.* Were you e'er in love, fine signior !

*Rom.* Yes, for sport's sake ;

But soon forgot it. He that rides a gallop  
Is quickly weary. I esteem of love  
As of a man in some huge place ; it puzzles  
Reason, distracts the freedom of the soul ;  
Renders a wise man fool, and a fool wise  
In's own conceit, not else ; it yields effects

Of pleasure, travail ; bitter, sweet ; war, peace ;  
Thornes, roses ; prayers, curses ; longings, surfeits,  
Despair, and then a rope. Oh, my trim lover !  
Yes, I have loved a score at once.

*Spa.* Out stallion ! as I am a man and no man,  
the baboon lies, I dare swear, abominably.

*Sec.* Inhumanly,—keep your bow close, vixen.

[*Pinches Mor.*

*Mor.* Beshrew your fingers, if you be in earnest :  
You pinch too hard, go to ; I'll pare your nails for't.

*Spa.* She means your horns, there's a bob for you.

*Clar.* Spruce signior, if a man may love so many,  
Why may not a fair lady have like privilege  
Of several servants ?

*Troy.* Answer that ; the reason  
Holds the same weight.

*Mor.* Marry, and so it does,  
Though he would spit his gall out.

*Spa.* Mark that, Secco.

*Sil.* D'ye pump for a reply ?

*Rom.* The learned differ  
In that point ; grand and famous scholars often  
Have argued *pro* and *con*, and left it doubtful ;  
Volumes have been writ on't. If then great clerks  
Suspend their resolutions, 'tis a modesty  
For me to silence mine.

*Flo.* Dull and phlegmatick !

*Clar.* Yet women sure, in such a case, are ever  
More secret than men are.

*Sil.* Yea, and talk less.

*Rom.* That is a truth much fabled, never found.  
You secret, when your dresses blab your vanities ?  
Carnation for your points ! there's a gross babbler ;  
Tawney ? hey ho ! the pretty heart is wounded.  
A knot of willow ribbons ? she's forsaken.  
Another rides the cock-horse, green and azure,  
Wince and cry wee-hee, like a colt unbroken :

But desperate black puts them in mind of fish-days;  
 When Lent spurs on devotion, there's a famine:  
 Yet love and judgment may help all this pudder'.  
 Where are they? not in females?

*Flo.* In all sorts  
 Of men, no doubt.

*Sil.* Else they were sots to choose.

*Clar.* To swear and flatter, sometimes lie, for  
 profit.

*Rom.* Not so, forsooth. Should love and judg-  
 ment meet.

The old, the fool, the ugly, and deform'd,  
 Could never be beloved: for example,  
 Behold these two, this madam and this shaver.

*Mor.* I do defy thee; am I old or ugly?

*Sec.* Tricks, knacks, devices! Now it trouls about.

*Rom.* Troul let it, stripling; thou hast yet firm  
 footing,

And need'st not fear the cuckold's livery.  
 There's good philosophy for't: take this for comfort;  
 No horned beasts have teeth in either gums;  
 But thou art tooth'd on both sides, tho' she fail in't.

*Mor.* He is not jealous, sirrah.

*Rom.* That's his fortune,  
 Women indeed more jealous are than men;  
 But men have more cause.

*Spa.* There he rubb'd your forehead,  
 'Twas a tough blow.

*Sec.* It smarts.

*Mor.* Pox on him! let him  
 Put's fingers into any gums of mine;  
 He shall find I have teeth about me, sound ones.

*Sec.* You are a scurvy fellow, and I am made a

*Pudd.*] 'This was the ancient manner of spelling pother.  
 As in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

—“fallen out with their meat and kept a pudder.”



cokes<sup>1</sup>, an ass; and this same filthy crone's a flirt.

[Sings.] *Whoop, do me no harm good woman.* [Exit.

*Spa.* Now, now he's in; I must not leave him  
so. [Exit.

*Troy.* Morosa, what means this?

*Mor.* I know not, I;

He pinched me, called me names, most filthy names.

Will ye part hence, sir? I will set ye packing.  
[Exit.

*Clar.* You were indeed too broad, too violent.

*Flo.* Here's nothing meant but mirth.

*Sil.* The gentleman

Hath been a little pleasant.

*Clar.* Somewhat bitter

Against our sex.

*Cast.* For which I promise him,

He ne'er proves choice of mine.

*Rom.* Not I your choice?

*Troy.* So she protested, signior.

*Rom.* Indeed?

*Enter MOROSA.*

*Clar.* Why, you are mov'd, sir.

*Mor.* Hence! there enters

A civiller companion for fair ladies,

Than such a sloven.

*Rom.* Beauties,—

*Troy.* Time prevents us,

Love and sweet thoughts accompany this presence.

[Exeunt TROY. and ROM.]

*Enter OCTAVIO, SECCO, LIVIO, and NITIDO.*

*Oct.* (Whispering to SECCO.) Enough! slip off,  
and on your life be secret.

<sup>1</sup> *A cokes,*] i. e. "A sot, gull, dolt, ass."—Cotgrave in voce Jobelin. The words, "Whoop me no harm good woman," are probably a scrap of an old song.



A lovely day, young creatures. To you Floria;  
[Exit SECCO.]

To you Clarella, Silvia, to all, service:  
 But who is this fair stranger?

*Liv.* Castamela,  
 My sister, noble lord.

*Oct.* Let ignorance  
 Of what you were plead my neglect of manners,  
 And this soft touch excuse it. You've enrich'd  
 This little family, most excellent virgin,  
 With th' honour of your company.

*Cast.* I find them  
 Worthily graceful, sir.

*Liv.* [Apart.] Are ye so taken?

*Oct.* Here are no public sights nor courtly visi-  
 tants,  
 Which youth and active blood might stray in  
 thought for:

The companies are few, the pleasures single,  
 And rarely to be brook'd, perhaps, by any,  
 Not perfectly acquainted with this custom:  
 Are they not, lovely one?

*Liv.* Sir, I dare answer  
 My sister's resolution. Free converse  
 Amongst so many of her sex, so virtuous,  
 She ever hath prefer'd before the surquedry<sup>1</sup>  
 Of protestation, or the vainer giddiness  
 Of popular attendants. [Music.]

*Cast.* Well play'd, brother.

*Oct.* The meaning of this music?

*Mor.* Please your lordship,  
 It is the ladies' hour for exercise  
 In song and dance.

<sup>1</sup> *Surquedry.*] An old word from the French, used by Chau-  
 cer, for pride, overweening conceit, presumption.

*Oct.* I dare not be the author  
Of truanting the time then, neither will I.

*Mor.* Walk on, dear ladies.

*Oct.* 'Tis a task of pleasure.

*Liv.* (To CAST.) Be now my sister, stand a trial  
bravely. [*Exeunt.*

*Mor.* Remember my instructions, or— [*Exit.*

*Oct.* (Detaining CAST.) With pardon,  
You are not of the number, I presume, yet,  
To be enjoin'd to hours. If you please,  
We for a little while may sit as judges  
Of their proficiencie; pray, vouchsafe the favour.

*Cast.* I am, sir, in a place to be commanded,  
As now the present urgeth.

*Oct.* No compulsion.—  
That were too hard a word.—Where you are sove-  
reign,

Your yea and nay is law. I have a suit t'ye.

*Cast.* For what, sir?

*Oct.* For your love.

*Cast.* To whom? I am not  
So weary of th' authority I hold  
Over mine own contents<sup>1</sup> in sleeps and wakings;  
That I'd resign my liberty to any  
Who should controul it.

*Oct.* Neither I intend so;  
Grant me an entertainment<sup>2</sup>.

*Cast.* Of what nature?

*Oct.* To acknowledge me your creature.

*Cast.* Oh, my lord,

<sup>1</sup> *Contents.*] This word is used in the same sense in Shake-  
speare's *Troilus and Cressida*:

"—Though my heart's *content* firm love doth bear  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear."

<sup>2</sup> *Grant me an entertainment,*] *i. e.* admit me in the number  
of your servants or lovers. To entertain soldiers was formerly  
a phrase for enlisting them.

You are too wise in years, too full of counsel,  
For my green inexperience.

*Oct.* Love, dear maid,  
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper  
For beauty to desire to be belov'd.  
I am not free from passion, though the current  
Of a more lively heat runs slowly through me;  
My heart is gentle, and believe, fresh girl,  
Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,  
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,  
That bounty can withhold: this academy  
Of silent pleasures is maintain'd, but only  
To such a constant use.

*Cast.* You have belike then  
A patent for concealing virgins; otherwise  
Make plainer your intentions.

*Oct.* To be pleasant  
In practice of some outward senses only;  
No more.

*Cast.* No, worse you dare not to imagine,  
Where such an awful innocency, as mine is,  
Out-faces every wickedness, your dotage  
Has lull'd you in. I scent your cruel mercies,  
Your fact'ress hath been tamp'ring for my misery;  
Your old temptation; your she-devil. Bear with  
A language which this place, and none but this,  
hath

Infected my tongue with. The time will come, too,  
When he (unhappy man!) whom your advance-  
ment,

Hath ruin'd by being spaniel to your fortunes,  
Will curse he train'd me hither.—Livio,  
I must not call him brother, this one act  
Hath rent him off the ancestry he sprung from.

*Oct.* The proffer of a noble courtesy  
Is check'd it seems.

*Cast.* A courtesy? a bondage:



You are a great man vicious, much more vicious,  
Because you hold a seeming league with charity  
Of pestilent nature, keeping hospitality  
For sensualists in your own sepulchre,  
Even by your life-time ; yet are dead already.

*Oct.* How's this ? come, be more mild.

*Cast.* You chide me soberly,  
Then, sir, I tune my voice to other music ;  
You are an eminent statist<sup>1</sup>, be a father  
To such unfriended virgins, as your bounty  
Hath drawn into a scandal ; you are powerful  
In means ; a bachelor, freed from the jealousies  
Of wants : convert this privacy of maintenance  
Into your own court : let this, as you call it,  
Your acadèmy, have a residence there ;  
And there survey your charity yourself :  
That when you shall bestow on worthy husbands  
With fitting portions, such as you know worthy,  
You may yield to the present age example,  
And to posterity a glorious chronicle ;  
There were a work of piety : the other is  
A scorn upon your tombstone ; where the reader  
Will but expound, that when you liv'd you pand-  
der'd

Your own purse and your fame. I am too bold, sir,  
Some anger and some pity hath directed  
A wand'ring trouble.

*Oct.* Be not known what passages  
The time hath lent, for once I can bear with you.

*Cast.* I'll countenance the hazard of suspicion,  
And be your guest a while.

*Oct.* Be—but hereafter—  
I know not what.—Livio !

<sup>1</sup> *Statist,*] An ancient term for a statesman. So in *Marmion*  
*Antiquary* : “ Is it [your behaviour] adorned with that even  
mixture of fluency and grace, as are required both in a *statist*  
and a courtier ? ”



*Enter LIVIO and MOROSA.*

*Liv.* My lord?

*Cast.* Indeed, sir,  
I cannot part wi' ye yet.

*Oct.* Well, then, thou shalt not,  
My precious Castamela.—Thou hast a sister,  
A perfect sister, Livio.

*Mor.* All is link'd here':  
Good soul, indeed!

*Liv.* I'd speak with you anon.

*Cast.* It may be so.

*Oct.* Come, fair one.

*Liv.* Oh, I am cheated!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.*

*Enter LIVIO and CASTAMELA.*

*Liv.* Pr'ythee, be serious.

*Cast.* Pr'ythee, interrupt not  
The paradise of my becharming thoughts,  
Which mount my knowledge to the sphere I move  
in,  
Above this useless tattle.

*Liv.* Tattle, sister?  
D'ye know to whom you talk this?

*Cast.* To the gentleman  
Of my lord's horse, new-stept into the office:  
'Tis a good place, sir, if you can be thankful.

<sup>1</sup> *All is inck'd here.]* So the old copy reads.

Demean your carriage<sup>1</sup> in it so, that negligence,  
Or pride of your preferment, oversway not  
The grace you hold in his esteem. Such fortunes  
Drop not down every day; observe the favour  
That rais'd you to this fortune.

*Liv.* Thou mistak'st sure  
What person thou hold'st speech with.

*Cast.* Strange and idle.

*Liv.* Is't possible! why, you are turned a mistress,

A mistress of the trim<sup>2</sup>: beshrew me, lady,  
You keep a stately port; but it becomes you not.  
Our father's daughter, if I err not rarely,  
Delighted in a softer, humbler sweetness;  
Not in a hey-de-gay<sup>3</sup> of scurvy gallantry.  
You do not brave it like a thing o' th' fashion;  
You ape the humour faintly.

*Cast.* "Love, dear maid,  
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper  
For beauty, to desire to be belov'd."

*Liv.* Fine sport! You mind not me; will you  
yet hear me, madam?

*Cast.* "Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,  
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast them,  
That bounty can withhold."—I know I shall not.

*Liv.* And so you clapt the bargain; the conceit  
on't

Tickles your contemplation. 'Tis come out now:

<sup>1</sup> *Carriage,*] *i. e.* behaviour, conduct.

<sup>2</sup> *A mistress of the trim.*] A female coxcomb of easy virtue.  
So in the *Lover's Melancholy*:

"Not like a *lady of the trim*, new crept  
Out of the shell of sluttish sweat and labour,  
Into the glittering pomp of ease and wantonness."

<sup>3</sup> *Hey-de-gay.*] A curious word, probably varied by our author from *hey-day*, which he uses in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, for height, extremity. See Vol. I. p. 77.

A woman's tongue, I see, some time or other,  
Will prove her traitor. This was all I sifted,  
And here have found thee wretched.

*Cast.* We shall flourish,  
Feed high henceforth, man, and no more be strait-  
ened

Within the limits of an empty patience;  
Nor tire our feeble eyes with gazing only  
On greatness, which enjoys the swing of pleasures:  
But be ourselves the object of their envy,  
'To whom a service would have seem'd ambition.  
It was thy cunning, Livio; I applaud it:  
Fear nothing; I'll be thrifty in thy projects.  
Want? misery? May all such want as think on't!  
Our footing shall be firm.

*Liv.* You are much witty.  
Why, Castamela, this to me? You counterfeit  
Most palpably. I am too well acquainted  
With thy condition, sister. If the marquis  
Hath utter'd one unchaste, one wanton syllable,  
Provoking thy contempt; not all the flatteries  
Of his assurance to our hopes of rising  
Can, or shall, slave our souls.

*Cast.* Indeed not so, sir;  
You are beside the point, most gentle signor:  
I'll be no more your ward, no longer chambered,  
Nor mewed<sup>2</sup> up to the lure of your devotion;  
Trust me, I must not, will not, dare not; surely  
I cannot, for my promise past, and sufferance  
Of former trials hath too strongly arm'd me:  
You may take this for answer.

<sup>2</sup> *Nor mewed up to the lure of your devotion.*] A metaphor taken from hawking. The mew is the place of confinement for hawks. The lure was fabricated of leather and feather, which, when cast up, bore some resemblance to a bird. The young hawks are trained and fed upon this machine, and so much accustomed to the *lure*, as not to forsake it.



*Liv.* In such earnest?  
Hath goodness left thee quite? Fool, thou art  
wand'ring

In dangerous fogs, which will corrupt the purity  
Of every noble virtue dwelt within thee.

Come home again, home, Castamela, sister,  
Home to thine own simplicity; and rather  
Than yield thy memory up to the witchcraft  
Of an abused confidence, be courted  
For Romanello.

*Cast.* Romanello!

*Liv.* Scorn'st thou  
The name! thy thoughts I find, then, are chang'd,  
rebels

To all that's honest; that's to truth and honour.

*Cast.* So, sir, and in good time.

*Liv.* Thou art fallen suddenly  
Into a plurisy<sup>1</sup> of faithless impudence;  
A whorish itch infects thy blood, a leprosy  
Of raging lust; and thou art mad to prostitute  
The glory of thy virgin-dower basely  
For common sale. This foulness must be purged,  
Or thy disease will rankle to a pestilence,  
Which can even taint the very air about thee:  
But I shall study physic.

*Cast.* Learn good manners:  
I take it you are saucy.

*Liv.* Saucy? Strumpet  
In thy desires! 'tis in my pow'r to cut off  
The twist thy life is spun by.

*Cast.* Phew! you rave now:

<sup>1</sup> *Plurisy*,] i. e. superabundance. The word must not be confounded with the disease called pleurisy, though, in some passages in old plays, a quibble between the two seems to be intended.

But if you have not perish'd<sup>1</sup> all your reason,  
 Know I will use my freedom. You, forsooth,  
 For change of fresh apparel, and the pocketting  
 Of some well-looking ducats, were contented,  
 Passingly pleased—yes, marry were you; mark  
 it,—

T' expose me to the danger now you rail at.  
 Brought me, nay forced me, hither, without ques-  
 tion

Of what might follow: here you find the issue;  
 And I distrust not but it was th' appointment  
 Of some succeeding fate that more concern'd me  
 Than widowed virginity.

*Liv.* You are a gallant;  
 One of my old lord's fancies. Peevish girl<sup>2</sup>,  
 Was't ever heard that youth could doat on sick-  
 ness,

A grey beard, wrinkled face, a dried-up marrow,  
 A toothless head, a—? This is but a merriment,  
 Merely but trial. Romanello loves thee,  
 Has not abundance, true; yet cannot want.  
 Return with me, and I will leave these fortunes,  
 Good maid, of gentle nature.

*Cast.* By my hopes,  
 I never placed affection on that gentleman,  
 Tho' he deserv'd well; I have told him often  
 My resolution.

*Liv.* Will you hence, and trust to  
 My care of settling you a peace?

<sup>1</sup> *Perished.*] It has been before observed in the notes to this play, that this verb is often used actively for *destroying*.

<sup>2</sup> *Peevish,*] *i. e.* foolish. This passage supports Mr Gifford's dissent from the opinion of Malone, that *peevish* in the following speech of Mrs Quickly, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is one of the dame's blunders for *precise*: "His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something *peevish* that way."

*Cast.* No, surely,  
Such treaty may break off.

*Liv.* Off be it broken ;  
I'll do what thou shalt rue.

*Cast.* You cannot, Livio.

*Liv.* So confident ? Young mistress mine, I'll  
do't. [*Exit.*

*Enter TROYLO.*

*Troy.* Incomparable maid !

*Cast.* You have been counsellor  
To a strange dialogue.

*Troy.* If there be constancy  
In protestation of a virtuous nature,  
You are secure, as the effects shall witness.

*Cast.* Be noble : I am credulous ; my language  
Hath prejudiced my heart. I and my brother  
Ne'er parted at such distance : yet, I glory  
In the fair race he runs ; but fear the violence  
Of his disorder.

*Troy.* Little time shall quit him.

[*They retire.*

*Enter SECCO, leading NITIDO in a garter with one  
hand, a rod in his other ; followed by MOROSA,  
SILVIA, FLORIA, CLARELLA ; SPADONE be-  
hind, laughing.*

*Sec.* The young whelp is mad ; I must slice the  
worm out of his breech<sup>1</sup>. I have noosed his neck  
in the collar ; and I will once turn dog-leech.

<sup>1</sup> *The young whelp is mad ; I must slice the worm out of his  
breech.*] An allusion to the vulgar error, which obtains even  
at this day, that a young dog may be prevented from running  
mad, by cutting away from under his tongue what is called the  
worm. *Dog-leech*, in this speech, is the same as dog-doctor,  
and has already occurred in the *Lover's Melancholy*, Vol. I. p.  
186.



Stand from about me, or you'll find me terrible and furious.

*Nit.* Ladies! Good ladies! Dear madam, Morosa!

*Flo.* Honest Secco!

*Sil.* What was the cause? What has he done to thee?

*Clar.* Why dost thou fright us so, and art so pe-remptory

Where we are present, fellow?

*Mor.* Honey bird, spouse, cat-a-mountain! Ah, the child, the pretty poor child, the sweet-faced child!

*Spa.* That very word halts the earwig.

*Sec.* Off I say, or I shall lay bare all the naked truth to your faces! His fore-parts have been so lusty, and his posteriors must do penance for't. Untruss, whiskin', untruss! Away, burs! Out mare-hag, moyl! Avaunt! thy turn comes next. Avaunt! thy turn comes next. Avaunt! the horns of my rage are advanced. Hence, or I shall gore ye!

*Spa.* Lash him soundly; let the little ape show tricks.

*Nit.* Help, or I shall be throttled!

*Mor.* Yes, I will help thee, pretty heart! If my tongue cannot prevail, my nails shall. Barbarous-minded man, let go, or I shall use my talons.

[*They fight.*]

*Spa.* Well played dog! Well played bear! Sa, sa, sa; to't, to't.

*Sec.* Fury, whore, bawd! My wife and the devil!

*Mor.* Toss-pot', stinkard, pander, my husband, and a rascal!

<sup>1</sup> *Whiskin.*] See p. 131. of this play.

<sup>2</sup> *Toss-pot.*] This was a usual term for a drunkard, in our author's days. The etymology is very obvious.

*Spa.* Scold, coxcomb, baggage, cuckold!

*Crabbed age and youth<sup>1</sup>  
Cannot jump together;  
One is like good luck,  
T'other like foul weather.*

*Troy.* (*Comes forward.*) Let us fall in now.—  
What uncivil rudeness

Dares offer a disturbance to this company?

Peace and delights dwell here, not brawls and outrage.

Sirrah, be sure you show some reasons why

You so forgot your duty: quickly show it,

Or I shall tame your choler. What's the ground on't?

*Spa.* Humph, how's that? How's that? is he there with a wannion<sup>2</sup>? Then do I begin to dwindle.—Oh, oh, the fit! the fit! the fit's upon me now, now, now, now!

*Sec.* It shall out. First then, know all Christian people, Jews, and infidels, hes and shes, by these presents, that I am a beast; see what I say, I say a very beast.

*Troy.* 'Tis granted.

*Sec.* Go to, then; a horned beast; a goodly, tall,

<sup>1</sup> *Crabbed age and youth, &c.*] These four lines are burlesqued, evidently without any intention of sneering at the matchless poet, from a ditty of Shakespeare's, in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, beginning thus:

“Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasure,  
Age is full of care:  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather,” &c.

*Jump*, in the second line, is the same as agree, as has been observed before.

<sup>2</sup> *With a wannion.*] A common phrase in old writings; but the particular meaning of the last word has never been explained.

horn'd beast ; in pure verity, a cuckold. Nay, I will tickle their trangdidos.

*Mor.* Ah, thou base fellow ! Would'st thou confess it an it were so ? but 'tis not so ; and thou liest, and loudly.

*Troy.* Patience, Morosa !—You are, you say, a cuckold ?

*Sec.* I'll justify my words ; I scorn to eat them. This sucking ferret hath been wrigling in my old coney-burrow.

*Mor.* The boy, the babe, the infant ! I spit at thee.

*Cast.* Fie, Secco, fie.

*Sec.* Appear, Spadone ! My proofs are pregnant<sup>1</sup> and gross : truth is the truth ; I must and I will be divorced. Speak, Spadone, and exalt thy voice.

*Spa.* Who ? I speak ? Alas, I cannot speak ! I !

*Nit.* As I hope to live to be a man—

*Sec.* Damn the prick of thy weason-pipe<sup>2</sup> !—Where but two lie in a bed, you must be—bodkin, bitch-baby—must ye ?—Spadone, am I a cuckold, or no cuckold ?

*Spa.* Why, you know I [am] an ignorant, unable trifle in such business ; an loaf, a simple alcatote, an innocent<sup>3</sup>.

*Sec.* Nay, nay, nay, no matter for that : this ramkin hath tupp'd my old rotten carrion-mutton.

*Mor.* Rotten in thy maw, thy guts and garbage !

<sup>1</sup> *Pregnant,*] *i. e.* full of weight, of matter.

<sup>2</sup> *Weason-pipe.*] The weason is the gullet, and weason-pipe is used in the same manner as windpipe.

<sup>3</sup> *A simple alcatote, an innocent.*] The latter of these terms has been already explained to mean a fool. With the former I have never met before, but suspect that it is the same with, or a corruption from *alcatrás*, which is a Spanish and Portuguese term for a species of sea-fowl, similar to a sea-gull.



*Sec.* Spadone, speak aloud what I am.

*Spa.* I do not know.

*Sec.* What hast thou seen them doing together?  
doing?

*Spa.* Nothing.

*Mor.* Are thy mad brains in thy mazer<sup>1</sup> now,  
thou jealous bedlam?

*Sec.* Didst not thou, from time to time, tell me as  
much?

*Spa.* Never.

*Sec.* Hoy-day! Ladies and signor, I am abused; they are agreed to scorn, jeer, and run me out of my wits. By consent, this gelded hobet-a-hoy is a corrupted pandar, this page a milk-livered dildo, my wife a whore confessed, and I myself a cuckold arrant.

*Spa.* Truly, Secco, for the ancient good woman I dare swear point-blank; and the boy, surely, I ever said, was to any man's thinking, a very chrisome<sup>2</sup> in the thing you wot. That's my opinion clearly.

*Clar.* What a wise goose-cap hast thou showed thyself!

*Sec.* Here in my forehead it sticks, and stick it shall. Law I will have; I will never more tumble

<sup>1</sup> *Mazer.*] A word which is still used occasionally for the face. It occurs in Dekker's *Honest Whore*: "Break but his pate or so, only his *mazer*, because I'll have his head in a cloth as well as mine."

<sup>2</sup> *A very chrisome.*] This term, which occurs in Shakespeare's *King Henry V.* has given occasion to a great number of notes by the different annotators, but never received a complete illustration till the appearance of Mr Douce's *Illustrations*, to which the reader is referred. It may, however, be observed here, that *chrisome* was originally the white cloth in which children were baptized, and came eventually to be used as a mock-term for a child, as in the text. So in Middleton's *Your Five Gallants*: "It would kill his heart i' faith; he'd away like a chrysom."

in sheets with thee; I will father no misbegotten of thine: the court shall trounce thee, the city cashier thee, diseases devour thee, and the spittal confound thee. *[Exit.]*

*Cast.* The man has dreamed himself into a lunacy.

*Sil.* Alas, poor Nitido!

*Nit.* Truly, I am innocent.

*Mor.* Marry art thou; so thou art. The world says, how virtuously I have carried my good name in every part about me these threescore years and odd; and at last to slip with a child! There are men, men enough, tough and lusty, I hope, if one would give their mind to the iniquity of the flesh; but this is the life I ha' led with him a while; since when a' lies by me as cold as a dry stone.

*Troy.* This only, ladies, is a fit of novelty; All will be reconciled.—I doubt, Spadone, Here is your hand in this, howe'er denied.

*Spa.* Faithfully, in truth, forsooth—

*Troy.* Well, well enough.—Morosa, be less troubled;

This little jarr is argument of love;

It will prove lasting.—Beauties, I attend ye.

*[Exeunt all but SPA. and NIT.]*

*Spa.* Youngling! a word, youngling: have not you 'scaped the lash handsomely? Thank me for't.

*Nit.* I fear thy roguery, and I shall find it.

*Spa.* Is't possible? Give me thy little fist; we are friends. Have a care henceforth; remember this whilst you live:

*And still the urchin would, but could not do.*

Pretty knave, and so forth. Come, truce on all hands.

*Nit.* Beshrew your fool's head; this was jest in earnest. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—ROMANELLO's Lodgings.

*Enter ROMANELLO.*

*Rom.* I will converse with beasts: there is in  
mankind  
No sound society, but in woman—bless me!—  
Nor faith nor reason. I may justly wonder  
What trust was in my mother.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* A caroché, sir,  
Stands at the gate.

*Rom.* Stand let it still, and freeze there.  
Make sure the locks.

*Serv.* Too late; you are prevented.

*Enter FLAVIA, with CAMILLO and VESPUCCI,  
who walk apart.*

*Flav.* Brother, I come—

*Rom.* Unlook'd-for;—I but sojourn  
Myself; I keep nor house nor entertainments  
French cooks compos'd<sup>1</sup>, Italian collations,  
Rich Persian surfeits, with a train of services,  
Befitting exquisite ladies, such as you are,  
Perfume not our low roofs.—The way lies open;  
That there.—[*Points to the door.*] Good day, great  
madam.

*Flav.* Why d'ye slight me?  
For what one act of mine, even from my childhood,  
Which may deliver my deserts inferior,  
Or to our births or family; is nature  
Become, in your contempt of me, a monster?

<sup>1</sup> *Entertainments French cooks composed,*] i. e. which were composed by French cooks. The omission renders the sentence very harsh.



*Ves.* What's this, Camillo ?

*Cam.* Not the strain in ordinary'.

*Rom.* I'm out of tune to chop discourses.—How-  
ever,

You are a woman.

*Flav.* Pensive and unfortunate,  
Wanting a brother's bosom to disburthen  
More griefs than female weakness can keep league  
with.

Let worst of malice, voiced in loud report,  
Spit what it dares invent against my actions;  
And it shall never find a power to blemish  
My mention, other than beseems a patient<sup>2</sup> :  
I not repine at lowness ; and the fortunes  
Which I attend on now, are, as I value them,  
No new creation to a looser liberty.

Your strangeness only may beget a change  
In wild opinion.

*Cam.* Here's another tang<sup>3</sup>  
Of sense, Vespucci.

*Ves.* Listen, and observe.

*Rom.* Are not you, pray ye—nay, we'll be con-  
tented,

In presence of your ushers, once to prattle  
Some idle minutes—are you not enthroned  
The lady-regent, by whose special influence  
Julio, the count of Camerine is ordered ?

*Flav.* His wife 'tis known I am ; and in that  
title

<sup>1</sup> *Not the strain in ordinary.*] The word occurs in a similar manner in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Mrs Page says : " Unless he know some *strain* in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury."

<sup>2</sup> *A patient.*] Probably patient was used by the author in this place for a patient, obedient wife ; certainly the expression is a very strange one, and perhaps a whole line has been lost.

<sup>3</sup> *Tang.*] We still use the colloquial word *twang* in the sense which the text seems to require.

Obedient to a service ; else, of greatness  
The quiet of my wish was ne'er ambitious.

*Rom.* He loves you ?

*Flav.* As worthily as dearly.

*Rom.* And 'tis believed how practice quickly  
fashioned

A port of humorous antickness in carriage,  
Discourse, demeanour, gestures.

*Cam.* Put home roundly.

*Ves.* A ward for that blow.

*Flav.* Safety of mine honour

Instructed such deceit.

*Rom.* Your honour ?

*Flav.* Witness

This brace of sprightly gallants, whose confederacy  
Presumed to plot a siege.

*Cam. Ves.* We, madam !

*Rom.* On, on ;

Some leisure serves us now.

*Flav.* Still as lord Julio

Pursued his contract with the man—oh, pardon,  
If I presume to name him !—by whose poverty  
Of honest truth, I was renounced in marriage ;  
These two, entrusted for a secret courtship,  
By tokens, letters, message, in their turns,  
Proffer'd their own devotions as they term'd them,  
Almost unto an impudence ; regardless  
Of him, on whose supportance they relied.

*Rom.* Dare not for both your lives to interrupt  
her.

*Flav.* Baited thus to vexation, I assum'd  
A dulness of simplicity ; till afterwards  
Lost to my city-freedom, and now entered  
Into this present state of my condition,  
(Concluding henceforth absolute security  
From their lascivious villanies) I continued  
My former custom of ridiculous lightness,

As they did their pursuit. T' acquaint my lord,  
were

To have ruin'd their best certainty of living :  
But that might yield suspicion in my nature ;  
And women may be virtuous, without mischief  
To such as tempt them.

*Rom.* You are much to blame, sirs,  
Should all be truth is utter'd.

*Flav.* For that justice  
I did commaund them hither ; for a privacy  
In conference 'twixt Flavia and her brother  
Needed no secretaries such as these are.  
Now, Romanello, thou art every refuge  
I fly for right to ; if I be thy sister,  
And not a bastard, answer their confession,  
Or threaten vengeance, with perpetual silence.

*Cam.* My follies are acknowledged. You're a  
lady  
Who have outdone example. When I trespass  
In ought but duty and respects of service,  
May hopes of joys forsake me.

*Ves.* To like penance  
I join a constant votary.

*Rom.* Peace, then,  
Is ratified.—My sister, thou hast wakened  
Intranc'd affection from its sleep to knowledge  
Of once more who thou art ; no jealous frenzy  
Shall hazard a distrust : reign in thy sweetness,  
Thou only worthy woman. These two converts  
Record our hearty union ; I have shook off  
My thralldom, lady, and have made discoveries  
Of famous novels<sup>\*</sup> ; but of those hereafter.  
Thus we seal love ; you shall know all and won-  
der.

\* *Novels.*] Cotgrave explains *nouvelle*, " a novell, news, tid-  
ings, an unexpected message, a strange report, a discourse, or  
tale, unheard of before."



*Enter LIVIO.*

*Liv.* Health and his heart's desire to Romanello!  
My welcome I bring with me. Noblest lady,  
Excuse an ignorance of your fair presence;  
This may be bold intrusion.

*Flav.* Not by me, sir.

*Rom.* You are not frequent here<sup>1</sup>, as I remember;

But since you bring your welcome with you, Livio,  
Be bold to use it: to the point.

*Liv.* This lady,  
With both these gentlemen, in happy hour  
May be partakers of the long-liv'd amity,  
Our souls must link in.

*Rom.* So, belike the marquis  
Stores some new grace, some special close employment,

For whom your kind commends by deputation  
Please think on to oblige, and Livio's charity  
Descends on Romanello liberally,  
Above my means to thank.

*Liv.* Sienna sometimes  
Has been informed how gladly there did pass  
A treaty of chaste loves with Castamela;  
From this good heart, it was in me an error—  
Wilful and causeless, 'tis confess,—that hindered  
Such honourable prosecution,  
Even and equal; better thoughts consider,  
How much I wrong'd the gentle course which led  
ye

To vows of true affection, us of friendship.

*Rom.* [*Aside.*] Sits the wind there, boy?—Leaving formal circumstance,  
Proceed; you dally yet.

<sup>1</sup> *You are not frequent here,*] i. e. "you do not so often frequent the house;" a common use of the word in old writings.

*Liv.* Then, without plea,  
 For countenancing what has been injurious  
 On my part, I am come to tender really  
 My sister a lov'd wife t' ye; freely take her,  
 Right honest man, and as ye live together,  
 May your increase of years prove but one spring,  
 One lasting flourishing youth! She is your own;  
 My hands shall perfect what's requir'd to ceremony.

*Flav.* Brother, this day was meant a holiday,  
 For feast on every side.

*Rom.* The new-turn'd courtier  
 Proffers most frankly; but withal leaves out  
 A due consideration of the narrowness  
 Our short estate is bounded in. Some politics  
 As they rise up, like Livio, to perfection,  
 In their own competencies, gather also  
 Grave supplement of providence and wisdom:  
 Yet he abates in this.—You use a triumph  
 In your advantages; it smells of state:  
 We know you are no fool.

*Flav.* 'Sooth, I believe him.

*Cam.* Else 'twere imposture.

*Ves.* Folly, rank and senseless.

*Liv.* Enjoin an oath at large.

*Rom.* Since you mean earnest,  
 Receive in satisfaction; I'm resolv'd  
 For single life. There was a time,—*was*, Livio,—  
 When indiscretion blinded forecast in me;  
 But recollection, with your rules of thriftiness,  
 Prevail'd against all passion.

*Liv.* You'd be courted:  
 Courtship's the child of coyness, Romanello,  
 And for the rules, 'tis possible to name them.

*Rom.* "A single life's no burthen; but to draw  
 In yokes is chargeable, and doth require  
 A double maintenance:" Livio's very words;

For he can live without a wife and purchase<sup>1</sup>:  
By'r lady so you do, sir; send you joy on't;  
These rules you see are possible, and answer'd.

*Liv.* Full answer was late made to this already;  
My sister's only thine.

*Rom.* Where lives the creature  
Your pity stoops to pin upon your servant?  
Not in a nunn'ry for a year's probation?  
Fie on such coldness! There are Bowers of Fancies,  
Ravish'd from troops of fairy nymphs, and virgins,  
Cull'd from the downy breasts of queens their mothers,

In the Titanian empire, far from mortals.  
But these are tales; 'troth, I have quite abandoned  
All loving humour.

*Liv.* Here is scorn in riddles.

*Rom.* Were there another marquis in Sienna,  
More potent than the same who is vicegerent  
To the great duke of Florence, our grand master;  
Were the great duke himself here, and would lift up  
My head to fellow-pomp amongst his nobles,  
By falsehood to the honour of a sister,  
Urging me instrument in his seraglio,  
I'd tear the wardrobe of an outside from him,  
Rather than live a pandar to his bribery.

*Liv.* So would the *he* you talk to, Romanello,  
Without a noise that's singular<sup>2</sup>.

*Rom.* She's a countess,  
Flavia, she; but she has an earl her husband,  
Tho' far from our procurement.

<sup>1</sup> *Purchase.*] This word is here evidently used for inheritance, estate, property.

<sup>2</sup> *Without a noise that's singular.*] It is difficult to conceive what our author meant by this strange phrase. The only conjecture I can form is—"With no common noise or uproar."



*Liv.* *Castamela*  
Is refus'd then.

*Rom.* Never design'd my choice ;  
You know, and I know, Livio,—more, I tell thee,—  
A noble honesty ought to give allowance,  
When reason intercedes : by all that's manly,  
I range not in derision, but compassion.

*Liv.* Intelligence flies swiftly.

*R m.* Pretty swiftly ;  
We have compar'd the copy with th' original,  
And find no disagreement.

*Liv.* So my sister  
Can be no wife for Romanello ?

*Rom.* No, no,  
One no, once more and ever.—This your courtesy  
Foil'd me a second<sup>1</sup>. Sir, you brought a welcome ;  
You must not part without it ; scan with pity  
My plainness ; I intend nor gall nor quarrel.

*Liv.* Far be't from me to press a blame, great  
lady ;  
I kiss your noble hands ;—and to these gentlemen  
Present a civil parting. Romanello,  
By the next foot-post thou wilt hear some news  
Of alteration : if I send, come to me.

*Rom.* Questionless, yea.

*Liv.* My thanks may quit<sup>2</sup> the favour.  
[*Exit.*

*Flav.* Brother, his intercourse of conference,  
Appears at once perplex'd, but withal sensible.

*Rom.* Doubts easily resolv'd : upon your virtues  
The whole foundation of my peace is grounded.

<sup>1</sup> ————*This your courtesy*

*Foil'd me a second,*] *i. e.* The nature of your courtesy has prevented me from offering another act of courtesy to you, by accepting your's.

<sup>2</sup> *Quit,*] Quite, requite.

I'll guard you to your home. Lost in one comfort,  
Here I have found another.

*Flav.* Goodness prosper it.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter OCTAVIO, TROYLO, SECCO, and NITIDO.*

*Oct.* No more of these complaints and clamours !  
Have we

Nor enemies abroad, nor waking sycophants,  
Who, peering thro' our actions, wait occasion  
By which they watch to lay advantage open  
To vulgar descant ; but amongst ourselves,  
Some, whom we call our own, must practise scandal

(Out of a liberty of ease and fulness)  
Against our honour ? We shall quickly order  
Strange reformation, sirs, and you will find it.

*Troy.* When servants' servants, slaves, once relish license

Of good opinion from a noble nature,  
They take upon them boldness to abuse  
Such interest, and lord it o'er their fellows,  
As if they were exempt from that condition.

*Oct.* He is unfit to manage public matters,  
Who knows not how to rule at home his household.  
You must be jealous, puppy, of a boy too ;  
Raise uproars, bandy' noise, amongst young maidens ;

' *Bandy.*] A common expression in old plays, taken from tennis. For instance, in Marlow's *Edward II.* :

Keep revels in your madness, use authority  
Of giving punishment ; a fool must fool ye ;  
And this all but pastime, as you think it ?

*Nit.* With your good lordship's favour, since,  
Spadone

Confess'd it was a gullery put on Secco,  
For some revenge meant me.

*Troy.* He vow'd it truth  
Before the ladies in my hearing.

*Oct.* Sirrah,  
I'll turn you to your shop again and trinkets,  
Your suds and pan of small-coal : take your damsel,  
The grand old rag of beauty, your death's head ;  
Try then what custom reverence<sup>1</sup> can trade in ;  
Fiddle, and play your pranks amongst your neighbours,

That all the town may roar ye : now ye simper,  
And look like a shav'd skull.

*Nit.* This comes of prating.

*Sec.* I am, my lord, a worm : pray, my lord,  
tread on me ;

I will not turn again. 'Las, I shall never venture  
To hang my pole out ! On my knees, I beg it,  
My bare knees, I will down unto my wife,  
And do what she will have me, all I can do ;  
Nay more, if she will have it, ask forgiveness,  
Be an obedient husband ; never cross her,  
Unless sometimes in kindness.—Signor Troylo,  
Speak one sweet word ; I'll swear 'twas in my madness,

I said I knew not what, and that no creature  
Was brought by you amongst the ladies ; Nitido,  
I'll forswear't he too<sup>2</sup>.

" I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,  
And either die or live with Gaveston."

<sup>1</sup> *Reverence.*] This word seems here to be used for *old age*.

<sup>2</sup> *I'll forswear't he too.*] This very quaint and inaccurate sen-



*Oct.* Wait a while our pleasure ;  
You shall know more anon.

*Sec.* Remember me now.

[*Exeunt SEC. and NIT.*]

*Oct.* Troylo, thou art my brother's son, and  
nearest

In blood to me ; thou hast been next in counsels.  
Those ties of nature (if thou canst consider  
How much they do engage) work by instinct,  
In every worthy or ignoble mention  
Which can concern me.

*Troy.* Sir, they have and shall  
As long as I bear life.

*Oct.* Henceforth the stewardship,  
My carefulness, for the honour of our family,  
Has undertook, must yield the world account,  
And make clear reckonings ; yet we stand suspected  
In our even courses.

*Troy.* But when time shall wonder  
How much it was mistaken in the issue  
Of honourable and secure contrivements,  
Your wisdom, crown'd with laurels of a justice  
Deserving approbation, will quite foil  
The ignorance of popular opinion.

*Oct.* Report is merry with my feats ; my dot-  
age,  
Undoubtedly, the vulgar voice doth carol it.

*Troy.* True, sir ; but Romanello's late admission  
Warrants that giddy confidence of rumour  
Without all contradiction ; now 'tis oracle,  
And so receiv'd : I am confirm'd<sup>1</sup> the lady  
By this time proves his scorn as well as laughter.

tence seems to mean, " I'll swear that not even he (Nitido) has  
not been amongst the ladies, by which I shall forswear my-  
self."

<sup>1</sup> *I am confirmed,*] i. e. I am convinced.

*Oct.* And we with her his table-talk.—She stands  
not

In any firm affection to him?

*Troy.* None, sir,  
More than her wonted nobleness afforded  
Out of a civil custom.

*Oct.* We are resolute  
In our determination, meaning quickly  
To cause these clouds fly off; the ordering of it,  
Nephew, is thine.

*Troy.* Your care and love commands me.

*Enter LIVIO.*

*Liv.* I come, my lord, a suitor.

*Oct.* Honest Livio,  
Perfectly honest, really; no fallacies,  
No flaws are in thy truth: I shall promote thee  
To place more eminent.

*Troy.* Livio deserves it.

*Oct.* What suit? Speak boldly.

*Liv.* Pray discharge my office,  
My mastership; 'twere better live a yeoman,  
And live with men, than over-eye your horses',  
Whilst I myself am ridden like a jade.

*Oct.* Such breath sounds but ill manners: know,  
young man,  
Old as we are, our soul retains a fire  
Active and quick in motion, which shall equal  
The daring'st boy's ambition of true manhood  
That wears a pride to brave us.

*Troy.* He's my friend, sir.

*Oct.* You are weary of our service, and may  
leave it.

We can court no man's duty.

*Liv.* Without passion,  
My lord, d'ye think your nephew here, your Troylo,

Parts in your spirit as freely as your blood?  
'Tis no rude question.

*Oct.* Had you known his mother  
You might have sworn her honest. Let him justify

Himself not base born : for thy sister's sake,  
I do conceive the like of thee ; be wiser,  
But prate to me no more thus.—[*To TROYLO.*]

If the gallant

Resolve on my attendance, ere he leave me,  
Acquaint him with the present service, nephew,  
I mean to employ him in. [*Exit.*]

*Troy.* Fie, Livio, wherefore  
Turn'd wild upon the sudden?

*Liv.* Pretty gentleman,  
How modestly you move your doubts ! how tamely !

Ask Romanello ; he hath, without leave,  
Survey'd your Bowers of Fancies, hath discovered  
The mystery of those pure nuns ; those chaste ones,  
Untouch'd, forsooth ; the holy academy ;  
Hath found a mother's daughter there of mine too,  
And one who call'd my father, father ; talks on't,  
Ruffles' in mirth on't ; baffled to my face  
The glory of her greatness by it.

*Troy.* Truly?

*Liv.* Death to my sufferance ! Canst thou hear  
this misery,  
And answer it with a " truly?" 'Twas thy wickedness,  
False as thine own heart, tempted my credulity,

[*Ruffles.*] To ruffle was to swagger, to be turbulent or noisy. The term *ruffler*, which signified a cheating bully, was certainly derived from the verb, and not the original of it, as Steevens supposes.



That, her to ruin<sup>1</sup>; she was once an innocent,  
 As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,  
 Without a cloud in't; she is now as sullied  
 As is that canopy, when mists and vapours  
 Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence.

*Troy.* Says he so, Livio?

*Liv.* Yes, an't like your nobleness;  
 He truly does so say. Your breach of friendship  
 With me, must borrow courage from your uncle,  
 Whilst your sword talks an answer; there's no re-  
 medy,

I will have satisfaction, though thy life  
 Come short of such demand.

*Troy.* Then satisfaction,  
 Much worthier than your sword can force, you  
 shall have,

Yet mine shall keep the peace. I can be angry,  
 And brave aloud in my reply; but honour  
 Schools me to fitter grounds: this, as a gentleman,  
 I promise ere the minutes of the night  
 Warn us to rest; such satisfaction,—hear me,  
 And credit it—as more you cannot wish for,  
 So much not think of.

*Liv.* Not? The time is short:  
 Before our sleeping hour, you vow?

*Troy.* I do,  
 Before we ought to sleep.

*Liv.* So I intend too;  
 On confidence of which, what left the marquis  
 In charge for me? I'll do't.

<sup>1</sup> ———'Twas thy wickedness,  
 False as thine own heart, tempted my credulity,  
 That, her to ruin.] The last hemistich is very obscurely  
 expressed, but the following is undoubtedly the sense intended  
 by the author: "Thy wickedness made me credulous, and my  
 credulity tempted her to ruin."

*Troy.* Invite count Julio,  
His lady, and her brother, with their company,  
To my lord's court at supper.

*Liv.* Easy business :  
And then ?

*Troy.* And then, soon after, the performance  
Of my past vow waits on ye ; but be certain  
You bring them with ye.

*Liv.* Yet your servant.

*Troy.* Nearer : my friend ; you'll find no less.

*Liv.* 'Tis strange : is't possible ?  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLORIA, and  
SILVIA.*

*Cast.* You have discours'd to me a lovely story ;  
My heart doth dance to th' music : 'twere a sin  
Should I in any tittle stand distrustful,  
Where such a people, such as you are, innocent  
Even by the patent of your years and language,  
Inform a truth. O, talk it o'er again !  
Ye are, ye say, three daughters of one mother,  
That mother only sister to the marquis,  
Whose charge hath, since her death, being left a wi-  
dow,  
Here in this place preferr'd<sup>1</sup> your education ?  
Is't so ?

*Clar.* It is even so ; and howsoever  
Report may wander loosely in some scandal

<sup>1</sup> *Preferred.*] This verb seems to be used here, as in the following passage of *Othello*, for advanced : " So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall have to prefer them."

Against our privacies, yet we have wanted  
No graceful means fit for our births and qualities,  
To train us up into a virtuous knowledge  
Of what, and who we ought to be.

*Flo.* Our uncle  
Hath often told us, how it more concern'd him.  
Before he show'd us to the world, to render  
Our youths and our demeanours in each action  
Approv'd by his experience, than too early  
Adventure on the follies of the age,  
By prone temptations fatal.

*Sil.* In good deed, la,  
We mean no harm.

*Cast.* Deceit must want a shelter  
Under a roof that's covering to souls  
So white as breathe' beneath it, such as these are :  
My happiness shares largely in this blessing,  
And I must thank direction of the providence  
Which led me hither.

*Clar.* Aptly have you styl'd it  
A providence, for ever<sup>2</sup> in chaste loves  
Such majesty hath power. Our kinsman, Trovlo,  
Was herein his own factor ; he will prove,—  
Believe him, lady,—every way as constant,  
As noble ; we can bail him from the cruelty  
Of misconstruction.

*Flo.* You will find his tongue  
But a just secretary to his heart.

*Cast.* The guardianship, dear creatures, now and  
then,  
It seems, makes bold to talk.

*Clar.* She has waited on us  
From all our cradles ; will prate sometimes oddly,

<sup>1</sup> *Breathe.*] The old copy reads, breaths. The author in this place forgot the impropriety of applying the word *breathing* to souls.

<sup>2</sup> *Ever,*] i. e. always.



However, means but sport. I am unwilling  
Our household should break up, but must obey  
His wisdom, under whose command we live :  
Sever our companies I'm sure we shall not ;  
Yet, 'tis a pretty life this, and a quiet.

*Enter MOROSA, and SECCO, with his apron on, carrying a bason of water, scissars, comb, towels, razor, &c.*

*Sec.* Chuck, duckling, honey, mouse, monkey, all and every thing ! I am thine ever and only ; will never offend again, as I hope to shave clean, and get honour by it. Heartily I ask forgiveness ; be gracious to thine own flesh and bone, and kiss me home.

*Mor.* Look you provoke us no more ; for this time you shall find mercy. Was't that hedgehog set thy brains a-crowing ? Be quit with him, but do not hurt the great male baby.

*Sec.* Enough : I am wise, and will be merry.—Haste, beauties ; the caroches will sudden<sup>1</sup> receive ye. A night of pleasure is toward : pray for good husbands a-piece, that may trim you featly, dainty ones, and let me alone to trim them.

*Mor.* Loving hearts, be quick as soon as ye can, time runs apace ; what you must do, do nimbly, and give your minds to't. Young bloods stand fumbling ! Fie, away ; be ready for shame beforehand ! Hisband, stand to thy tackling, hisband, like a man of mettle.—Go, go, go.

*[Exit MOROSA, with the ladies.]*

*Sec.* Will ye come away, loiterers ? Shall I wait all day ? Am I at livery d'ye think ?

<sup>1</sup> *Sudden.*] Sudden stands here for suddenly, quickly.

*Enter SPADONE, ready to be trimmed, and*  
NITIDO.

*Spa.* Here, and ready. What a mouthing thou keepest! I have but scoured my hands, and curried my head to save time. Honest Secco! Neat Secco! Precious barbarian, now thou lookest like a worshipful tooth-drawer. 'Would I might see thee on horseback, in the pomp, once.

*Sec.* A chair, a chair! Quick, quick!

*Nit.* Here's a chair, a chair-politic, my fine boy: sit thee down in triumph, and rise one of the nine worthies! Thou'lt be a sweet youth anon, sirrah.

*Spa.* (*Sits down.*) So: to work with a grace now. I cannot but highly be in love with the fashion of gentry, which is never complete till the snip snap of dexterity hath mowed off the excrements of slovenry.

*Sec.* Very commodiously delivered, I protest.

*Nit.* Nay, the thing under your fingers is a whelp of the wits, I can assure you.

*Spa.* I a whelp of the wits? No, no, I cannot bark impudently and ignorantly enough. Oh, an a man of this art had now and then sovereignty over fair ladies, you would tickle their upper and their lower lips; you'd so smouch and belaver their chops?

*Sec.* We light on some offices for ladies too, as occasion serves.

*Nit.* Yes; frizzle or powder their hair, plain their eye-brows, set a nap on their cheeks<sup>1</sup>, keeps secrets, and tell news: that's all.

<sup>1</sup> *Set a nap on their cheeks.*] I cannot decide to what species of the barber's occupation these words allude. Perhaps a nap was similar to the cupping-glass, and might be used to bring colour into ladies' cheeks.

*Sec.* Wink fast with both your eyes : the ingredients to the composition of this ball, are most odorous camphire, pure soap of Venice, oil of sweet almonds, with the spirit of alum ; they will search and smart shrewdly, if you keep not the shop windows of your head close.

[*Covers his eyes with a cloth.*]

*Spa.* News ! well remembered ; that's part of your trade too.—Pr'ythee do not rub so roughly. And how goes the tattle o' th' town ? what novelties stirring ? ha ?

*Sec.* Strange, and scarce to be credited. A gelding was lately seen to leap an old mare ; and an old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a white sheet for getting a wench of fifteen with child, here, hard by. Most admissible and portentous !

*Spa.* I'll never believe it ; 'tis impossible.

*Nit.* Most certain ; some doctor-farriers are of opinion that the mare may cast a foal, which the master of their hall concludes, in spite of all jockies and their familiars, will carry every race before him, without spur or switch.

*Spa.* Oh rare ! a man might venture ten or twenty to one safely then, and ne'er be in danger of the cheat. This water, methinks, is none of the sweetest. Camphire and soap of Venice, say ye ?

*Sec.* With a little *Græcum album* for mundification.

*Nit.* *Græcum album* is a kind of white perfumed powder, which plain country people, I believe, call dog-musk.

*Spa.* Dog-musk ! pox o' the dog-musk !—What ? Dost mean to bleach my nose, thou giv'st such twitches to't ! Set me at liberty as soon as thou canst, gentle Secco.

*Sec.* Only pare off a little superfluous down from your chin, and all's done.



*Spa.* Pish, no matter for that ; dispatch, I entreat thee.

*Nit.* Have patience, man : 'tis for his credit to be neat.

*Spa.* What's that so cold at my throat, and scrubs so hard ?

*Sec.* A kind of steel instrument, y-cleped a razor ; a sharp tool and a keen : it has a certain virtue of cutting a throat, if a man please to give his mind to't.—Hold up your muzzle, signor. When did you talk bawdily to my wife last ? Tell me for your own good, signor, I advise you.

*Spa.* I talk bawdily to thy wife ? Hang bawdry ! Good now, mind thy business, lest thy hand slip.

*Nit.* Give him kind words ; you were best, for a toy that I know.

*Sec.* Confess, or I shall mar your grace in whiffing tobacco, or squirting sweet wines down your gullet. You have been offering to play the gelding we told ye of, I suppose. Speak truth !—Move the semicircle of your countenance to my left hand, file.—Out with the truth ! Would you have had a leap ?

*Nit.* Spadone, thou art in a lamentable pickle. Have a good heart, and pray if thou canst : I pity thee.

*Spa.* I protest and vow, friend Secco, I know no leaps, I.

*Sec.* Lecherously goatish, and an eunuch ? This cut, and then—

*Spa.* Confound thee, thy leaps and thy cuts ! I am no eunuch, you finical ass ; I am no eunuch ; but at all points as well provided as any he in Italy, and that thy wife could have told thee. This your conspiracy, to thrust my head into a brazen tub of kitchen-lee, hood-wink mine eyes in mud-soap,

and then offer to cut my throat in the dark, like a coward? I may live to be revenged on both of ye.

*Nit.* O scurvy! thou art angry! Feel, man, whether thy weason<sup>1</sup> be not cracked first.

*Sec.* You must fiddle my brains into a jealousy, rub my temples with saffron, and burnish my forehead with the juice of yellows? Have I fitted you now, sir?

*Enter MOROSA.*

*Spa.* All's whole yet, I hope.

*Mor.* Yes, sirrah, all is whole yet: but if ever thou dost speak treason against my sweeting and me once more, thou'lt find a roquey bargain on't. Dear, this was handled like one of spirit and discretion. Nitido has paged it trimly too. No wording, but make ready and attend at court.

*Sec.* Now we know thou art a man, we forget what hath past, and are fellows and friends again.

*Nit.* Wipe your face clean, and take heed of a razor.

*Spa.* The fear put me into a sweat; I cannot help it. I am glad I have my throat mine own; and must laugh for company, or be laughed at.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter LIVIO and TROYLO.*

*Liv.* You find, sir, I have proved a ready servant, And brought th' expected guests: amidst these feastings, These costly entertainments, you must pardon

<sup>1</sup> *Weason,*] i. e. Gullet. See above, p. 186.

My incivility that here sequesters  
 Your ears from choice of music or discourse,  
 To a less pleasant parley. Night draws on,  
 And quickly will grow old ; it were unmanly  
 For any gentleman who loves his honour,  
 To put it on the rack : here is small comfort  
 Of such a satisfaction as was promised,  
 Though certainly it must be had. Pray tell me,  
 What can appear about me to be us'd thus ?  
 My soul is free from injuries.

*Troy.* My tongue  
 From serious untruths : I never wrong'd you,  
 Love you too well to mean it now.

*Liv.* Not wrong'd me ?  
 Bless'd Heaven ! this is the bandy<sup>1</sup> of a patience  
 Beyond all sufferance.

*Troy.* If your own acknowledgment  
 Quit me not fairly, ere the hours of rest  
 Shall shut our eyes up, say, I made a forfeit  
 Of what no length of years can once redeem.

*Liv.* Fine whirls in tame imagination ! On, sir ;  
 It is scarce mannerly at such a season,  
 Such a solemnity (the place and presence  
 Consider'd) with delights to mix combustions.

*Troy.* Prepare for free contents, and give 'em  
 welcome.

*A Flourish.—Enter OCTAVIO, JULIO, FLAVIA,  
 ROMANELLO, CAMILLO, and VESPUECI.*

*Oct.* I dare not study words, or hold a compli-  
 ment  
 For this particular, this special favour.

<sup>1</sup> *The bandy of a patience.*] It has been before observed, that this is a technical term at tennis. It occurs as a substantive in a similar manner in Dekker's *Satiromastrix*, "Come in, take this bandy with the racket of patience."



*Jul.* Your bounty and your love, my love, must  
justly  
Engage a thankfulness.

*Flav.* Indeed,  
Varieties of entertainment here  
Have so exceeded all account of plenty,  
That you have left, great sir, no rarities  
Except an equal welcome, which may purchase  
Opinion of a common hospitality.

*Oct.* But for this grace, madam, I will lay open  
Before your judgments, which I know can rate  
them,

A cabinet of jewels, rich and lively,  
The world can show none goodlier; those I prize  
Dear as my life.—Nephew.

*Troy.* Sir, I obey you. [*Exit.*]

*Flav.* Jewels, my lord?

*Oct.* No stranger's eye e'er view'd them,  
Unless your brother Romanello haply  
Was woo'd unto a sight for his approvement;  
No more.

*Rom.* Not I, I do protest: I hope, sir,  
You cannot think I am a lapidary:  
I skill in jewels!

*Oct.* 'Tis a proper quality  
For any gentleman; your other friends,  
May be, are not so coy.

*Jul.* Who? they? they know not  
A topaze from an opal.

*Cam.* We are ignorant  
In gems which are not common.

*Vesp.* But his lordship  
Is pleased, it seems, to try our ignorance.

For passage of the time, till they are brought,  
Pray look upon a letter lately sent me.

Lord Julio, madam, Romanello, read

A novelty; 'tis written from Bononie<sup>1</sup>.  
 Fabricio, once a merchant in this city,  
 Is entered into orders, and receiv'd  
 Amongst the capuchins a fellow: news  
 Which ought not any ways to be unpleasant;  
 Certain, I can assure it.

*Jul.* He at last has  
 Bestow'd himself upon a glorious service.

*Rom.* Most happy man!—I now forgive the in-  
 juries

Thy former life expos'd thee too.

*Liv.* [*Aside.*] Turn capuchin!  
 He! whilst I stand a cypher, and fill up  
 Only an useless sum to be laid out  
 In an unthrifty lewdness, that must buy  
 Both name and riot. Oh, my fickle destiny!

*Rom.* Sister, you cannot taste this course but  
 bravely,  
 But thankfully.

*Flav.* He's now dead to the world,  
 And lives to Heaven: a saint's reward reward  
 him!—

My only lov'd lord, all your fears are henceforth  
 Confined unto a sweet and happy penance.

*Enter* TROYLO, CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLO-  
 RIA, SILVIA, and MOROSA.

*Oct.* Behold, I keep my word: these are the  
 jewels  
 Deserve a treasury; I can be prodigal  
 Amongst my friends; examine well their lustre,  
 Does it not sparkle? Wherefore dwells your si-  
 lence  
 In such amazement?

<sup>1</sup> *Bononie.*] The city of Bologna in Italy, from its Latin  
 name.

*Liv.* [*Aside.*] Patience, keep within me,  
Leap not yet rudely into scorn of anger!

*Flav.* Beauties incomparable!

*Oct.* Romanello,  
I have been only steward to your pleasures;  
You lov'd this lady once; what say you now to  
her?

*Cast.* I must not court you, sir.

*Rom.* By no means, fair one;  
Enjoy your life of greatness. Sure the spring  
Is past, the Bower of Fancies is quite wither'd,  
And offered like a lottery to be drawn;  
I dare not venture for a blank, excuse me.—  
Exquisite jewels!

*Liv.* Hark ye, Troylo.

*Troy.* Spare me.

*Oct.* You then renounce all right in Castamela?  
Say, Romanello.

*Rom.* Gladly.

*Troy.* Then I must not.

Thus I embrace mine own, my wife: confirm it.  
And when I fail<sup>1</sup>, my dearest, to deserve thee,  
Comforts and life shall fail me.

*Cast.* Like vow I,  
For my part.

*Troy.* Livio, now my brother, justly  
I have given satisfaction.

*Cast.* Oh, excuse  
Our secrecy: I have been—

*Liv.* Much more worthy:  
A better sister<sup>2</sup>, he a better friend  
Than my dull brains could fashion.

*Rom.* Am I cozened?

<sup>1</sup> Thus *when I fail.*] So the quarto reads. The compositor most probably caught the first word from the preceding line.

<sup>2</sup> *Brother.*] This is the corrupt reading of the quarto.



*Oct.* You are not, Romanello: we examined  
On what conditions your affections fix'd,  
And found them merely courtship; but my nephew  
Lov'd with a faith resolv'd, and us'd his policy  
To draw the lady into this society,  
More freely to discover his sincerity;  
Even without Livio's knowledge, thus succeeded,  
And prosper'd: he's my heir, and she deserv'd him.

*Jul.* Storm not at what is past.

*Flav.* A fate as happy  
May crown you with a full content.

*Oct.* Whatever  
Report hath talk'd of me abroad, and these,  
Know they are all my nieces, are the daughters  
To my dead only sister; this their guardianness  
Since they first saw the world: indeed, my mis-  
tresses

They are, I have none other; how brought up  
Their qualities may speak. Now, Romanello,  
And gentlemen, for such I know ye all,  
Portions they shall not want, both fit and worthy;  
Nor will I look on fortune; if you like,  
Court them and win them, here is free access,  
In mine own court henceforth: Only for thee,  
Livio, I wish Clarella were allotted.

*Liv.* Most noble lord, I am struck silent.

*Flav.* Brother,  
Here's noble choice.

*Rom.* Frenzy, how didst thou seize me!

*Clar.* We knew you, sir, in Pragnuolo's posture.

*Flo.* Were merry at the sight.

*Sil.* And gave you welcome.

*Mor.* Indeed, forsooth, and so we did, an't like  
you.

*Oct.* Enough, enough.—Now, to shut up the  
night,  
Some menial servants of mine own are ready

For to present a merriment; they intend  
According to th' occasion of the meeting,  
In several shapes to show how love o'ersways  
All men of several conditions, soldier,  
Gentry, fool, scholar, merchant-man, and clown:  
A harmless recreation.—Take your places.

*Enter SPADONE, SECCO, NITIDO, and other Maskers, and dance.*

Your duties are perform'd. Henceforth, Spadone,  
Cast off thy borrow'd title. Nephew Troylo,  
His mother gave thee suck; esteem him honestly.  
Lights for the lodgings! 'tis high time for rest.—  
Great men may be mistook when they mean best.

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY  
 BY  
 J. H. M. [Name]  
 [Title]  
 [Publisher]  
 [City]  
 [Year]

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## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by* MOROSA, CLARELLA, CASTAMELA,  
*and* FLAVIA.

*Mor.* A while suspected, gentlemen, I look  
For no new law, being quitted by the book.

*Clar.* Our harmless pleasures, free, in every sort,  
Actions of scandal; may they free report.

*Cast.* Distrust is base, presumption urgeth wrongs,  
But noble thoughts must prompt as noble tongues.

*Flav.* Fancy and judgment are a play's full matter;  
If we have err'd in one, right you the latter.



**THE LADY'S TRIAL.**



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ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

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## THE LADY'S TRIAL.

THIS play, the last of those of our author which we are in possession of, was printed in quarto, with the following title:—  
“The Ladies Triall. Acted by both their Majesties servants, at the Private-house in Drury-Lane. *Fide Honor.* London, Printed by E. G. for Henry Shephard, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-Lane, at the signe of the Bible, between Sarjants Inne and Fleet-Street, near the King's-head Taverne, 1639.”  
Notwithstanding its very considerable merit, it has suffered hitherto complete neglect, never having been reprinted nor revived.



TO

MY DESERVINGLY HONOURED,

JOHN WYRLEY, ESQUIRE,

AND TO THE VIRTUOUS AND RIGHT WORTHY GENTLEWOMAN,

MRS MARY WYRLEY,

HIS WIFE, THIS SERVICE.

THE inequality of retribution turns to a pity, when there is not ability sufficient for acknowledgment. Your equal respects may yet admit the readiness of endeavour, though the very hazard in it betray my defect. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance with the sweetness of your dispositions, and can justly account, from the nobleness of them, an evident distinction betwixt friendship and friends. The latter (according to the practice of compliment) are usually met with, and often without search: The other, many have searched for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefit of the fortune, yet to you, most equal pair, must remain the honour of that bounty. In presenting this issue of some less serious hours to your tuition, I appeal from the severity of censure to the mercy of your judgments; and shall rate it at a higher value than when it was mine own, if you



only allow it the favour of adoption. Thus, as your happiness in the fruition of each other's love proceeds to a constancy, so the truth of mine shall appear less unshaken, as you shall please to continue in your good opinions

JOHN FORD.

## PROLOGUE.

LANGUAGE and matter, with a fit of mirth,  
That sharply savours more of air than earth,  
Like midwives, bring a play to timely birth.

But where's now such a one, in which these three,  
Are handsomely contriv'd ? or, if they be,  
Are understood by all who hear to see.

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone  
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shewn,  
Is rather censur'd, oftentimes, than known.

He who will venture on a jest, that can  
Rail on another's pain, or idly scan  
Affairs of state, oh ! he's the only man.

A goodly approbation, which must bring  
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting !  
The muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to day,  
Our fearless author boldly bids me say,  
He tenders you no satire, but a play ;

In which, if he so have not hit all right,  
For wit, words, mirth, and matter as he might,  
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MR BIRD\*.

\* Whether Theophilus Bird was the author of this Prologue, or whether he spoke it at the first appearance of the comedy, cannot be decided. His name is subjoined in a similar manner to the Prologue prefixed to the *Witch of Edmonton* ; and, in conjunction with Pennycuik, he published the *Sun's Darling*, both in this volume. He was one of the players who, surviving

the downfal of monarchy, and, at the same time, the destruction of dramatic representation, were forced, by editing the plays they had till then retained in manuscript, to obtain that livelihood which they could no longer find on the stage. Bird is mentioned as a celebrated player at the Cock-pit along with Perkins, Bowyer, Sumner, Allen, and Robins, in Wright's *Historia Histrionica*, 1699. He also published, in conjunction with several other comedians, the first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, which appeared in 1647.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AURIA, *a noble Genoese.*

ADURNI, *a young lord.*

AURELIO, *friend to AURIA.*

MALFATO, *a discontented lover.*

TRELCAIO, }  
MARTINO, } *citizens of Genoa.*

PIERO, }  
FUTELLI, } *dependents on ADURNI.*

GUZMAN, *a braggadoccio Spaniard.*

FULGOSO, *an upstart gallant.*

BENATZI, *husband to LEVIDOLCHE.*

SPINELLA, *wife to AURIA.*

CASTANNA, *her sister.*

AMORETTA, *a fantastic maid.*

LEVIDOLCHE, *a wanton.*

*The Scene.—Genoa.*



THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE, VOL. LXXV, PART I, 1982, P. 14.

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## THE LADY'S TRIAL.

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### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*A room in the House of AURIA.*

*Enter PIERO and FUTELLI, at several doors.*

*Piero.* Accomplished man of fashion !

*Fut.* The times' wonder !

Gallant of gallants, Genoa's Piero !

*Piero.* Italy's darling, Europe's joy, and so forth !  
The newest news, unvamp<sup>1</sup> !

*Fut.* I am no foot-post,  
No pedlar of Avisos, no monopolist  
Of forg'd Corantos, monger of gazettes.

*Piero.* Monger of courtezans, fine Futelli :  
In certain kind a merchant of the staple  
For wares of use and trade ; a taker-up,  
Rather indeed a knocker-down ; the word

<sup>1</sup> *Unvamp't.*] I have not met with this singular word. To *vamp* is to cover an old thing with a new part, and the word in the text, therefore, signifies uncovered, disclosed. Perhaps we should read---*unvamp't*, i. e. disclose it.

Will carry either sense. But in pure earnest,  
How trowls the common noise!

*Fut.* Auria, who lately,  
Wedded and bedded to the fair Spinella,  
Tir'd with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting  
To cuff the Turkish pirates, in the service  
Of the great duke of Florence.

*Piero.* Does not carry  
His pretty thing along?

*Fut.* Leaves her to buffet  
Land-pirates here at home.

*Piero.* That's thou and I,  
Futelli, sirrah, and Piero.—Blockhead!  
To run from such an armful of pleasures  
For gaining,—what?—a bloody nose of honour!  
Most sottish and abominable!

*Fut.* Wicked,  
Shameful, and cowardly, I will maintain.

*Piero.* Is all my signor's hospitality,  
Huge banquetings, deep revels, costly trappings,  
Shrunk to a cabin, and a single welcome  
To beverage and biscuit?

*Fut.* Hold thy peace, man!  
It makes for us.—He comes, let's part demurely.

*Enter ADURNI, AURIA, and FULGOSO'.*

*Adur.* We wish thee, honour'd Auria, life and  
safety;

Return crown'd with a victory, whose wreath  
Of triumph may advance thy country's glory,  
Worthy your name and ancestors.

*Aur.* My lord,  
I shall not live to thrive in any action

<sup>1</sup> *Fulgoso.*] The entrance of this gallant is not noticed in the quarto, but as he makes a speech immediately after, the insertion was necessary.

Deserving memory, when I forget  
Adurni's love and favour.

*Piero.* I present ye  
My service for a farewell.

*Fut.* Let few words  
Excuse all arts of compliment.

*Ful.* For my own part,  
Kill or be kill'd, (for there's the short and long on't,)  
Call me your shadow's hinch-boy<sup>1</sup>.

*Aur.* Gentlemen,  
My business urging on a present haste,  
Enforceth short reply.

*Adur.* We dare not hinder  
Your resolution wing'd with thoughts so constant.  
All happiness !

*Piero and Fut.* Contents !

[*Exeunt* ADURNI, PIERO, FUTELLI, and  
FULGOSO.]

*Aur.* So leave the wintered people of the north,  
The minutes of their summer, when the sun  
Departing leaves them in cold robes of ice,  
As I leave Genoa.—

*Enter* TRELCATIO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.

Now appears the object  
Of my apprentic'd heart ; thou bring'st, Spinella,  
A welcome in a farewell, souls and bodies

<sup>1</sup> *Hinch-boy.*] This word is generally spelt *hench-boy*, and is of very common occurrence in old plays. Henchmen were originally a kind of pages of honour at the court, but their order was abolished by Queen Elizabeth. Afterwards the term came to be applied to any domestic servant. The word was probably derived from the Teutonic and Saxon word *hengst*, a stallion, as Sir William Spelman observes, having served originally on horseback. The latest use of the term for a particular kind of servants, was amongst the Scottish Highlanders, where the henchman of a chieftain was his first and favourite servant. See the Notes to Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, p. 331.



Are severed for a time, a span of time,  
To join again, without all separation,  
In a confirmed unity for ever :  
Such will our next embraces be for life ;  
And then to take the wrack of our divisions <sup>1</sup>,  
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,  
Will fasten love in perpetuity,  
Will force our sleeps to steal upon our stories.  
These days must come, and shall, without a cloud,  
Or night of fear, or envy. To your charge,  
Trelcatio, our good uncle, and the comfort  
Of my Spinella's sister, fair Castanna,  
I do entrust this treasure.

*Trel.* I dare promise,  
My husbanding that trust with truth and care.

*Cast.* My sister shall to me stand an example,  
Of pouring free devotions for your safety.

*Aur.* Gentle Castanna, thou'rt a branch of good-  
ness

Grown on the self-same stock with my Spinnella.  
But why, my dear, hast thou lock'd up thy speech  
In so much silent sadness ? Oh ! at parting  
Belike one private whisper must be sigh'd.  
Uncle, the best of peace enrich your family !  
I take my leave.

*Trel.* Blessings and health preserve ye. [*Exit.*]

*Aur.* Nay, nay, Castanna, you may hear our  
counsels ;

A while, you are design'd your sister's husband.  
Give me thy hand, Spinella ; you did promise,  
To send me from you with more cheerful looks,  
Without a grudge or tear ; 'deed, love, you did.

<sup>1</sup> *And then to take the wrack of our divisions.*] This is very obscure, but the intended meaning is probably to recal to our minds the rack or torment which we endured during the time of our being separated.

*Spi.* What friend have I left in your absence ?

*Aur.* Many :

Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail thee ;  
Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness,  
As would force scandal to a blush.

*Spi.* Admit, sir,

The patent of your life should be call'd in,  
How am I then left to account with griefs ;  
More slav'd to pity than a broken heart ?

Auria ! soul of my comforts, I let fall  
No eye on breach of fortune ; I contemn  
No entertainment to divided hopes ;  
I urge no pressures by the scorn of change :  
And yet, my Auria, when I but conceive  
How easy 'tis (without impossibility)  
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,  
If I conclude I may be miserable,  
Most miserable.

*Cast.* And such conclusion, sister,  
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntary,  
Than cause by likelihood.

*Aur.* 'Tis truth, Castanna.

*Spi.* I grant it truth ; yet, Auria, I'm a woman,  
And therefore apt to fear. To shew my duty,  
And not to take heart from you, I'll walk from ye,  
At your command, and not as much as trouble  
Your thought with one poor looking back.

*Aur.* I thank thee,

My worthy wife ! Before we kiss, receive  
This caution from thine Auria—First, Castanna,  
Let us bid farewell.

*Spi.* Speak, good, speak.

*Aur.* The steps

Young ladies tread left to their own discretion,  
However wisely printed, are observed  
And construed as the lookers-on presume :  
Point out thy ways then in such even paths,

As thine own jealousies from others' tongues  
 May not intrude a guilt, tho' undeserved.  
 Admit of visits as of physic forc'd,  
 Not to procure health, but for safe prevention  
 Against a growing sickness ; in thy use  
 Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,  
 As no remembrance may impeach thy rest ;  
 Appear not in a fashion that can prompt  
 The gazer's eye, or holla<sup>1</sup> to report ;  
 Some widowed neglect of hand, some value<sup>2</sup> ;  
 In recreations be both wise and free ;  
 Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er  
 Enrich'd with noble company ; remember  
 A woman's virtue, in her lifetime, writes  
 The epitaph all covet on their tombs :  
 In short, I know thou never wilt forget  
 Whose wife thou art, nor how upon thy lips  
 Thy husband at his parting seal'd<sup>3</sup> this kiss.—  
 No more.

*Spi.* Dear heaven ! go, sister, go.

[*Exeunt SPINELLA and CASTANNA.*]

*Aur.* Done bravely,  
 And like the choice of glory to know mine  
 One of earth's best : I have forgone—

*Enter AURELIO.*

See, see,

<sup>1</sup> *Holla to report.*] Holla is a term of horsemanship, and is generally used for restraining and stopping the horse. Here it evidently means exactly the reverse, as it stands for---incitement, urging on.

<sup>2</sup> *Some widowed neglect of hand, some value.*] If a line has not been lost after this, which I strongly suspect, the text must mean,---some value a degree of neglect towards their husbands in women who have been left by them alone, or in a state of widowhood.

<sup>3</sup> *Stald.*] So the quarto reads. The corruption is obvious.



Yet in another I am rich, a friend,  
A perfect one, Aurelio.

*Aurel.* Had I been,  
No stranger to your bosom, sir, ere now  
You might have sorted<sup>1</sup> me in your resolves,  
Companion of your fortunes.

*Aur.* So the wrongs  
I should have ventur'd on against thy fate  
Must have denied all pardon. Not to hold  
Dispute with reputations, why before  
This present instant I conceal'd the stealth  
Of my adventures from thy counsels<sup>2</sup>, know,  
My wants do drive me hence.

*Aurel.* Wants! So you said,  
And 'twas not friendly spoken.

*Aur.* Hear me further.

*Aurel.* Auria, take heed; the covert of a folly  
Willing to range, be not, without excuse,  
Discover'd in the coinage of untruths:  
I use no harder language. Thou art near  
Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking  
The holy land of friendship, in forsaking<sup>3</sup>  
To talk your wants.—Fie!

<sup>1</sup> *Sorted.*] Amongst the various significations of the verb *to sort* that which best suits the text is,—to choose or select.

<sup>2</sup> *The counsels.*] So the quarto corruptedly reads.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *thou art near*

*Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking*

*The holy land of friendship, in forsaking*

*To talk your wants. Fie!*] This may mean, “in forsaking or omitting to mention or talk before of your wants to your friend;” and as this meaning, though not clearly expressed, is not a bad one, the text has not been disturbed. But as the only old edition of this play is remarkably incorrect, I strongly suspect that either a line has been entirely lost, or that the last words, “in forsaking,” the second time of their occurrence, are corrupt, and were caught from the preceding line by the composi-



*Aur.* By that sacred thing  
Last issued from the temple where it dwelt,  
I mean our friendship, I am sunk so low  
In my estate, that, bid me live in Genoa  
But six months longer <sup>1</sup>, I survive the remnant  
Of all my store.

*Aurel.* Umph!

*Aur.* In my country, friend,  
Where I have sided my superior <sup>2</sup>, friend,  
Sway'd opposition, friend; friend, here to fall  
Subject to scorn, or rarely found compassion,  
Were more than man that hath a soul could bear,  
A soul not stoop'd to servitude.

*Aurel.* You shew,  
Nor certainty, nor weak assurance yet  
Of reparation in this course, in case  
Command be proffered.

*Aur.* He who cannot merit  
Preferment by employments let him bare  
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty,  
Or die or live a slave without redemption.

*Aurel.* For that, so; but you have a wife, a young,  
A fair wife; she, though she could never claim  
Right in prosperity, was never tempted

tor. I prefer, however, the former supposition. The omitted one might perhaps have run thus:

————— in forsaking  
The confidence you placed within your friend.  
To talk your wants! Fie!

<sup>1</sup> ——— that bids me live in Genoa

*But six months longer.*] This is the corrupt reading of the quarto. The omission of a single letter in the text restores the sense completely. Lower down another correction was necessary, the quarto reading,---*Your show*, nor certainty, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Where I have sided my superior,*] i. e. "Where I have equalled or matched (in state or expence) my superior in rank."

By trial of extremes ; to youth and beauty  
Baits for dishonour, and a perish'd fame <sup>1</sup>.

*Aur.* Shew me the man that lives, and to my  
face

Dares speak, scarce think, such tyranny against  
Spinella's constancy, except Aurelio :

He is my friend.

*Aurel.* There lives not then a friend

Dares love you like Aurelio ; that Aurelio,  
Who, late and early, often said, and truly,  
Your marriage with Spinella would entangle  
As much th' opinion due to your discretion,  
As your estate : it hath done so to both.

*Aur.* I find it hath.

*Aurel.* He who prescribes no law,  
No limits of condition to the objects  
Of his affection, but will merely wed  
A face, because 'tis round, or limn'd <sup>2</sup> by nature  
In purest red and white ; or, at the best,  
For that his mistress owes <sup>3</sup> an excellence  
Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,  
Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why ;  
Whose virtues are her only dower, else <sup>4</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> ————*She, though she could never claim*

*Right in prosperity, was never tempted*

*By trial of extremes ; to youth and beauty*

*Baits for dishonour, and a perished fame.]* The meaning of this somewhat involved sentence is : " She, though she never could claim a right in prosperity, (or, in other words, never knew prosperity) was never tempted (to dishonour) by the trial of extremities or misfortunes ; which, to a youthful and beautiful lady, are baits to lead her to dishonour, and the loss of her reputation."

<sup>2</sup> *Limn'd.]* This word, as corrected in the text, means painted.

<sup>3</sup> *Owes,] i. e. Owns, possesses.*

<sup>4</sup> ————*Else*

*In either kind.]* As there is no sense which can be extracted

In either kind, ought of himself to master  
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves :  
For otherwise—But herein I am idle <sup>1</sup>,  
Have fool'd to little purpose.

*Aur.* She's my wife.

*Aurel.* And being so, it is not manly done  
To leave her to the trial of her wits,  
Her modesty, her innocence, her vows.  
This is the way that points her out an art  
Of wanton life.

*Aur.* Sir, said ye ?

*Aurel.* You form reasons,  
Just ones, for your abandoning the storms  
Which threaten your own ruin ; but propose  
No shelter for her honour. What my tongue  
Hath uttered, Auria, is but honest doubt,  
And you are wise enough in the construction.

*Aur.* Necessity must arm my confidence,  
Which, if I live to triumph over, friend,  
And e'er come back in plenty, I pronounce  
Aurelio heir of what I can bequeath ;  
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow,  
Allow'd with caution : she be like to prove so <sup>2</sup>.

*Aurel.* Who ? I your heir ? your wife being yet  
so young ?

In every probability so forward  
To make you a father ? leave such thoughts.

*Aur.* Believe it,  
Without replies, Aurelio : keep this note,

from these words as referring to the context of Aurelio's speech, there can be little doubt that either a violent corruption, or the omission of one or more lines has taken place in the quarto : the purport of which is however difficult to conceive.

<sup>1</sup> *Idle.*] Foolish, weak.

<sup>2</sup> *She be like to prove so.*] These words may either mean,— She is likely to prove a widow, or else, She is likely to prove worthy ; but the former is more probably the intended meaning.



A warrant for receiving from Martino  
 Two hundred ducats ; as you find occasion  
 Dispose them in my absence to Spinella :  
 I would not trust her uncle ; he, good man,  
 Is at an ebb himself : another hundred  
 I left with her, a fourth I carry with me.  
 Am I not poor, Aurelio, now ? Exchange  
 Of more debates between us, would undo  
 My resolution. Walk a little, pr'ythee,  
 Friends we are, and will embrace ; but let's not  
                   speak  
 Another word.

*Aurel.* I'll follow you to your horse. [*Erit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of ADURNI.*

*Enter ADURNI and FUTELLI.—A Letter.*

*Adur.* With her own hand ?

*Fut.* She never us'd, my lord,  
 A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,  
 O'erlooked the superscription : then let fall  
 Some amorous drops, kiss'd it again, talk'd to it  
 Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,  
 Then gave it me, then snatch'd it back again,  
 Then cry'd, " Oh, my poor heart !" and in an in-  
                   stant,

" Commend my truth and secrecy." Such medley  
 Of passion, yet I never saw in woman.

*Adur.* In woman ? thou'rt deceiv'd ; but that  
                   we both

Had mothers, I could say how women are,  
 In their own natures, models of mere change ;  
 Of change of what is naught to what is worse.  
 She fed ye liberally ?

*Fut.* Twenty ducats



She forc'd on me ; vow'd, by the precious love  
She bore the best of men, (I use, my lord,  
Her very words), the miracle of men,  
Malfato,—then she sigh'd,—this mite of gold  
Was only entrance to a farther bounty.  
'Tis meant, my lord, belike press-money.

*Adur.* Devil!

How durst she tempt thee, Futelli, knowing  
Thy love to me ?

*Fut.* There lies, my lord, her cunning,  
Rather her craft : first she began, what pity  
It was, that men should differ in estates  
Without proportion ; some so strangely rich,  
Others so miserable poor ; “ and yet,”  
Quoth she, “ since 'tis [in] very deed unfit  
All should be equals ; so I must confess,  
It were good justice that the properest men  
Should be preferr'd to fortune, such as nature  
Had mark'd with fair abilities ; of which  
Genoa, for ought I know, hath wond'rous few,  
Not two to boast of.”

*Adur.* Here began her itch.

*Fut.* I answer'd, she was happy then, whose  
choice  
In you, my lord, was singular.

*Adur.* Well urg'd.

*Fut.* She smil'd, and said, it might be so, and  
yet—

There stopp'd: then I clos'd with her, and con-  
cluded

The title of a lord was not enough ;  
For absolute perfection, I had seen  
Persons of meaner quality, much more  
Exact in fair endowments. But your lordship  
Will pardon me, I hope.

*Adur.* And love thee for it.

*Fut.* “ Phew ; let that pass,” quoth she, “ and  
now we prattle

Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,  
 Malfato is a very pretty fellow:  
 Is he not, pray, sir?" I had then the truth  
 Of what I lov'd at, and with more than praise  
 Approv'd her judgment in so high a strain,  
 Without comparison, my honour'd lord,  
 That soon we both concluded of the man,  
 The match and business.

*Adur.* For delivering  
 A letter to Malfato?

*Fut.* Whereto I  
 No sooner had consented, with protests,—  
 I did protest, my lord,—of secrecy  
 And service, but she kiss'd me, as I live,  
 Of her own free accord.—I trust your lordship  
 Conceives not me amiss: 'pray rip the seal,  
 My lord; you'll find sweet stuff, I dare believe.

*Adur.* [*reads.*] *Present to the most accomplish'd  
 of men, Malfato with this love a service.*  
 Kind superscription! Pr'ythee, find him out,  
 Deliver it with compliment; observe  
 How ceremoniously he does receive it.

*Fut.* Will not your lordship peruse the contents?

*Adur.* Enough, I know too much: be just and  
 cunning.

A wanton mistress is a common sewer,  
 Must never project labours in my brain'.—

<sup>1</sup> *A wanton mistress is a common sewer,*

<sup>2</sup> *Much never project labours in my brain.]* So the quarto  
 reads. The variation in the text restores some degree of sense  
 to these lines, which are at best very obscure. The next line,  
 stands thus in the old edition--

*Your friend here's now the gemini of wit.*

Adurni evidently means to call Piero and Futelli the gemini, or  
 twins of wit, which suggests the pointing in the text.

*Enter* PIERO.

Your friend: here's now the gemini of wit:  
What odd conceit is next on foot? some cast  
Of neat invention, ha, sirs?

*Piero.* Very fine,  
I do protest my lord.

*Fut.* Your lordship's care  
Shall share i' th' plot.

*Adur.* As how?

*Piero.* You know, my lord,  
Young Amoretta, old Trelcatio's daughter;  
An honest man, but poor.

*Fut.* And, my good lord,  
He that is honest must be poor, my lord,  
It is a common rule.

*Adur.* Well, Amoretta.  
Pray one at once.—My knowledge is not much  
Of her, instruct me.

*Piero.* Speak, Futelli.

*Fut.* Spare me.  
Piero has the tongue more pregnant<sup>1</sup>.

*Piero.* Fie!  
Play on your creature!

*Fut.* 'Shall be your's.

*Piero.* Nay, good.

*Adur.* Well, keep your mirth; my dainty honies  
agree,

Some two days hence, till when——

*Piero.* By any means,  
Partake the sport, my lord: this thing of youth——

*Fut.* Handsome enough, good face, quick eye,  
well bred.

*Piero.* Is yet possest so strangely——

<sup>1</sup> *Pregnant,*] *i. e.* able, ready. In the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapmans, the Governor calls Argus, "A good pregnant fellow, i' faith."



*Fut.* With an humour  
Of thinking, she deserves——

*Piero.* A duke, a count,  
At least a viscount, for her husband, that——

*Fut.* She scorns all mention of a match beneath  
One of the foresaid nobles; will not ride  
In a caroach without eight horses.

*Piero.* Six  
She may be drawn to : four——

*Fut.* Are for the poor',  
But for two horses in a coach——

*Piero.* She says,  
They're not for creatures of Heaven's making, fitter——

*Fut.* Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,  
Than people Christian : yet herself——

*Piero.* Herself  
Walks evermore a-foot, and not knows whether  
A coach doth trot or amble——

*Fut.* But by hearsay.

*Adur.* Stop gentlemen, you run a gallop both ;  
Are out of breath sure : 'tis a kind of compliment  
Scarce entered to the times, but certainly  
You coin a humour : let me understand  
Deliberately your fancy.

*Piero.* In plain troth,  
My lord, the she whom we describe is such,  
And lives here, here in Genoa, this city,  
This very city, now, the very now.

\* *Are for the power.*] It is difficult to conceive the meaning of these words, which are no doubt corrupt. The alteration adopted in the text is likely enough to have been the original. The two dependents relate that Amoretta may be brought to be contented with six horses, but thinks four should only draw poor people; and as for two, they are not sufficient for any creatures of Heaven's making.



*Adur.* Trelcatio's daughter?

*Fut.* Has refused suitors  
Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,  
Only for<sup>1</sup> that they are not dukes, or counts;  
Yet she herself, with all her father's store,  
Can hardly weigh above four hundred ducats.

*Adur.* Now your design for sport.

*Piero.* Without prevention;  
Guzman, the Spaniard late cashiered, most gravely  
Observes the full punctilios of his nation;  
And him have we beleaguered to accost  
This she-piece, under a pretence of being  
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.

*Fut.* For rival unto whom we have enrag'd  
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started  
A gentleman out of a sutler's hut,  
In the late Flemish wars; we have resolved<sup>2</sup> him  
He is descended from Pantagruel,  
Of famous memory, by the father's side,  
And by the mother from dame Fusti-Bunga,  
Who, troubled long-time with a strangury,  
Vented at last salt-water so abundantly,  
As drown'd the land 'twixt Sirixia and Vere,  
Where steeples' tops are only seen; he casts  
Beyond the moon, and will be greater yet  
In spite of Don.

*Adur.* You must abuse the maid  
Beyond amends.

*Fut.* But countenance the cause,  
My lord, and it may chance, beside the mirth,  
To work a reformation on the maiden.  
Her father's leave is granted, and thanks promis'd;  
Our ends are harmless trials.

<sup>1</sup> *For that,*] Because, by reason that.

<sup>2</sup> *Resolved,*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

*Adur.* I betray  
No secrets of such use<sup>1</sup>.  
*Piero and Fut.* Your lordship's humblest.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Lodgings of Malfato.*

*Enter AURELIO and Malfato.*

*Aurel.* A melancholy, grounded, and resolv'd,  
Receiv'd into a habit, argues love,  
Or deep impression of strong discontents.  
In cases of these rarities a friend,  
Upon whose faith, and confidence, we may  
Vent with security our grief, becomes  
Oft-times the best physician: for, admit  
We find no remedy, we cannot miss  
Advice instead of comfort; and believe,  
It is an ease, Malfato, to disburthen  
Our souls of secret clogs, where they may find  
A rest in pity, though not in redress.

*Mal.* Let all this sense be yielded to.

*Aurel.* Perhaps  
You measure what I say, the common nature  
Of an officious curiosity.

*Mal.* Not I, sir,

*Aurel.* Or that other private ends  
Sift your retirements.—

*Mal.* Neither.

*Enter FUTELLI, with a letter.*

*Fut.* Under favour,  
Signor Malfato, I am sent to crave  
Your leisure, for a word or two in private.

<sup>1</sup> Me secrets of such use.] So the quarto. I am not certain of having hit upon the proper emendation.

*Mal.* To me!—Your mind.

*Fut.* This letter will inform ye.

*Mal.* Letter? how's this? what's here? [*Reads.*

*Fut.* Speak you to me, sir?

*Mal.* Brave riddle: I'll endeavour to unfold it.

*Aurel.* How fares the lord Adurni?

*Fut.* Sure in health, sir.

*Aurel.* He is a noble gentleman, withal  
Happy in his endeavours: the general voice  
Sounds him, for courtesy, behaviour, language,  
And every fair demeanor, an example:  
Titles of honour add not to his worth,  
Who is himself an honour to his titles.

*Mal.* You know from whence this comes!

*Fut.* I do.

*Mal.* D'ye laugh!

But that I must consider such as spaniels  
To those who feed and clothe them, I would print  
Thy pandarism upon thy forehead.—There,  
Bear back that paper to the hell from whence  
It gave thee thy directions; tell this lord,  
He ventur'd on a foolish policy,  
In aiming at the scandal of my blood;  
The trick is childish, base; say base.

*Fut.* You wrong him.

*Aurel.* Be wise, Malfato.

*Mal.* Say, I know this whore.

She who sent this temptation, was wife  
To his abused servant; and divorc'd  
From poor Benatzi, senseless of the wrongs,  
That madam Levidolche and Adurni  
Might revel in their sports without controul,  
Secure, uncheck'd.

*Aurel.* You range too wildly now,  
Are too much inconsiderate.

*Mal.* I am  
A gentleman free born, I never wore



The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed  
Upon their after-meals; I never crouch'd  
Unto the offal of an office promis'd,  
Reward for long attendance, and then miss'd.  
I read no difference between this huge,  
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,  
More than the title sounds; for ought I learn,  
The latter is as noble as the first,  
I'm sure more ancient.

*Aurel.* Let me tell you then,  
You are too bitter, talk you know not what,  
Make all men equals, and confound all course  
Of order, and of nature: this is madness.

*Mal.* 'Tis so; and I have reason to be mad:  
Reason, Aurelio, by my truth and hopes.  
This wit Futelli brings a suit of love  
From Levidolche, one, however masked  
In colourable privacy, is fam'd  
The lord Adurni's pensioner, at least.  
Am I a husband picked out for a strumpet,  
For a cast suit of bawdery? Aurelio,  
You are as I am, you could ill digest  
The trial of a patience so unfit.—  
Begone, Futelli, do not mince one syllable  
Of what you hear: another fetch like this  
May tempt a peace to rage: so say. Begone.

*Fut.* I shall report your answer. *[Exit.*

*Mal.* What have I  
Deserv'd to be so us'd? In colder blood,  
I do confess nobility requires  
Duty and love; it is a badge of virtue,  
By action first acquir'd, and next in rank  
Unto anointed royalty.—Wherein  
Have I neglected distance, or forgot  
Observance to superiors? Sure, my name  
Was in the note mistook.



*Aurel.* We will consider  
The meaning of this mystery.

*Mal.* Not so,  
Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear,  
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter FUTELLI and GUZMAN.*

*Fut.* Dexterity and sufferance, brave Don,  
Are engines the pure politic must work with.

*Guz.* We understand.

*Fut.* In subtleties of war,—  
I talk t'ye now in your own occupation,  
Your trade, or what you please,—unto a soldier,  
Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem,  
Or downright cutting throats is all one thing.

*Guz.* Most certain: on, proceed.

*Fut.* By way of parallel,  
You drill or exercise your company,  
(No matter which, for terms), before you draw  
Into the field; so in the feats of courtship,  
First, choice is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,  
The set of looks, the posture of the beard,  
*Beso las manos*, cringes of the knee,  
The very hums and ha's, thumps and "Aye, me's!"

*Guz.* We understand all these: advance.

*Fut.* Then next,  
Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it!—  
Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,—  
That's careless amours,—or to enter battle,  
Then fall to open treaty, or to work

By secret spies or gold : here you corrupt  
The chambermaid, a fatal engine, or  
Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract  
With some of her near friends, for half her portion,—  
Or offer truce, and in the interim,  
Run upon slaughter, 'tis a noble treachery,—  
That's swear and lie, steal her away ; and to her  
Cast caps, and cry *victoria*, the field's  
Thine own, my Don, she's thine.

*Guz.* We do vouchsafe her.

*Fut.* Hold her then fast.

*Guz.* As fast as can the arms  
Of strong imagination hold her.

*Fut.* No,  
She has skipt your hold ; my imagination's eyes  
Perceive, she not endures the touch or scent  
Of your war over-worn habiliments,  
Which I forgot in my instructions  
To warn you of : therefore, my warlike Don,  
Apparel speedily your imagination  
With a more courtly outside.

*Guz.* 'Tis soon done.

*Fut.* As soon as said ; in all the clothes thou hast,  
More than that walking wardrobe on thy back.

*Guz.* Imagine first our rich mockado doublet  
With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our quellio<sup>1</sup>,  
Our diamond-button'd callamanco hose,  
Our plume of ostrich, with the embroider'd scarf,  
The duchess Infantazgo rolled our arm in.

*Fut.* Aye, this is brave indeed.

*Guz.* Our cloak, whose cape is  
Larded with pearls, which the Indian lackies  
Presented to our countryman De Cortez,  
For ransom of his life, rated in value

<sup>1</sup> *Quellio.*] A corruption of the Spanish word *cuello*, a collar. *Mockado* was a favourite stuff in our author's time.





I do as plainly as you saw the death  
Of the Austrian boar : she rather hears  
Of feasting than of fighting ; take her that way.

*Guz.* Yes, we will feast, my queen, my empress,  
saint,

'Shalt taste no delicates but what are drest  
With costlier spices than the Arabian bird  
Sweetens her funeral bed with ; we will riot  
With every change of meats ; which may renew  
Our blood unto a spring, so pure, so high,  
That from our pleasures shall proceed a race  
Of sceptre-bearing princes, who at once  
Must reign in every quarter of the globe.

*Fut.* Can more be said by one that feeds on her-  
ring

And garlick constantly ?

*Guz.* Yes we will feast—

*Fut.* Enough, she's taken, and will love you now,  
As well in buff, as your imagin'd bravery,  
Your dainty ten-times drest buff ; with this language,  
Bold man of arms, shalt win upon her<sup>1</sup>, doubt not,  
Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more  
Of your mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,  
Pearl-larded caps and diamond-button'd breeches ;  
Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers,  
Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,  
That starveling-brain'd companion : appear you,  
At first at least, in your own warlike fashion :  
I pray be rul'd, and change not a thread about you.

*Guz.* The humour takes ; for I, sir, am a man  
Affects not shifts : I will adventure thus.

*Fut.* Why, so you carry her from all the world :  
I'm proud my stars designed me out an instrument  
In such an high employment.

<sup>1</sup> Shall win upon her.] The slight alteration in the text was essential in order to restore the sense of the passage.



*Guz.* Gravely spoken ;  
You may be proud on't.—

*Enter FULGOSO and PIERO, and walk on one side of the stage.*

*Ful.* What is lost is lost,  
Money is trash, and ladies are *et cæteras*,  
Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's I know what<sup>1</sup> :  
You see the worst of me, and what's all this now ?

*Piero.* A very spark, I vow ; you will be stil'd  
Fulgoso the invincible. But did  
The fair Spinella lose an equal part ?  
How much in all d'you say ?

*Ful.* Bare threescore ducats,  
Thirty a-piece, we need not care who know it.  
She played, I went her half, walked by, and whistled—

After my usual manner thus—unmoved, [*Whistles.*  
As no such thing had ever been as it were,  
Altho' I saw the winners share my money :  
His lordship, and an honest gentleman  
Purs'd it, but not so merrily as I  
Whistled it off. [*Whistles.*

*Piero.* A noble confidence.

*Fut.* D'you note your rival ?

*Guz.* With contempt I do.

*Ful.* I can forego things nearer than my gold  
Allied to my affections, and my blood ;  
Yea honour, as it were, with the same kind  
Of careless confidence, and come off fairly  
Too, as it were.

*Piero.* But not your love, Fulgoso.

*Ful.* No, she's inherent, and mine own, past  
losing.

<sup>1</sup> *Fortunes as I know not what.*] It was necessary here to make another variation.

*Piero.* It tickles me to think with how much state,  
You, as it were, did run at tilt in love  
Before your Amoretta.

*Ful.* Broke my lance.

*Piero.* Of wit, of wit.

*Ful.* I mean so, as it were,  
And laid, flat on her back, both horse and woman.

*Piero.* Right, as it were.

*Ful.* What else man, as it were?

*Guz.* Did you do this to her? dare you to vaunt  
Your triumph, we being present? um, ha, um.

[*FULGOSO whistles the Spanish Pavin*<sup>1</sup>.

*Fut.* What think you, Don, of this brave man?

*Guz.* A man?

It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,  
In which the wind with whistling sports itself.

*Fut.* Bear up, sir, he's your rival, budge not from  
him

An inch; your grounds are honour.

*Piero.* Stoutly ventured,  
Don, hold him to't.

*Ful.* 'Protest, a fine conceit,  
A very fine conceit; and thus I told her,  
That for mine own part, if she lik'd me, so,  
If not, no; for "my duck or doe," said I,  
"It is no fault of mine that I am noble:  
Grant it; another may be noble, too,  
And then we're both one noble<sup>2</sup>;" better still—  
Habs-nabs<sup>3</sup>, good wink and choose; if one must  
have her,

<sup>1</sup> *The Spanish pavin.*] See Vol. I. p. 19.

<sup>2</sup> *One noble.*] A quibble upon the coin so called.

<sup>3</sup> *Hab-nab.*] Generally spelt hob-nob, but the phrase, which signifies, "let it happen or not, it is all one," occurs in the same manner in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

—————"I put it  
Ev'n to your worships 'bitrement, hab-nab."

The other goes without her,—best of all !—  
 My spirit is too high to fight for woman,  
 I am too full of mercy to be angry,  
 A foolish generous quality, from which  
 No might of man can beat me, I'm resolv'd<sup>1</sup>.

*Guz.* Hast thou a spirit then? ha? speaks thy  
 weapon

Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa<sup>2</sup>?  
 If an Italian blade, or Spanish metal,  
 Be brief, we challenge answer.

*Fut.* ~~and speak to him~~ Famous Don.

*Ful.* What does he talk? my weapon speaks no  
 language,

'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon.

*Guz.* ~~What weapon is that?~~ Dutch?

*Fut.* ~~And, if need be,~~ And, if need be,

'Twill maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay.

*Guz.* Dutch to a Spaniard! hold me.

*Ful.* ~~Hold me too,~~ Hold me too,

Sirrah, if thou'rt my friend, for I love no fighting;  
 Yet hold me least in pity I fly off;

If I must fight, I must; in a scurvy quarrel

I defy he's and she's. Twit me with Dutch!

Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,  
 Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me;

<sup>1</sup> *No man can beat I'me, ime resolved.*] So the old copy reads. *Resolved*, as has been before observed, means convinced, satisfied.

<sup>2</sup> *Speaks thy weapon*

[Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa.] The two first of these towns were celebrated for the excellent sword-blades manufactured there. Only a very common and coarse kind were produced at Pisa. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*:

—————"I'll show you  
 The difference between your Spanish rapier  
 And your pure Pisa."

It must be recollected that pure is here used ironically.



I know what's what, I know on which side  
My bread is buttered.

*Guz.* Buttered? Dutch again :  
You come not with the intention to affront us?

*Ful.* Front me no fronts : if thou be'st angry,  
squabble :

Here's my defence, and thy destruction.—

[*Whistles a charge.*]

If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.

*Guz.* We will embrace the motion, it doth relish ;  
The cavaliero treats on terms of honour,  
Peace is not to be baulk'd on fair conditions.

*Fut.* Still Don is Don the great.

*Piero.* He shews the greatness  
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement  
Of th' other's dinner.

*Fut.* 'Twas the ready means  
To catch his friendship.

*Piero.* You're a pair of worthies,  
That make the nine no wonder.

*Fut.* Now, since fate  
Ordains that one of two must be the man,  
The man of men which must enjoy alone  
Love's darling, Amoretta, both take liberty  
To shew himself before her, without cross  
Of interruption, one of th' other : he  
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings  
Crowns the pursuit, be happy.

*Piero.* And, till then,  
Live brothers in society.

*Guz.* We are fast.

*Ful.* I vow a match : I'll feast the Don to-day  
And fast with him to-morrow.

*Guz.* Fair conditions.



*Enter* ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, and  
CASTANNA.

*Adur.* Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.

*Piero.* My lord we wait ye.

*Fut.* We shall soon return.

[*Exeunt all but* FUL. and GUZ.]

*Ful.* What's that? I saw a sound.

*Guz.* A voice for certain.

*Ful.* It nam'd a lord.

*Guz.* Here are lords too, we take it;  
We carry blood about us, rich and haughty  
As any of the twelve Cæsars.

*Ful.* Gulls or Moguls,  
Tag, rag, or other, hoger-mogen, vanden,  
Skip-jacks, or chouses<sup>1</sup>. Whoo! the brace are  
flinch,

The pair of shavers are sneak'd from us, Don.

Why, what are we?

*Guz.* The valiant will stand to't.

*Ful.* So say I, we will eat and drink, and squander,  
Till all do split again.

*Guz.* March on with greediness. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of MARTINO.*

*Enter* MARTINO and LEVIDOLCHE.

*Mart.* You cannot answer what a general tongue  
Objects against your folly; I may curse  
The interest you lay claim to in my blood;

<sup>1</sup> *Chouses.*] Fools, persons easily cheated. The word occurs in *Hudibras*, and is still usual in the cant language. *Hoger-mogen*, and *vanden* (properly *hogen-mogen*, and *van-der*) were commonly used for ludicrously denoting a Dutchman.

Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,  
Too soon, but she is happy ; had she liv'd  
Till now, and known the vanities your life<sup>1</sup>  
Hath dealt in, she had wish'd herself a grave  
Before a timely hour.

*Lev.* Sir, consider  
My sex ; were I mankind<sup>2</sup>, my sword should quit  
A wounded honour, and relieve a name  
From injury, by printing on their bosoms  
Some deadly character, whose drunken surfeits  
Vomit such base aspersions : as I am,  
Scorn and contempt is virtue ; my desert  
Stands far above their malice.

*Mart.* Levidolche,  
Hypocrisy puts on a holy robe,  
Yet never changeth nature : call to mind,  
How, in your girl's days, you fell, forsooth,  
In love, and married, married (hark ye !) whom ?  
A trencher-waiter : shrewd preferment ! but  
Your childhood then excused that fault : for so  
Footmen have run away with lusty heirs,  
And stable-grooms reach'd to some fair one's cham-  
bers.

*Lev.* Pray let not me be bandied<sup>3</sup>, sir, and baffled  
By your intelligence.

*Mart.* So ! touch'd to the quick ?  
Fine mistress, I will then rip up at length  
The progress of your infancy : in colour  
Of disagreement you must be divorc'd,  
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons ;  
On better hopes I did, nay, took you home,

<sup>1</sup> *The vanities of your life.*] So the quarto reads erroneously.

<sup>2</sup> *Mankind.*] See Vol. I. p. 172. *Quit*, in the same line, stands for quite, requite.

<sup>3</sup> *Bandied.*] Skinner explains the verb *to bandy*, *totis viribus se opponere*.

Provided you, my care, nay, justified  
Your alteration, joy'd to entertain  
Such visitants of worth and rank as tendered  
Civil respects ; but then, even then—

*Lev.* What then ?

Sweet uncle do not spare me.

*Mart.* I, more shame  
To fear my hospitality was bawd,  
And (name it so) to your unchaste desires,  
Than you to hear and know it.

*Lev.* Whose whore am I ?  
For that's your plainest meaning.

*Mart.* Were you modest,  
The word you utter'd last would force a blush.  
Adurni is a bounteous lord ; 'tis said,  
He parts with gold and jewels like a free  
And liberal purchaser ; a' wriggles in  
To ladies' pleasures by a right of pension ;  
But you know none of this : you are grown a ta-  
vern-talk,

Matter for fiddlers' songs. I toil to build  
The credit of my family, and you  
To pluck up the foundation. Even this morning,  
Before the common-council, young Malfato  
(Convented for some lands he held, suppos'd  
Belong'd to certain orphans), as I question'd  
His tenure in particulars, he answer'd,  
My worship needed not to flaw his right ;  
For if the humour held him, he could make  
A jointure to my over-living niece,  
Without oppression ; bade me tell her too,  
She was a kind young soul, and might in time  
Be sued to buy a loving man, no doubt.  
Here was a jolly breakfast.

*Lev.* Uncles are privileged  
More than our parents. Some wise man in state  
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge, sir,



Whilst all the policy for public business  
Was spent,—for want of matter, I by chance  
Fell into grave discourse ; but, by your leave,  
I from a stranger's table rather wish  
To earn my bread, than from a friend's by gift,  
Be daily subject to unfit reproofs.

*Mart.* Come, come, to the point.

*Lev.* ~~And you~~ All the curses  
Due to a ravisher of sober truth,  
Dam up their graceless mouths !

*Mart.* Now you turn rampant,  
Just in the wenches' trim and garb ; these prayers  
Speak your devotions purely.

*Lev.* Sir, alas ! [Weeps.]  
What would you have me do ? I have no orators,  
More than my tears, to plead my innocence,  
Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend  
An open ear against my honest fame.  
'Would all their spite could harry<sup>1</sup> my contents  
Unto a desperate ruin. Oh dear goodness !  
There is a right for wrongs.

*Mart.* There is ; but first  
Sit in commission on your own defects,  
Accuse yourself ; be your own jury, judge,  
And executioner : I make no sport  
Of my vexation.

*Lev.* All the short remains  
Of undesired life, shall only speak  
The extremity of penance : your opinion  
Enjoins it too.

*Mart.* Enough ; thy tears prevail  
Against credulity.

*Lev.* My miseries,

<sup>1</sup> *Harry.*] To harry is explained by Minshew, " to turmoil, to vex." So in Antony and Cleopatra, the latter says,

—" I repent me much,  
That so I harry'd him."



As in a glass, present me the rent face  
Of an unguided youth.

*Mart.* No more.

*Enter TRELATIO with a letter.*

Trelatio ?

Some business speeds you hither.

*Trel.* Happy news,  
Signior Martino. Pray your ear ; my nephew,  
Auria, hath done brave service : and I hear—  
Let's be exceeding private—is return'd  
High in the duke of Florence's respects ;  
'Tis said,—but make no words—that a' has firked<sup>1</sup>  
And mumbled the roguish Turks.

*Mart.* Why would you know  
His merits so unknown ?

*Trel.* I am not yet  
Confirm'd at full. Withdraw, and you shall read  
All what this paper talks.

*Mart.* So.—Levidolche,  
You know our mind, be cheerful.—Come, Trelatio,  
Causes of joy or grief, do seldom happen  
Without companions near.—Thy resolutions  
Have given another birth to my contents.

[*Exeunt MART. and TREL.*

*Lev.* Even so, wise uncle, much good do ye.—  
Discover'd !

I could fly out, mix vengeance with my love.  
Unworthy man, Malfato.—My good lord,  
My hot in blood, rare lord, grows cold too ; well,  
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer ;  
Affection turned to hatred, threatens mischief.

[*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> *Firked.*] Amongst the numerous significations of this word  
in old writings, that which best suits the text is *beaten*.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in ADURNI'S House.*

*Enter* PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, and CASTANNA.

*Piero.* In the next gallery you may behold  
Such living pictures, lady, such rich pieces,  
Of kings, and queens, and princes, that you'd think  
They breathe and smile upon you.

*Amor.* Ha' they crownths',  
Great crownths o'th' gold upon their headths?

*Piero.* Pure gold;  
Drawn all in state.

*Amor.* How many horthes, pray,  
Are ith their chariots?

*Piero.* Sixteen, some twenty.

*Cast.* My sister, wherefore left we her alone?  
Where stays she, gentlemen?

*Fut.* Viewing the rooms,  
'Tis like you'll meet her in the gallery.

This house is full of curiosities,  
Most fit for ladies' sights.

*Amor.* Yeth, yeth, the thigh  
Of printhethes ith a fine thigh.

*Cast.* Good, let us find her.

*Piero.* Sweet ladies this way; see the doors sure.

*Fut.* Doubt not, [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* ADURNI and SPINELLA.—*A Song within.*

*Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,  
Whilst the spring of nature lasteth;*

<sup>2</sup> *Ha' they crownths.*] From the lispings of the conceited Amoretta, it would seem as if that accomplishment had been as fashionable in Ford's times as it is in ours.

*Love and melting thoughts attend ye,  
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.*

*Active blood, and free delight,  
Place and privacy invite.*

*Do, do ! be kind as fair.*

*Lose not opportunity for air<sup>1</sup>.*

*She is cruel that denies it,*

*Bounty best appears in granting,*

*Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,*

*Whilst the dues of love are wanting.*

*Here's the sweet exchange of bliss,*

*When each whisper proves a kiss.*

*In the game are felt no pains,*

*For in all the loser gains.*

*Adur.* Plead not, fair creature, without sense of  
pity

So incompassionately 'gainst a service,

In nothing faulty more than pure obedience ;

My honours and my fortunes are led captives

In triumph, by your all-commanding beauty ;

And if you ever felt the power of love,

The rigour of an uncontrolled passion,

The tyranny of thoughts, consider mine,

In some proportion, by the strength of yours ;

Thus may you yield and conquer.

*Spin.*

Do not study,

My lord, to apparel folly in the stead<sup>2</sup>

Of costly colours ; henceforth cast off far,

<sup>1</sup> *Lose not opportunity for air.*] The latter word must, in the present instance, signify *haughty, affectation of virtue.*

<sup>2</sup> — to apparel folly in the stead

*Of costly colours.*] The word *stead* is probably a corruption ; but no alteration has been made, as it may be a substantive, formed according to the licentious use of language in the times of our author, from the verb *to bestead*, *i. e.* to profit, to advantage.



Far from your noblest nature, the contempt  
Of goodness, and be gentler to your fame,  
By purchase of a life to grace your story.

*Adur.* Dear, how sweetly  
Reproof drops from that balmy spring your breath !  
Now could I read a lecture of my griefs,  
Un-earth a mine of jewels at your foot,  
Command a golden shower to rain down,  
Impoverish every kingdom of the east,  
Which traffics richest clothes, and silks, would you  
Vouchsafe one, unspleen'd chiding to my riot :  
Else such a sacrifice can but beget  
Suspicion of returns to my devotion,  
In mercenary blessings ; for that saint  
To whom I vow myself, must never want  
Fit offerings to her altar.

*Spin.* Auria, Auria,  
Fight not for name abroad ; but come, my husband,  
Fight for thy wife at home !

*Adur.* Oh, never rank  
(Dear cruelty) one that is sworn your creature,  
Amongst your country's enemies ; I use  
No force, but humble words, delivered from  
A tongue that's secretary to my heart.

*Spin.* How poorly some, tame to their wild de-  
sires,

Fawn on abuse of virtue ! Pray, my lord,  
Make not your house my prison.

*Adur.* Grant a freedom  
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.

[*A noise within.*

*Enter AURELIO, CASTANNA, AMORETTA, FUTEL-  
LI, and PIERO.*

*Aurel.* Keep back ye close contrivers of false plea-  
sures,  
Or I shall force ye back !—Can it be possible ?



Lock'd up, and singly too? chaste hospitality!  
A banquet in a bed-chamber? Adurni,  
Dishonourable man!

*Adur.* What sees this rudeness,  
That can broach scandal here?

*Aurel.* For you, hereafter.  
Oh, woman, lost to every brave report!  
Thy wronged Auria is come home with glory;  
Prepare a welcome to uncrown the greatness  
Of his prevailing fates.

*Spin.* Whilst you, belike,  
Are furnish'd with some news for entertainment,  
Which must become your friendship, to be knit  
More fast betwixt your souls, by my removal,  
Both from his heart and memory.

*Adur.* Rich conquest,  
To triumph on a lady's injur'd fame,  
Without a proof or warrant!

*Fut.* Have I life, sir,  
Faith, Christianity?

*Piero.* Put me on the rack,  
The wheel, or the gallies, if——

*Aurel.* Peace, factors  
In merchandize of scorn! your sounds are deadly.  
Castanna, I could pity your consent  
To such ignoble practice, but I find  
Coarse fortunes easily seduc'd, and herein  
All claim to goodness ceases.

*Cast.* Use your tyranny.

*Spin.* What rests behind for me? out with it!

*Aurel.* Horror!  
Becoming such a forfeit of obedience.  
Hope not that any falsity in friendship  
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not.  
Leave, in thy prayers, fair, vow-breaking wanton,  
To dress thy soul new, whose purer whiteness  
Is sullied by thy change from truth to folly.

A fearful storm is hovering ; it will fall ;  
No shelter can avoid it : let the guilty  
Sink under their own ruin.

[*Exit.*

*Spin.* How unmanly !  
His anger threatens mischief !

*Amor.* Whom, I pr'ythee,  
Doth the man speak to ?

*Adur.* Lady, be not mov'd ;  
I will stand champion for your honour, hazard  
All what is dearest to me.

*Spin.* Mercy, heaven !  
Champion for me, and Auria living ? Auria !  
He lives, and, for my guard, my innocence,  
As free as are my husband's clearest thoughts,  
Shall keep off vain constructions. I must beg  
Your charities ; sweet sister, your's, to leave me ;  
I need no fellows now. Let me appear,  
Or mine own lawyer, or in open court,  
Like some forsaken client, in my suit  
Be cast for want of honest plea.—Oh, misery !

[*Exit.*

*Adur.* Her resolution's violent.—Quickly follow.

*Cast.* By no means, sir ; you've followed her already,

I fear, with too much ill success, in trial  
Of unbecoming courtesies ; your welcome  
Ends in so sad a farewell.

*Adur.* I will stand  
The roughness of th' encounter, like a gentleman,  
And wait ye to your homes, whate'er befall me.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the House of MARTINO, with a Balcony.*

*Enter FULGOSO and GUZMAN.*

*Ful.* I say, Don, brother mine, win her and wear her.

And so will I ; if't be my luck to lose her,  
I lose a pretty wench, and there's the worst on't.

*Guz.* Wench said ye ? most mechanically ! faugh !  
Wench is your trull, your blowze<sup>1</sup>, your dowdie ;  
but,

Sir brother, he who names my queen of love  
Without his bonnet vail'd, or saying grace,  
As at some paranymp<sup>h</sup>al feast, is rude,  
Nor vers'd in literature. Dame Amoretta,  
Lo, I am sworn thy champion !

*Ful.* So am I too,—  
Can as occasion serves, if she turn scurvy,  
Unswear myself again, and ne'er change colours.  
Pish, man ! the best, though call 'em ladies, ma-  
dams,

Fairs, fines, and honies, are but flesh and blood,  
And now and then too, when the fit's come on 'em,  
Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirliry-pufkins.

*Guz.* Our choler must advance.

*Ful.* Dost long for a beating ?  
Shall's try a slash ? here's that shall do't : I'll tap  
[*Draws.*

<sup>1</sup> *Blowze.*] A vulgar term for a ruddy country girl. The term *tirliry-pufkins*, which occurs lower down, was probably a cant word for strumpets at the time. It may have been formed from *puffin*, a kind of water-fowl.



A gallon of thy brains, and fill thy hogshead  
With two of wine for't.

*Guz.* Not in friendship, brother.

*Ful.* Or whistle thee into an ague. Hang it!  
Be sociable; drink till we roar and scratch;  
Then drink ourselves asleep again. The fashion!  
Thou dost not know the fashion.

*Guz.* Her fair eyes,  
Like to a pair of pointed beams drawn from  
The sun's most glorious orb, do dazzle sight,  
Audacious to gaze there; then over those  
A several bow of jet securely twines  
In semicircles; under them two banks  
Of roses red and white, divided by  
An arch of polish'd ivory, surveying  
A temple from whence oracles proceed,  
More gracious than Apollo's, more desir'd  
Than amorous songs of poets, softly tun'd.

*Ful.* Heyday! what's this?

*Guz.* Oh! but those other parts,  
All——

*Ful.* All!—Hold there, I bar play under board,  
My part yet lies therein; you never saw  
The things you wire-draw thus.

*Guz.* I have dreamt  
Of every part about her, can lay open  
Her several inches, as exactly—mark it—  
As if I had took measure with a compass,  
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.

*Ful.* Oh, rare!  
And all this in a dream?

*Guz.* A very dream.

*Ful.* My waking brother soldier is turn'd  
Into a sleeping carpenter or taylor,  
Which goes for half a man.—What's he? bear up!



*Enter BENATZI, as an outlaw. LEVIDOLCHE above, appearing on the balcony.*

*Ben.* Death of reputation, the wheel, strappado, gallies, rack, are ridiculous fopperies; goblins to fright babies. Poor lean-soul'd rogues! they will swoon at the scar of a pin: one tear dropp'd from their harlot's eyes breeds earthquakes in their bones.

*Ful.* Bless us! a monster, patch'd of dagger-bombast,  
His eyes like copper-basons; a' has chang'd  
Hair with a shag-dog.

*Guz.* Let us then avoid him,  
Or stand upon our guard; the foe approaches.

*Ben.* Cut-throats, by the score, abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies<sup>1</sup>. Brave man at arms, go turn pandar, do; stalk for a mess of warm broth. Damnable! honourable cuts are but badges for a fool to vaunt; the raw-ribb'd apothecary poisons *cum privilegio*, and is paid. Oh, the commonwealth of beasts is most politickly ordered!

*Guz.* Brother, we'll keep aloof, there is no valour  
In tugging with a man-fiend.

*Ful.* I defy him.  
It gabbles like I know not what, believe it,  
The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Rot in fripperies.*] I suspect we should read *riot*. A frippery is a word derived from the French, and signifies an old clothes-shop. In Massinger's *City Madam*, Goldwire, at the approach of Luke, dressed out "with garters, fans, and roses," exclaims,

"Here he comes, sweating all over:  
He shews like a walking frippery."

<sup>2</sup> *This fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.*] It is difficult to guess at the precise meaning of this expression. Pink is used in the sense of supremely excellent, but that cannot apply here. For that reason, I strongly suspect we should read *punk*, though the text has not been disturbed, as it frequently happens that a

*Ben.* Look else, the lion roars, and the spaniel fawns : down, cur ! The badger bribes the unicorn, that a jury may not pass upon his pillage. Here the bear fees the wolf, for he will not howl gratis ;—beasts call pleading howling.—So then, there the horse complains of the ape's rank riding : the jockey makes mouths, but is fin'd for it : the stag is not jeer'd by the monkey for his horns ; the ass by the hare for his burthen ; the ox by the leopard for his yoke ; nor the goat by the ram for his beard : only the fox wraps himself warm in beaver, bids the cat mouse, the elephant toil, the boar gather acorns ; while he grins, feeds fat, tells tales, laughs at all, and sleeps safe at the lion's feet.—Save ye, people.

*Ful.* Why, save thee too, if thou be'st of Heaven's making :

What art !—Fear nothing Don, we have our blades, Are metal men ourselves, try us who dare.

*Guz.* Our brother speaks our mind, think what you please on't.

*Ben.* A match : observe well this switch ; with this only switch have I pash'd<sup>1</sup> out the brains of thirteen Turks to the dozen, for a breakfast.

*Ful.* What, man ! thirteen ! is't possible thou liest not ?

*Ben.* I was once a scholar, then I begg'd without pity : from thence I practis'd law, there a scruple of conscience popp'd me over the bar : a soldier I turn'd a while, but could not procure the letter of preferment. Merchant I would be, and a glut of

word has been found unnecessarily altered by the discovery of some other meaning suiting the text, and unknown to the editor who introduced such alteration.

<sup>1</sup> *Pash'd.*] An obsolete word, which frequently occurs in old writings, signifying crushed to pieces by a violent blow. *Pashing* has already occurred in the *Lover's Melancholy*, Vol. I. p. 125.

land-rats gnaw'd me to the bones; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were catch'd up; offered to pass into the court, and wanted trust for clothes; was lastly, for my good parts, prest into the gallies, took prisoner, redeemed amongst other slaves by your gay great man, they call him Auria; and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ye like me?—say.

*Ful.* A shaver of all trades. What course of life Dost mean to follow next? Ha! speak thy mind.

*Guz.* Nor be thou daunted, fellow: we ourselves Have felt the frowns of fortune in our days.

*Ben.* I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously.

*Lev.* Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely use it,

[*Throws a purse.*

Th' advantage of thy fate, and know the giver.

[*Exit.*

*Ful.* Hey day! a purse in troth, who dropp'd!  
stay, stay,

Humph, have we gipsies here? Oh, mine is safe:  
Is't your purse, brother Don?

*Guz.* Not mine; I seldom

Wear such unfashionable trash about me.

*Ful.* Hast any money in it, honest blade?

A bots on empty purses<sup>1</sup>.

*Guz.* We defy them.

*Ben.* Stand from about me, as you are mortal!  
You are dull clod-pated lumps of mire and garbish.  
This is the land of fairies.—Imperial queen of elves,  
I do crouch to thee [*kneels*], vow my services, my  
blood, my sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of largess<sup>2</sup>, and liberality.—A French tailor—neat;—

<sup>1</sup> A bots on empty purses.] The bots are a kind of worms that breed in horses. Mr Malone observes, that "this common execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent."

<sup>2</sup> Largess.] See page 51 of this volume.



Persian cook—dainty!—Greek wines—rich;—Flanders' mares—stately;—Spanish sallads,—poignant;—Venetian wanton,—ravishing;—English bawd—unmatchable.—Sirs, I am fitted.

*Ful.* All these thy followers? miserable pigmies! Prate sense and don't be mad. I like thy humour, 'Tis pretty odd, and so, as one might say, I care not greatly if I entertain thee. Dost want a master? if thou dost I am for thee: Else choose, and sneak up. Pish, I scorn to flinch man.

*Guz.* Forsake not fair advancement; money, certes, Will fleet and drop off, like a cozening friend; Who holds it, holds a slippery eel by th' tail; Unless he gripe it fast: be rul'd by counsel.

*Ben.* Excellent! what place shall I be admitted to? Chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable?

*Ful.* Why, one and all; thou'rt welcome, let's shake hands on't.

Thy name?

*Ben.* Parado, sir.

*Ful.* The great affairs

I shall employ thee most in, will be news, And telling what's a clock, for ought I know yet.

*Ben.* It is, sir, to speak punctually some hour and half, eight three thirds of two seconds of one minute over at most, sir.

*Ful.* I do not ask thee now, or if I did, We are not much the wiser, and for news——

*Ben.* Auria, the fortunate, is this day to be receiv'd with great solemnity at the city council-house; the streets are already throng'd with lookers on.

*Ful.* That's well remember'd. Brother Don, let's trudge,  
Or we shall come too late.



*Guz.* By no means, brother.

*Ful.* Wait close, my ragged new-come.

*Ben,* As your shadows. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

*Enter AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRELCATIO, AURELIO, PIERO, FUTELLI, with followers and spectators.*

*Aur.* Your favours, with these honours, speak  
your bounties;

And though the low deserts of my success  
Appear, in your constructions, fair and goodly,  
Yet I attribute to a noble cause,  
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.  
The duke of Florence hath too highly priz'd  
My duty in my service, by example,  
Rather to cherish and encourage virtue,  
In spirits of action, than to crown the issue  
Of feeble undertakings. Whilst my life  
Can stand in use, I shall no longer rate it  
In value, than it stirs to pay that debt  
I owe my country for my birth and fortunes.

*Mart.* Which to make good, our state of Genoa,  
Not willing that a native of her own,  
So able for her safety, should take pension  
From any other prince, hath cast upon you  
The government of Corsica.

*Trel.* Adds thereto,  
Besides th' allowance yearly due, for ever,  
To you and to your heirs, the full revenue  
Belonging to Savona, with the office  
Of admiral of Genoa.

*Adur.* Presenting

By my hands, from their public treasury,  
A thousand ducats.

*Mart.* But they limit only  
One month of stay for your dispatch ; no more.

*Fut.* In all your great attempts, may you grow  
thrifty,  
Secure, and prosperous.

*Piero.* If you please to rank,  
Amongst the humblest, one that shall attend  
Instructions under your command, I am  
Ready to wait the charge.

*Aur.* Oh, still the state  
Engageth me her creature, with the burthen  
Unequal for my weakness. To you, gentlemen,  
I will prove friendly honest, of all mindful.

*Adur.* In memory, my lord, (such is your style  
now),  
Of your late fortunate exploits, the council,  
Amongst their general acts, have registered  
The great-duke's letters, witness of your merit,  
'To stand in characters upon record.

*Aur.* Load upon load : let not my want of mo-  
desty  
Trespass against good manners. I must study  
Retirement to compose this weighty business,  
And moderately digest so large a plenty,  
For fear it swell into a surfeit.

*Adur.* May I  
Be bold to press a visit ?

*Aur.* At your pleasure :  
Good time of day, and peace.

*All.* Health to your lordship.  
[*Exeunt all but ADUR. and FUT.*]

*Adur.* What of Spinella yet ?

*Fut.* Quite lost ; no prints,  
Or any tongue of tracing her. However

Matters are huddled up, I doubt, my lord,  
Her husband carries little peace about him.

*Adur.* Fall danger what fall can, she is a goodness

Above temptation, more to be ador'd  
Than sifted; I'm to blame, sure.

*Fut.* Levidolche,  
For her part too, laugh'd at Malfato's frenzy,  
(Just so she term'd it); but for you, my lord,  
She said she thank'd your charity, which lent  
Her crooked soul, before it left her body,  
Some respite, wherein it might learn again  
The means of growing straight.

*Adur.* She has found mercy,  
Which I will seek, and sue for.

*Fut.* You are happy. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of AURIA.*

*Enter AURIA and AURELIO.*

*Aur.* Count of Savona, Genoa's admiral,  
Lord governor of Corsica, enroll'd  
A worthy of my country, sought and sued to,  
Prais'd, courted, flatter'd! Sure this bulk of mine,  
'Tails in the size a tympany of greatness',  
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.

<sup>1</sup> ——— sure this bulk of mine

Tayles in the size a tympany of greatness.] Bulk here, as in innumerable passages of old plays, means *body*. The verb *tail*, in the second line, is used in so singular a manner, that we might suspect it to be a misprint for *swells*, if the incorrect phraseology of Ford and his contemporaries did not make it probable that *tail* might be abbreviated from *entail*, to transmit, to have the effect, &c.



How surely dost thou malice<sup>1</sup> these extremes,  
Uncomfortable man? when I was needy,  
Cast naked on the flats of barren pity,  
Abated to an ebb so low, that boys  
A cock-horse frisk'd about me; without plunge,  
You could chat gravely then, in formal tones,  
Reason most paradoxically: now,  
Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising  
Becalms your learned noise.

*Aurel.* Such flourish, Auria,  
Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft  
Thy sudden joys into a faithless harbour.

*Aur.* Canst mutter mischief? I observ'd your  
dulness,

Whilst the whole ging crowd to me. Hark! my  
triumphs

Are echo'd under every roof, the air  
Is straitened with the sound, there is not room  
Enough to brace them in, but not a thought  
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here;  
Here, through a creek, a little inlet, crawls  
A flake, no bigger than a sister's thread,  
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.  
I had a kingdom once, but am depos'd  
From all that royalty of blest content,  
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.

*Aurel.* Glories in public view, but add to misery,  
Which travails in unrest at home.

*Aur.* At home?  
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,  
And, which is worse, when I have roll'd about,  
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,  
Wearied with care, and overworn with age,  
Lodg'd in the grave, I am not yet at home:

<sup>1</sup> *How surely dost thou malice these extremes.*] *Malice* is a verb in this place, and is used as such by Spenser, in the sense of regarding with ill-will. *Extremes*, in the text, refers to the extreme honours which had been so liberally bestowed upon Auria.



There rots but half of me, the other part  
Sleeps, Heaven knows where. 'Would she and I—  
my wife

I mean,—but what, alas! talk I of wife!—  
The woman, 'would we had together fed  
On any outcast parings, coarse and mouldy,  
Not liv'd divided thus; I could have begg'd  
For both, for't had been pity she should ever  
Have felt so much extremity.

*Aurel.* This is not  
Patience requir'd in wrongs of such vile nature.  
You pity her? think rather on revenge.

*Aur.* Revenge! for what, uncharitable friend?  
On whom? let's speak a little, pray, with reason;  
You found Spinella in Adurni's house;  
'Tis like he gave her welcome—very likely:  
Her sister and another with her, so  
Invited; nobly done: but he with her  
Privately chamber'd! he deserves no wife  
Of worthy quality, who dares not trust  
Her virtue in the proofs of any danger.

*Aurel.* But I broke ope the doors upon 'em.

*Aur.* Marry,  
It was a slovenly presumption,  
And punishable by a sharp rebuke.  
I tell you, sir, I, in my younger growth,  
Have by the stealth of privacy enjoy'd  
A lady's closet, where to have profan'd  
That shrine of chastity and innocence,  
With one unhallowed word, would have exil'd  
The freedom of such favour into scorn.  
Had any he alive then ventured there,  
With foul construction, I had stamp't the justice  
Of my unguilty truth upon his heart.

*Aurel.* Adurni might have done the like, but that  
The conscience of his fault, in coward blood,  
Blush'd at the quick surprisal.

*Aur.* O fie, fie!

How ill some argue, in their sour reproof,  
Against a party liable to law!  
For had that lord offended with that creature,  
Her presence would have doubled every strength  
Of man in him, and justified the forfeit  
Of noble shame; else, 'twas enough in both  
With a smile only to correct your rudeness.

*Aurel.* 'Tis well you make such use of neighbours' courtesy:

Some kind of beasts are tame, and hug their injuries:

Such way leads to a fame too.

*Aur.* Not uncivilly,  
Though violently, friend.

*Aurel.* Wherefore, then, think ye,  
Can she absent herself, if she be blameless?  
You grant, of course, your triumphs are proclaim'd;  
And I in person told her your return.  
Where lies she hid the while?

*Aur.* That rests for answer  
In you; now I come to you: we have exchange'd  
Bosoms, Aurelio, from our years of childhood;  
Let me acknowledge with what pride I own  
A man so faithful, honest, fast, my friend;  
He, whom if I speak fully, never fail'd,  
By teaching trust to me, to learn of mine;  
I wish'd myself thine equal; if I aim'd  
A wrong, 'twas in an envy of thy goodness;  
So dearly (witness with me my integrity)  
I laid thee up to heart, that, from my love,  
My wife was but distinguish'd in her sex:  
Give back that holy signature of friendship,  
Cancell'd, defac'd, pluck'd off, or I shall urge,  
Accounts scor'd on the tally of my vengeance,  
Without all former compliments.

*Aurel.* D'you imagine

I fawn upon your fortunes, or intrude  
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,  
That you cashier me at a minute's warning?  
No, Auria, I dare vie with your respects;  
Put both into the balance, and the poise  
Shall make a settled stand: perhaps the proffer,  
So frankly vow'd at your departure first,  
Of settling me a partner in your purchase,  
Leads you into opinion of some ends  
Of mercenary falsehood; yet such wrong  
Least suits a noble soul.

*Aur.* By all my sorrows,  
The mention is too coarse!

*Aurel.* Since then th' occasion  
Presents our discontinuance, use your liberty:  
For my part, I am resolute to die  
The same my life profess'd me.

*Aur.* Pish! your faith  
Was never in suspicion; but consider,  
Neither the lord, nor lady, nor the bawd,  
Which shuffled them together, Opportunity,  
Have fast'ned stain on my unquestion'd name;  
My friend's rash indiscretion was the bellows  
Which blew the coal, now kindled to a flame,  
Will light his slander to all wand'ring eyes.  
Some men in giddy zeal o'er-do that office  
They catch at, of whose number is Aurelio:  
For I am certain, certain, it had been  
Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,  
But my Spinella, trembling on her knee,  
Would have accus'd her breach of truth, and begg'd  
A speedy execution on her trespass:  
Then with a justice, lawful as the magistrates,  
Might I have drawn my sword against Adurni,  
Which now is sheath'd and rusted in the scabbard,  
Good thanks to your cheap providence.—Once more  
I make demand—my wife!—you, sir— [*Draws.*



*Aurel.*

Roar louder ;

The noise affrights not me : threaten your enemies,  
And prove a valiant tongue-man.—Now must follow,  
By way of method, the exact condition  
Of rage which runs to mutiny in friendship.  
Auria, come on, this weapon looks not pale

[*Draws.*

At sight of that. Again hear, and believe it,  
What I have done, was well done and well meant ;  
Twenty times over, were it new to do,  
I'd do't and do't, and boast the pains religious ;  
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value  
Other severity.

*Aur.* Honour and duty

Stand my compurgators ! never did passion  
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword  
Against Aurelio ; let me rather want  
My hands, nay, friend, a heart, than ever suffer  
Such dotage enter here. If I must lose  
Spinella, let me not proceed to misery,  
By losing my Aurelio. We, through madness,  
Frame strange conceits, in our discoursing<sup>1</sup> brains,  
And prate of things as we pretend they were.  
Join help to mine, good man, and let us listen  
After this straying soul, and, till we find her,  
Bear our discomfort quietly.

*Aurel.*

So, doubtless,

She may be soon discover'd.

*Aur.*

That's spoke cheerfully.

Why there's a friend now !—Auria and Aurelio  
At odds ! Oh, it cannot be, must not, and shall  
not.—

*Enter CASTANNA.*

But look, Castanna's here.—Welcome fair figure

<sup>1</sup> *Discoursing.*] Thinking, reasoning ; an old sense of the word.



Of a choice jewel, lock'd up in a cabinet,  
More precious than the public view should sully.

*Cast.* Sir, how you are inform'd, or on what  
terms

Of prejudice against my course or custom,  
Opinion sways your confidence, I know not.  
Much anger, if my fears persuade not falsely,  
Sits on this gentleman's stern brow; yet, sir,  
If an unhappy maid's word may find credit,  
As I wish harm to nobody on earth,  
So 'would all good folks may wish none to me!

*Aur.* None does, sweet sister.

*Cast.* If they do, "dear Heaven  
Forgive them," is my prayer; but, perhaps,  
You might conceive (and yet methinks you should  
not)

How I am faulty in my sister's absence:  
Indeed 'tis nothing so, nor was I knowing  
Of any private speech my lord intended,  
Save civil entertainment. Pray, what hurt  
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest?  
Sure noblemen will shew that they are such  
With those of their own rank; and that was all  
My sister can be charg'd with.

*Aur.* Is't not, friend,  
An excellent maid?

*Aurel.* Deserves the best of fortunes;  
I ever spoke her virtuous.

*Cast.* With your leave.  
You us'd most cruel language to my sister,  
Enough to fright her wits; not very kind  
To me myself; she sigh'd when you were gone,  
Desir'd no creature else should follow her;  
And in good truth, I was so full of weeping,  
I mark'd not well which way she went.

*Aur.* Staid she not  
Within the house then?

*Cast.* 'Las, not she!—Aurelio  
Was passing rough.

*Aur.* Strange! nowhere to be found out?

*Cast.* Not yet; but on my life, ere many hours,  
I shall hear from her.

*Aur.* Shalt thou? worthy maid,  
Thou hast brought to my sick heart a cordial.--Friend,  
Good news!—Most sweet Castanna!

*Aurel.* May it prove so. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter BENATZI, as before.*

*Ben.* The paper in the purse for my directions  
appointed this the place, the time now; here dance  
I attendance—She is come already.

*Enter LEVIDOLCHE.*

*Lev.* Parado; so I overheard you nam'd.

*Ben.* A mushroom, sprung up in a minute, by  
the sunshine of your benevolent grace, liberality,  
and hospitable compassion, most magnificent beauty.  
'Have long since lain bed-rid in the ashes of  
the old world, till now your illustrious charity hath  
rak'd up the dead embers, by giving life to a worm  
inevitably devoted yours, as you shall please to  
new-shape me.

*Lev.* A grateful man, it seems. Where gratitude  
Has harbour, other furniture, becoming  
Accomplish'd qualities, must needs inhabit.  
What country claims your birth?

*Ben.* None; I was born at sea, as my mother  
was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cagliari,  
toward Afric, in Sardinia; was bred up in  
Aquilastro, and, at years, put myself in service un-

der the Spanish viceroy. Till I was taken prisoner by the Turks, I have tasted in my days handsome store of good and bad, and am thankful for both.

*Lev.* You seem the issue, then, of honest parents.

*Ben.* Reputed no less. Many children oftentimes inherit their lands, who peradventure never begot them. My mother's husband was a very old man at my birth, but no man is too old to father his wife's child. Your servant, I am sure, I will ever prove myself entirely.

*Lev.* Dare you be secret?

*Ben.* Yes.

*Lev.* And sudden?

*Ben.* Yes.

*Lev.* But, withal, sure of hand and spirit?

*Ben.* Yes, yes, yes.

*Lev.* I use not many words, the time prevents 'em :  
A man of quality has robb'd mine honour.

*Ben.* Name him.

*Lev.* Adurni.

*Ben.* 'A shall bleed.

*Lev.* Malfato contemn'd my proffered love.

*Ben.* Yoke 'em in death.—What's my reward?

*Lev.* Propose it, and enjoy it.

*Ben.* You for my wife.

*Lev.* Ha!

*Ben.* Nothing else : deny me,  
And I'll betray your counsels to your ruin ;  
Else do the feat courageously.—Consider.

*Lev.* I do : dispatch the task I have enjoin'd,  
Then claim my promise.

*Ben.* No such matter, pretty one,  
We'll marry first,—or—Farewell. [*Going.*]

*Lev.* Stay : examine  
From my confession what a plague thou draw'st  
Into thy bosom ; tho' I blush to say it,  
Know, I have, without sense of shame or honour,

Forsook a lawful marriage-bed, to dally  
Between Adurni's arms.

*Ben.* This lord's ?

*Lev.* The same ;

More ; not content with him, I courted  
A newer pleasure, but was there refus'd  
By him I nam'd so late.

*Ben.* Malfato ?

*Lev.* Right :

Am henceforth resolutely bent to print  
My follies on their hearts ; then change my life  
For some rare penance. Can'st thou love me now ?

*Ben.* Better ; I do believe 'tis possible you may  
mend. All this breaks off no bargain.

*Lev.* Accept my hand ; with this a faith as constant

As vows can urge : nor shall my haste prevent  
This contract, which death only must divorce.

*Ben.* Settle the time.

*Lev.* Meet here to-morrow night ;

We will determine further, as behoves us.

*Ben.* How is my new love called ?

*Lev.* Levidolche.

Be confident, I bring a worthy portion ;  
But you'll fly off.

*Ben.* Not I, by all that's noble !

A kiss—farewell, dear fate ! [*Exit.*

*Lev.* Love is sharp-sighted,

And can pierce through the cunning of disguises.  
False pleasures I cashier ye : fair truth welcome !

[*Exit.*



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of MALFATO.**Enter MALFATO and SPINELLA.*

*Mal.* Here you are safe, sad cousin ; if you please,  
May over-say the circumstance of what  
You late discours'd : mine ears are gladly open,  
For I myself am in such hearty league  
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language  
Charms my attention.

*Spin.* But my husband's honours,  
By how much more in him they sparkle clearly  
By so much more they tempt belief, to credit  
The wrack and ruin of my injur'd name.

*Mal.* Why, cousin, should the earth cleave to  
the roots,  
The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,  
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes  
Might wait the uproar : 'tis the guilty trembles  
At horrors, not the innocent. You are cruel  
In censuring a liberty allow'd.  
Speak freely, gentle cousin ; was Adurni  
Importunately wanton ?

*Spin.* In excess  
Of entertainment, else not.

*Mal.* Not the boldness  
Of an uncivil courtship ?

*Spin.* What that meant,  
I never understood. I have at once  
Set bars between my best of earthly joys,  
And best of men ; so excellent a man  
As lives without comparison ; his love  
To me was matchless.

*Mal.* Yet put case, sweet cousin,  
That I could name a creature, whose affection  
Follow'd your Auria in the height ; affection  
To you, even to Spinella, true and settled  
As ever Auria's was, can, is, or will be.  
You may not chide the story.

*Spin.* Fortune's minions  
Are flattered, not the miserable.

*Mal.* Listen.  
To a strange tale, which thus the author sigh'd :  
A kinsman of Spinella (so it runs)  
Her father's sister's son, some time before  
Auria, the fortunate, possess'd her beauties,  
Became enamour'd of such rare perfections  
As she was stor'd with ; fed his idle hopes  
With possibilities of lawful conquest ;  
Propos'd each difficulty in pursuit  
Of what his vain supposal styl'd his own ;  
Found in the argument one only flaw  
Of conscience, by the nearness of their bloods :  
Unhappy scruple, easily dispens'd with,  
Had any friend's advice resolv'd the doubt.  
Still on he lov'd, and lov'd, and wish'd, and wish'd,  
Eftsoon<sup>1</sup> began to speak, yet soon broke off,  
And still the fondling durst not, 'cause he durst not.

*Spin.* 'Twas wonderful.

*Mal.* Exceeding wonderful,  
Beyond all wonder, yet 'tis known for truth.  
After her marriage, when remained not ought  
Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,  
His reason then,—now,—then, could not reduce  
The violence of passion, tho' he vow'd  
Never to unlock that secret, scarce to her  
Herself, Spinella ; and withal resolv'd

<sup>1</sup> *Eftsoon.*] An obsolete word, signifying---soon afterwards.  
This is one of the latest instances of its use.

Not to come near her presence, but to avoid  
All opportunities, however proffered.

*Spin.* An understanding dull'd by th' infelicity  
Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive  
In pregnant novelty ; my ears receive  
The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts  
Are fastened on another subject.

*Mal.* Can you  
Embrace, so like a darling, your own woes,  
And play the tyrant with a partner in them ?  
Then I am thankful for advantage, urg'd  
By fatal and enjoin'd necessity,  
To stand up in defence of injur'd virtue ;  
Will, against any (I except no quality),  
Maintain all supposition misapplied,  
Unhonest, false, and villainous.

*Spin.* Dear cousin,  
As you're a gentleman—

*Mal.* I'll bless that hand,  
Whose honourable pity seals the passport  
For my incessant turmoils to their rest.  
If I prevail (which heaven forbid !) these ages  
Which shall inherit ours, may tell posterity  
Spinella had Malfato for a kinsman,  
By noble love made jealous of her fame.

*Spin.* No more ; I dare not hear it.

*Mal.* All is said :  
Henceforth shall never syllable proceed,  
From my unpleasant voice, of amorous folly.

*Enter CASTANNA.*

*Cast.* Your summons warn'd me hither ; I am  
come,  
Sister : my sister, 'twas an unkind part,  
Not to take me along wi' you.

*Mal.* Chide her for it,



Castanna ; this house is as freely yours,  
As ever was your father's.

*Cast.*                                We conceive so,  
Tho' your late strangeness hath bred marvel in us.  
But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence distance?  
Am I not welcome to you ?

*Spin.*                                Lives Auria safe !  
Oh, pr'ythee do not hear me call him husband,  
Before thou can'st resolve what kind of wife  
His fury terms the runaway ; speak quickly.  
Yet do not :—stay, Castanna ! I am lost ;  
His friend hath set before him a bad woman,  
And he, good man, believes it.

*Cast.*                                Now in truth——

*Spin.* Hold ! my heart trembles. I perceive  
thy tongue  
Is great with ills and hastes to be delivered ;  
I should not use Castanna so. First tell me,  
Shortly and truly tell me, how he does.

*Cast.* In perfect health:

*Spin.*                                For that, my thanks to Heaven.

*Mal.* The world hath not another wife like this.—  
Cousin, you will not hear your sister speak,  
So much your passion rules.

*Spin.*                                Even what she pleases :  
Go on, Castanna.

*Cast.*                                Your most noble husband  
Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves  
At his soul's love, Spinella's causeless absence.

*Mal.* Why look ye, cousin, now !

*Spin.*                                Indeed !

*Cast.*                                Will value  
No counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,  
Neither admits of likelihood at all,  
That you are living : if you were, he's certain  
It were impossible you could conceal  
Your welcomes to him, being all one with him ;



But as for jealousy of your dishonour,  
He both laughs at and scorns it.

*Spin.* Does he?

*Mal.* Therein  
He shews himself desertful of his happiness.

*Cast.* Methinks the news should cause some motion, sister.

You are not well.

*Mal.* Not well?

*Spi.* I am unworthy.

*Mal.* Of whom? what? why?

*Spin.* Go, cousin. Come, Castanna. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of TREL-  
CATIO.—Night.*

*Enter TREL CATIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.*

*Trel.* The state in council is already set,  
My coming will be late: now therefore, gentlemen,  
This house is free; as your intents are sober,  
Your pains shall be accepted.

*Fut.* Mirth sometimes  
Falls into earnest, signior.

*Piero.* We, for our parts,  
Aim at the best.

*Trel.* You wrong yourselves and me else:  
Good success to you. [*Exit.*]

*Piero.* Futelli, 'tis our wisest course to follow  
Our pastime with discretion, by which means  
We may ingratiate, as our business hits,  
Our undertakings to great Auria's favour.

*Fut.* I grow quite weary of this lazy custom,  
Attending on the fruitless hopes of service,  
For meat and rags. A wit? a shrewd preferment?  
Study some scurril jests, grow old, and beg!

No, let 'em be admir'd that love foul linen ;  
I'll run a new course.

*Piero.* Get the coin we spend,  
And knock 'em o'er the pate who jeer our earnings.—

*Fut.* Hush man ; one suitor comes.

*Piero.* The t'other follows.

*Fut.* Be not so loud——

*Enter AMORETTA.—Music below.*

Here comes Madonna Sweet-lips.  
Mithtreth, in thooth, for thooth, will lithpe it to uth ?

*Amor.* Dentlemen, then ye ith thith muthicke  
yourth, or can ye tell what great manths fidleth  
made it tith vedee petty noyth, but who thold  
thend it ?

*Piero.* Does not yourself know, lady ?

*Amor.* I do not uthe  
To thpend lip-labour upon queththionths,  
That I mythelfe can anthwer.

*Fut.* No, sweet madam,  
Your lips are destin'd to a better use,  
Or else the proverb fails of lispng maids.

*Amor.* Kithing you mean, pay, come behind  
with your mockths then,  
My lipthes will therve the one to kith the other.  
How now, whath neckth ?

*Song below.*

*What, ho ! we come to be merry,*

*Open the doors, a jovial crew,*

*Lusty boys and free, and very,*

*Very, very lusty boys are we :*

*We can drink till all look blue,*

*Dance, sing, and roar,*

*Never give o'er,*

*As long as we have ne'er an eye to see.*

*Pithee, pithee, leths come in,*

*Oue thall all oua favous win,*

*Dently, dently, we thall passe ;  
None kitheth like the lithping lasse.*

*Piero.* What call ye this ? a song ?

*Amor.* Yeth, a delithious thing, and wondroth pretty.

*Fut.* A very country-catch.—Doubtless, some prince

Belike, hath sent it to congratulate  
Your night's repose.

*Amor.* Thinke ye tho, thignior ?  
It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure printh,  
That thuns the light.

*Piero.* Perhaps the prince of darkness.

*Amor.* Of darkneth ? what ith he ?

*Fut.* A courtier matchless ;  
A' woos and wins more beauties to his love  
Than all the kings on earth.

*Enter FULGOSO.*

*Amor.* Whea thandth hith court pey—

*Fut.* This gentleman approaching, I presume,  
Has more relation to his court than I,  
And comes in time t'inform ye.

*Amor.* Think ye tho ?  
I'm thure you know him.

*Piero.* Lady, you'll perceive it.

*Ful.* She seems in my first entrance to admire me ;  
'Protest she eyes me round : Fulgoso, she's thine  
own.

*Piero.* Noble Fulgoso.

*Ful.* Did you hear the music ?  
'Twas I that brought it : was't not tickling ? ah, ha !

*Amor.* Pay, what pinth thent it.

*Ful.* Prince ! no prince, but we,  
We set the ditty, and compos'd the song ;  
There's not a note or foot in't but our own,



And the pure trodden mortar of this brain :  
We can do things and things.

*Amor.* Do't, thing't youa thelfe then.

*Ful.* Nay, nay, I could never sing  
More than a gib-cat, or a very howlet :  
But you shall hear me whistle it.

*Amor.* Thith thingth thome jethter ;  
Thure he belongth unto the printh of darkneth.

*Piero.* Yes, and I'll tell you what his office is :  
His prince delights himself exceedingly  
In birds of divers kinds ; this gentleman  
Is keeper and instructor of his black-birds ;  
He took his skill first from his father's carter.

*Amor.* Tith wonderful to thee by what thrange  
meanes

Thome men are rais'd to plathes.

*Ful.* I do hear you,  
And thank you heartily for your good wills,  
In setting forth my parts ; but what I live on,  
Is simple trade of money from my lands.  
Hang sharks ! I am no shifter.

*Amor.* Ith potherible ?

*Enter GUZMAN.*

Bleth uth, whoth thith ?

*Fut.* Oh, 'tis the man of might.

*Guz.* May my address to beauty lay no scandal  
Upon my martial honour, since even Mars,  
Whom, as in war, in love I imitate,  
Could not resist the shafts of Cupid ; therefore,  
As with the god of war, I deign to stoop, [*Kneels.*  
Lady, vouchsafe, Love's goddess-like, to yield  
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portals  
Of valiant breath, that hath o'erturn'd an army.

*Amor.* Faya weather keep me ! what a thorme  
ith thith ?

*Fut.* Oh, Don, keep off at further distance ; yet



A little farther : do you not observe  
How your strong breath hath terrified the lady ?

*Guz.* I'll stop the breath of war, and breathe as  
gently

As a perfumed pair of sucking bellows  
In some sweet lady's chamber ; for I can  
Speak lion-like, or sheep-like, when I please.

*Fut.* Stand, by then, without noise, a while, brave  
Don,

And let her only view your parts ; they'll take her.

*Guz.* I'll publish them in silence.

*Piero.* Stand you there,

Fulgoso the magnificent.

*Ful.* Here ?

*Piero.* Just there :

Let her survey you both ; you'll be her choice  
Ne'er doubt it, man.

*Ful*<sup>1</sup>. I cannot doubt it, man.

*Piero.* But speak not till I bid you.

*Ful.* I may whistle ?

*Piero.* A little to yourself, to spend the time.

*Amor.* Both foolth, you thay ?

*Fut.* But hear them for your sport.

*Piero.* Don shall begin.—Begin, Don ; she has  
survey'd

Your outwards and your inwards, through the rents  
And wounds of your apparel.

*Guz.* She is politic.

My outside, lady, shrouds a prince obscur'd.

*Amor.* I thank ye for your muthicke, printh.

*Guz.* [*Aside.*] My words  
Are music to her.

*Amor.* The muthicke and the thong

You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man.

<sup>1</sup> *Ful.*] This speech is erroneously given to Futelli in the quarto.

*Guz.* She took him for my man! Love, thou wert just.

*Ful.* I will not hold: His man! 'tis time to speak  
Before my time, Oh scurvy, I his man,  
That has no means for meat or rags, and seam-rents!

*Guz.* Have I with this one rapier—

*Piero.* He has no other.

*Guz.* Pass'd through a field of pikes, whose heads  
I lopt

As easily as the bloody-minded youth  
Lopt off the poppy heads!

*Ful.* The puppet heads.

*Guz.* Have I——have I——have I?

*Ful.* Thou liest, thou hast not,

And I'll maintain't.

*Guz.* Have I—but let that pass,  
For tho' my famous acts were damn'd to silence,  
Yet my descent shall crown me thy superior.

*Amor.* That I would lichen to.

*Guz.* List and wonder.

My great-great-grandsire was an ancient duke,  
Styl'd *Dis vir di Gonzado*<sup>1</sup>.

*Fut.* That's, in Spanish,  
An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,  
An unmatch'd rogue: He thinks we understand not.

*Guz.* So was my grandfather, hight Argozile.

*Fut.* An arrant, arrant thief-leader: pray mock it.

*Guz.* My grandsire by the mother's side a conde,  
Conde Escrivano.

*Fut.* A crop-ear'd scrivener.

<sup>1</sup> *Dis? vir di Gonzado.*] So the quarto reads. The corruption is so violent, that I have not been able to discover the Spanish word intended. Argozil, which occurs a few lines afterwards, is a corruption of *alguazil*, a beadle or catchpole. Further on, the erroneous readings of the quarto have been corrected, as *Haio*, *Piccaco*, &c.

Guz. Whose son, my mother's father, was a marquis,

*Hijo di puto.*

*Piero.* That's the son of a whore.

Guz. And my renowned sire, don Picaro,—

*Fut.* In proper sense, a rascal.—O, brave Don.

Guz. *Hijo di una pravada*—

*Piero.* A' goes on,

Son of a branded bitch.—High-spirited Don !

Guz. Had honours both by sea and land, to wit—

*Fut.* The gallies and Bridewell.

*Ful.* I'll not endure it :

To hear a canting mongrel—Hear me, lady !

Guz. 'Tis no fair play.

*Ful.* I care not, fair or foul.—

I from a king derive my pedigree,

King Oberon by name, from whom my father,

The mighty and couragious Mountibanco,

Was lineally descended ; and my mother

(In right of whose blood, I must ever honour<sup>1</sup>

The lower Germany) was a Harlequin.

*Fut.* He'll blow up

The Spaniard presently by his mother's side.

*Ful.* Her father was grave<sup>2</sup> Hans Van Herne, the son

<sup>1</sup> ——— my mother

(In right of whose blood, I must ever honour

The lower Germany) was a harlekine.] This passage certainly leads us to suppose, that this species of buffoon was imported directly from the north of Germany, and that the character was not confined to the male sex. The *Hans-wurst* of the German theatre, who completely answers to the Harlequin, is a character of very long standing. It may, however, be possible, that some celebrated female performer in that line, who was notorious at the time this play was produced, is alluded to in the text. In the next line the quarto reads---*He* blow up.

<sup>2</sup> *Grave*,] i. e. Count ; from the Dutch and German.



Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen  
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neict.

*Guz.* Oh, diablo!

*Ful.* Ten thousand devils, nor diabolos,  
Shall fright me from my pedigree.—My uncle,  
Yacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snortent-  
fert,

And yongster Brogen-foh, with fourscore hargu-  
bush<sup>1</sup>,

Manag'd by well lin'd butter-boxes, took  
A thousand Spanish jobber-nowles by surprise,  
And beat a sponce about their ears.

*Guz.* My fury  
Is now but justice on thy forfeit life. [*Draws.*

*Amor.* 'Lath, they thall not fight.

*Fut.* Fear not, sweet lady.

*Piero.* Be advis'd, great spirits.

*Ful.* My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels;  
Else hang't, who cares?

*Guz.* Mine honour is my tutor,  
Already tried and known.

*Fut.* Why, there's the point,  
Mine honour is my tutor too. Noblemen  
Fight in their persons! scorn't! 'tis out of fashion,  
There's none but hare-brain'd youths of mettle use it.

*Piero.* Yet put not up your swords; it is the  
pleasure

Of the fair lady that you quit the field,  
With brandish'd blades in hand.

*Fut.* And more, to shew  
Your suffering valour, as her equal favours,  
You both should take a competence of kicks.

*Fut. and Piero.* Thus and thus. Away you brace  
of stinkards. [*Kicks them.*

*Ful.* Pheugh! as it were.—

<sup>1</sup> *Hargubush.*] A kind of gun, similar to our carabine.



*Guz.* Why, since it is her pleasure,  
I dare and will endure it.

*Ful.* Pheugh !

*Piero.* Away,  
But stay below.

*Fut.* Budge not, I charge ye,  
Till you have further leave.

*Guz.* Mine honour claims  
The last foot in the field.

*Ful.* I'll lead the van then.

[*Exeunt FULG. and Guz.*]

*Enter TRELCAIO.*

*Fut.* Yet more? Begone! Are not these precious  
sutors—

*Trel.* What tumults fright the house ?

*Fut.* A brace of castrels,  
That fluttered, sir, about this lovely game,  
Your daughter ; but they durst not give the souse,  
And so took hedge.

*Piero.* Mere haggards, buzzards, kites<sup>1</sup>.

*Amor.* I thkorne thuch trumpe,—and [I] will  
thape my luffe,  
Henthforth ath thall my father betht direct me.

*Trel.* Why now thou sing'st in tune, my Amoretta,  
And, my good friends, you have, like wise physi-  
cians,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *A brace of castrels,*

*That flattered, sir, about this lovely game,*

*Your daughter ; but they durst not give the souze,*

*And so took hedge. - - -*

*Mee haggards, buzzards, kites.]* In this passage the metaphors of which are entirely taken from the fashionable sport of falconry, it was necessary to correct the words *flattered* and *mee*, evident corruptions of *fluttered* and *mere*. Haggards are hawks unreclaimed ; castrels, buzzards, and kites are amongst the least valuable of that species of birds. A hawk is said to give the souse when he descends rapidly upon his prey. The phrase *to take hedge* explains itself.

Prescrib'd a healthful diet : I shall think on  
A bounty for your pains, and will present ye  
To noble Auria, such as your descents  
Commend ; but for the present we must quit  
This room to privacy : they come——

*Amor.* Nay, predee,  
Leave me not, dentlemen.

*Fut.* We are your servants.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter AURIA, ADURNI, and AURELIO.*

*Aur.* You're welcome, be assur'd you are ; for  
proof,  
Retrieve the boldness (as you please to term it)  
Of visit to commands : if this man's presence  
Be not of use, dismiss him.

*Adur.* 'Tis, with favour,  
Of consequence, my lord, your friend may witness  
How far my reputation stands engag'd  
To noble reconciliation.

*Aur.* I observe  
No party here amongst us, who can challenge  
A motion of such honour.

*Adur.* Could your looks  
Borrow more clear severity and calmness,  
Than can the peace of a composed soul ;  
Yet, I presume, report of my attempt,  
Train'd by a curiosity in youth  
For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tem-  
pests  
Which will at last break out.

*Aur.* Hid now, most likely,  
I' the darkness of your speech.

*Aurel.* You may be plainer.

*Adur.* I shall, my lord : that I intended wrong——

*Aur.* Ha ! wrong ! to whom ?

*Adur.* To Auria ; and as far  
As language could prevail, did——

*Aur.* Take advice,  
Young lord, before thy tongue betray a secret  
Conceal'd yet from the world ; hear and consider ;  
In all my flight of vanity and giddiness,  
When scarce the wings of my excess were fledg'd,  
When a distemperature of youthful heat  
Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,  
Even then, and so from thence till now the down  
Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age,  
Confirm'd and hard'ned, never durst I pitch  
On any, howsoever likely, rest,  
Where the presumption might be construed wrong ;  
The word is hateful, and the sense wants pardon :  
For, as I durst not wrong the meanest, so  
He who but only aim'd, by any boldness,  
A wrong to me, should find I must not bear it ;  
The one is as unmanly as the other.  
Now, without interruption.

*Adur.* Stand, Aurelio,  
And justify thine accusation boldly ;  
Spare me the needless use of my confession ;  
And, having told no more, than what thy jealousy  
Possess'd thee with, again before my face,  
Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality  
Adurni trespass in, and thou conceiv'st,  
Against Spinella ; why proofs grow faint,  
If barely not suppos'd, I'll answer guilty.

*Aurel.* You come not here to brave us ?

*Adur.* No, Aurelio ;  
But to reply upon that brittle evidence,  
To which thy cunning never shall rejoin.  
I make my judge my jury ; be accountant  
Whether, with all the eagerness of spleen<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The eagerness of spleen.] Perhaps we should read, The spleen of a suspicious rage.



Of a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast  
Enforc'd the likelihood of scandal.

*Aurel.* Doubt not  
But that I have deliver'd honest truth,  
As much as I believe, and justly witness.

*Adur.* Loose grounds to raise a bulwark of re-  
proach on!

And thus for that ; my errand hither is not  
In whining, truant-like submission,  
To cry, " I have offended, pray, forgive me ;  
I will do so no more : " but to proclaim  
The power of virtue, whose commanding sovereign-  
ty,

Sets bounds to rebel-bloods, and check ; restrains  
Custom of folly ; by example teaches  
A rule to reformation ; by rewards,  
Crowns worthy actions, and invites to honour.

*Aurel.* Honour and worthy actions best beseem  
Their lips who practice both, and not discourse  
'em.

*Aur.* Peace, peace, man : I am silent.

*Adur.* Some there are,  
And they not few in number, who resolve  
No beauty can be chaste, 'less unattempted ;  
And, for because the liberty of courtship  
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,  
Meeting oft-times too many soon seduc'd,  
Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by service,  
Or compliments of vows : and with this file  
I stood in rank ; conquest secur'd my confidence.  
Spinella—storm not, Auria—was an object  
Of study for fruition ; here I angled,  
Not doubting the deceit could find resistance.

*Aurel.* After confession follows——

*Aur.* Noise ! observe him.

*Adur.* Oh, strange ! by all the comforts of my  
hopes,



I found a woman good, a woman good ;  
Yet, as I wish belief, or do desire  
A memorable mention, so much majesty  
Of humbleness, and scorn, appear'd at once  
In fair, in chaste, in wise Spinella's eyes,  
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frown  
From her, cool'd every flame of sensual appetite.

*Aur.* On, sir, and do not stop.

*Adur.* Without protests,  
I pleaded merely love, us'd not a syllable,  
But what a virgin might, without a blush,  
Have listen'd to, and, not well-arm'd, have pitied ;  
But she neglecting, cry'd, " Come Auria, come,  
Fight for thy wife at home ;" then in rush'd you,  
sir,

Talk'd in much fury, parted ; when as soon  
The lady vanish'd, after her the rest.

*Aur.* What follow'd ?

*Adur.* My commission on mine error,  
In execution whereof I have prov'd  
So punctually severe, that I renounce  
All memory, not to this one fault alone,  
But to my other greater, and more irksome.  
Now, he whoever owns a name, that construes  
This repetition the report of fear,  
Of falsehood, or imposture, let him tell me :  
I give myself the lie, and I will clear  
The injury, and man to man,—or, if  
Such justice may prove doubtful, two to two,  
Or three to three, or any way—reprieve  
Th' opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.

*Aur.* Who can you think I am ? did you expect  
So great a tameness as you find, Adurni,  
That you cast loud defiance ? say—

*Adur.* I have robb'd you  
Of rigour, Auria, by my strict self-penance,  
For the presumption.

*Aur.* Sure, Italians hardly  
Admit dispute in questions of this nature ;  
The trick is new.

*Adur.* I find my absolution,  
By vows of change from all ignoble practice.

*Aur.* Why, look ye, friend, I told you this be-  
fore :

You would not be persuaded.—Let me think.

[*Walks apart.*]

*Aurel.* You do not yet deny that you solicited  
The lady to ill purpose.

*Adur.* I have answer'd ;  
But it return'd much quiet to my mind,  
Perplex'd with rare commotions.

*Aur.* (*Coming forward.*) That's the way ;  
It smooths all rubs.

*Aurel.* My lord?

*Aur.* Foh! I am thinking.  
You may talk forward.—If it take 'tis clear,  
And then, and then, and so, and so—

*Adur.* You labour  
With curious engines, sure.

*Aur.* Fine ones : I take ye  
To be a man of credit ; else—

*Adur.* Suspicion  
Is needless, know me better.

*Aur.* Yet you must not  
Part from me, sir.

*Adur.* For that your pleasure.

*Aur.* "Come  
Fight for thy wife at home, my Auria!"—Yes,  
We can fight, my Spinella, when thine honour  
Relies upon a champion.—

*Enter TRELATIO.*

Now?

*Trel.*

My lord,

Castanna, with her sister, and Malfato  
Are newly enter'd.

*Aur.* Be not loud: Convey them  
Into the gallery.—Aurelio, friend,  
Adurni, lord, we three will sit in council,  
And piece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of MARTINO.*

*Enter MARTINO, BENATZI, and LEVIDOLCHE.*

*Mart.* Ruffian, out of my doors! thou com'st to  
rob me.—

An officer! what, ho! my house is haunted  
By a lewd pack of thieves, of harlots, murderers,  
Rogues, vagabonds; I foster a decoy here,  
And she trowls<sup>1</sup> on her ragged customer,  
To cut my throat for pillage.

*Lev.* Good sir, hear me,

*Ben.* Hear or not hear, let him rave his lungs  
out! Whilst this woman hath abode under this  
roof, I will justify myself her bedfellow in despite  
of denial, in despite: those are my words.

*Mart.* Monstrous! Why, sirrah, do I keep a  
bawdy-house,

An hospital for pandars? Oh, thou monster,  
Thou she-confusion! are you grown so rampant,  
That from a private wanton, thou proclaim'st thyself  
A baggage for all gamesters, lords or gentlemen,

<sup>1</sup> *And she trowls on her ragged customer.*] A metaphor  
taken from angling.



Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,  
Roarers<sup>1</sup>, or hangmen? hey-day! set up shop,  
And then cry a market open; to't, and welcome.

*Lev.* This is my husband.

*Mart.* ~~How I like you~~ Husband!

*Ben.* Husband natural; I have married her: and  
what's your verdict on the match, signior?

*Mart.* Husband, and married her!

*Lev.* Indeed, 'tis truth.

*Mart.* A proper joining! Give ye joy, great mistress;

Your fortunes are advanced, marry are they.

What jointure is assur'd, pray? some three thousand

A-year in oaths and vermin! fair preferment!

Was ever such a tatter'd rag of man's flesh,

Patch'd up for copesmate<sup>2</sup> to my niece's daughter!

*Lev.* Sir, for my mother's name forbear this anger;

If I have yok'd myself beneath your wishes,

Yet is my choice a lawful one, and I

Will live as truly chaste unto his bosom,

As e'er my faith hath bound me.

*Mart.* A sweet couple!

*Ben.* We are so; for mine own part, however  
my outside appear ungay, I have wrestled with  
death, signior Martino, to preserve your sleeps:  
and such as you, are untroubled. A soldier is in  
peace a mockery, a very town-bull for laughter;  
unthrifths, and landed babies, are prey-curmudgeons,  
lay their baits for<sup>3</sup>. Let the wars rattle about your

<sup>1</sup> *Roarers.*] On the subject of roarers, or roaring boys, see a note on the Sun's Darling, in this volume.

<sup>2</sup> *Copesmate.*] An old word, used in Spenser's Mother Hubbard's Tale, for companion, friend: here it seems rather to signify mate or husband.

<sup>3</sup> *A soldier is in peace a mockery, a very town-bull for laugh-*



ears once, and the security of a soldier is right honourable amongst ye then: that day may shine again. So to my business.

*Mart.* A soldier! thou a soldier! I do believe Thou'rt lowsy; that's a pretty sign I grant:  
A villainous poor banditti rather; one  
Can man a quean<sup>1</sup>, and cant, and pick a pocket,  
Pad<sup>2</sup> for a cloak, or hat, and, in the dark,  
Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducat.  
A soldier! yes, 'a looks as if 'a had not  
The spirit of a herring, or a tumbler.

*Ben.* Let age and dotage rage together, Levi-dolche, thou art mine; on what conditions the world shall soon witness. Yet since our hands join'd, I have not interested<sup>3</sup> my possession of thy bed, nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do I mean. Kiss me quick and resolute. So adieu, signior.

*Lev.* Dear, for love's sake, stay.

*Ben.* Forbear entreaties. [*Exit.*]

*Mart.* Ah, thou—but what? I know not how to call thee:

Fain would I smother grief, and out it must.  
My heart is broke, thou hast for many a day  
Been at a loss, and now art lost for ever;  
Lost, lost, without recovery.

*ter: unthrifts and landed babies, are prey-curmudgeons, lay their baits for.]* That is, Who lay their baits for them, (the soldiers.) This is the only sense I can extract from this passage, which is very inaccurately worded.

<sup>1</sup> *Can man a quean.]* To man whores was a very usual phrase in old authors, and signified, to attend upon them. For instance, in the *Scornful Lady*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, "Why, I'll purse; if that fail me, I'll bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores."

<sup>2</sup> *Pad.]* A cant expression for robbing on foot.

<sup>3</sup> *I have not interested,] i. e.* I have not claimed my interest in. The word, spelt in the same manner, is used by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

*Lev.* With pardon,  
Let me retain your sorrows.

*Mart.* 'Tis impossible;  
Despair of rising up to honest fame  
Turns all the courses wild, and this last action  
Will roar thy infamy. Then you are certainly  
Married, forsooth, unto this new-come!

*Lev.* Yes, — Yes,  
And herein every hope is brought to life,  
Which long hath lain in deadness; I have once  
more

Wedded Benatzi, my divorced husband.

*Mart.* Benatzi! this the man?

*Lev.* No odd disguise  
Could guard him from discovery; 'tis he,  
The choice of my ambition. Heaven preserve me  
Thankful for such a bounty! Yet he dreams not  
Of this deceit; but let me die in speaking,  
If I repute not my success more happy  
Than any earthly blessing. Oh! sweet uncle,  
Rejoice with me; I am a faithful convert,  
And will redeem the stains of a foul name,  
By love and true obedience.

*Mart.* Force of passion  
Shews me a child again. Do, Levidolche,  
Perform thy resolutions; those perform'd,  
I have been only steward for your welfare,  
You shall have all between ye.

*Lev.* Join with me, sir;  
Our plot requires much speed: we must be earnest.  
I'll tell you what conditions threaten danger,  
Unless you intermeditate; let us hasten,  
For fear we come too late.

*Mart.* As thou intendest  
A virtuous honesty, I am thy second

To any office, Levidolche witty,  
My niece, my witty niece.

*Lev.* Let's slack no time, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in TRELCATIO's House.*

*Enter TRELCATIO, MALFATO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.*

*Trel.* Kinsman and ladies, have a little patience,  
All will be as you wish ; I'll be your warrant,  
Fear nothing ; Auria is a noble fellow.

I leave ye ; but, be sure, I am in hearing :

Take courage.

[*Exit.*]

*Mal.* Courage ! they who have no hearts,  
Find none to lose ; ours is as great as his,  
Who defies danger most. Sure state and ceremony !  
In habit here like strangers, we shall wait,  
Formality of entertainment. Cousin,  
Let us return, 'tis paltry.

*Spin.* Gentle sir,  
Confine your passion ; my attendance only  
Commands a duty.

*Enter AURIA and AURELIO.*

*Cast.*<sup>1</sup> Now, for Heaven's sake, sister !—  
He comes, your husband comes ; take comfort sis-  
ter.

*Aur.* Malfato !

*Mal.* Auria !

*Aur.* Cousin, 'would mine arms,

<sup>1</sup> *Cast.*] This speech is unappropriated in the quarto.



In their embraces, might at once deliver  
Affectionately what interest your merit  
Holds in my estimation. I may chide  
The coyness of this intercourse betwixt us,  
Which a retired privacy on your part  
Hath pleas'd to shew. If ought of my endeavours  
Can purchase kind opinion, I shall honour  
The means and practice.

*Mal.* 'Tis your charity.

*Aurel.* Worthy Malfato!

*Mal.* Provident Aurelio!

*Aur.* Castanna, virtuous maid!

*Cast.* Your servant, brother.

*Aur.* But who's that other? Such a face mine  
eyes

Have been acquainted with; the sight resembles  
Something which is not quite lost to remembrance.

[*SPINELLA kneels.*

Why does the lady kneel? to whom? Pray rise;  
I shall forget civility of manners,  
Imagining you tender a false tribute,  
Or him to whom you tender it, a counterfeit.

*Mal.* My lord, you use a borrow'd bravery,  
Not suiting fair constructions. May your fortunes  
Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em;  
Yet this waste kind of antic sovereignty  
Unto a wife who equals every best  
Of your deserts, achievements, or posterity,  
Bewrays a barrenness of noble nature.  
Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughness,  
Clear spirits to the humble will be humble:  
You know your wife, no doubt.

*Aur.* 'Cry ye mercy, gentleman,  
Belike you come to tutor a good carriage<sup>1</sup>,  
Are expert in the nick on't: we shall study

<sup>1</sup> *Carriage,*] Conduct, behaviour.



Instructions quaintly. Wife you said? agreed.  
Keep fair, and stand the trial.

*Spin.* Those words raise  
A lively soul in her, who almost yielded  
To faintness and stupidity; I thank ye:  
Though prove what judge you will, till I can purge  
Objections which require belief and conscience,  
I have no kindred, sister, husband, friend,  
Or pity for my plea.

*Mal.* Call ye this welcome?  
We are mistook, Castanna.

*Cast.* Oh! my lord,  
Other respects were promised.

*Aur.* Said ye, lady,  
No kindred, sister, husband, friend?

*Spin.* Nor name;  
With this addition, I disclaim all benefit  
Of mercy from a charitable thought,  
If one or all the subtleties of malice,  
If any engineer of faithless discord,  
If supposition for pretence in folly,  
Can point out, without injury to goodness,  
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,  
Which may declare neglect in every duty,  
Requir'd, fit, or exacted.

*Aur.* High and peremptory,  
The confidence is masculine.

*Mal.* Why not?  
An honourable cause gives life to truth,  
Without controul.

*Spin.* I can proceed; that tongue,  
Whose venom, by traducing spotless honour,  
Hath spread th' infection, is not more mine enemy,  
Than their's, or his, weak and besotted brains are,  
On whom the poison of its cankered falsehood  
Hath wrought for credit to so foul a mischief.  
Speak, sir, the churlish voice of this combustion,

Aurelio, speak ; nor, gentle sir, forbear  
Ought what you know, but roundly use your elo-  
quence

Against a mean defendant.

*Mal.* He's put to't ;  
It seems the challenge gravels him.

*Aurel.* My intelligence,  
Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.  
A self-confession may crave assistance ;  
Let the lady's justice impose the penance.  
So, in the rules of friendship, as of love,  
Suspicion is not seldom an improper  
Advantage for the knitting faster joints  
Of faithfullest affection, by the fevers  
Of casualty unloos'd, where lastly error  
Hath run into the toil.

*Spin.* Woful satisfaction  
For a divorce of hearts !

*Aur.* So resolute ?  
I shall touch nearer home : behold these hairs,  
Great masters of a spirit ! yet they are not  
By winter of old age quite hid in snow ;  
Some messengers of time I must acknowledge  
Amongst them took up lodging ; when we first  
Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, I was proud  
I did prevail with one whose youth and beauty  
Deserv'd a choice more suitable in both.  
Advancement to a fortune could not court  
Ambition, either on my side, or hers :  
Love drove the bargain, and the truth of love  
Confirm'd it, I conceiv'd. But disproportion  
In years, amongst the married, is a reason  
For change of pleasures ; whereto I reply,  
Our union was not forc'd, 'twas by consent ;  
So then the breach in such a case appears  
Unpardonable : Say your thoughts.

*Spin.* My thoughts

In that respect are as resolute as yours,  
 The same ; yet herein evidence of frailty  
 Deserv'd not more a separation,  
 Than doth charge of disloyalty objected  
 Without or ground or witness ; womens faults  
 Subject to punishments, and mens applauded,  
 Prescribe no laws in force.

*Aarel.* Are ye so nimble ?

*Mal.* A soul sublim'd from dross by competition,  
 Such as is mighty Auria's fam'd, descends  
 From its own sphere, when injuries, profound ones,  
 Yield to the combat of a scolding mastery.  
 Skirmish of words hath with your wife lewdly rang'd,  
 Adulterating the honour of your bed.  
 Hold [not<sup>1</sup>] dispute, but execute your vengeance,  
 With unresisted rage ; we shall look on,  
 Allow the fact, and spurn her from our bloods ;  
 Else, not detected, you have wrong'd her innocence  
 Unworthily and childishly, for which  
 I challenge satisfaction.

*Cast.* 'Tis a tyranny  
 Over an humble and obedient sweetness,  
 Ungently to insult.

*Enter ADURNI.*

*Adur.* That I make good,  
 And must without exception find admittance,  
 Fitting the party who hath herein interest.  
 Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd merely  
 To a misguided thought ; and who in presence,  
 Except the pair of sisters, fair and matchless,  
 Can quit an imputation of like folly ?  
 Here I ask pardon, excellent Spinella,

<sup>1</sup> *Not.]* This word is accidentally omitted in the quarto. The context is so obscure, that I strongly suspect the omission of a line in this speech ; the quarto being superlatively incorrect.



Of only you ; that granted, he amongst you,  
Who calls an even reckoning, shall meet  
An even accountant.

*Aur.* Baited by confederacy !

I must have right.

*Spin.* And I, my lord.—My lord,  
What stir and coil is here ? you can suspect ?  
So reconciliation then is needless ;  
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,  
And never more see one another. Sister,  
Lend me thine arm ; I have assum'd a courage  
Above my force, and can hold out no longer.  
Auria, unkind, unkind !

*Cast.* She faints.

*Aur.* Spinella !

Regent of my affections, thou hast conquer'd :  
I find thy virtues as I left them, perfect,  
Pure, and unflaw'd ; for instance, let me claim  
Castanna's promise.

*Cast.* Mine !

*Aur.* Yours, to whose faith  
I am a guardian, not by imposition,  
But by you chosen. Look you, I have fitted  
A husband for you, noble and deserving ;  
No shrinking back. Adurni, I present her,  
A wife of worth.

*Mal.* How's that ?

*Adur.* So great a blessing  
Crowns all desires of life.—The motion, lady,  
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden,  
But welcom'd and forethought ; 'would you could  
please.

To say the like.

*Aur.* Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest :  
It rectifies all crooks, [all] vain surmises ;  
I pr'ythee speak.



*Spin.* The courtship's somewhat quick,  
The match it seems agreed on ; do not, sister,  
Reject the use of fate.

*Cast.* I dare not question  
The will of heaven.

*Mal.* Unthought of and unlook'd for.

*Spin.* My ever-honoured lord.

*Aurel.* This marriage frees  
Each circumstance of jealousy.

*Aur.* Make no scruple,  
Castanna, of the choice ; 'tis firm and real :  
Why else have I so long with tameness nourish'd  
Report of wrongs, but that I fix'd on issue  
Of my desires. Italians use not dalliance,  
But execution : herein I degenerated  
From custom of our nation ; for the virtues  
Of my Spinella rooted in my soul.  
The common form of matrimonial compliments '  
Short-liv'd are as their pleasures. Yet, in sooth,  
My dearest, I might blame your causeless absence,  
To whom my love and nature were no strangers,  
But being in your kinsman's house, I honour  
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.  
Now lasting truce on all hands.

*Aurel.* You will pardon  
A rash and overbusy curiosity.

*Spin.* It was to blame, but the success remits it.

*Adur.* Sir, what presumptions formerly have  
grounded

\* Yet common form of matrimonial compliments.

*Short liv'd, as are their pleasures.*] So the quarto. I much suspect some omission to have taken place. The alterations in the text, however, restore some degree of sense, which the original is entirely destitute of. Yet, at the head of the first line might easily have been caught by the eye of the compositor from the second line : a kind of corruption well known to all who have had any transactions with the press. The might have been written with the common abbreviation y<sup>e</sup>, in the manuscript.

Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,  
On my part I shall faithfully acquit  
At easy summons.

*Mal.* You prevent the nicety ;  
Use your own pleasure.

*Enter BENATZI, his sword drawn, LEVIDOLCHE  
and MARTINO following.*

*Aurel.* What's the matter ?

*Aur.* Matter !

*Ben.* Adurni and Malfato found together !  
Now for a glorious vengeance.

*Lev.* Hold, oh hold him !

*Aurel.* This is no place for murder ; yield thy  
sword.

*Aur.* Yield it, or force it ; set you up your  
shambles

Of slaughter in my presence ?

*Adur.* Let him come.

*Mal.* What can the ruffian mean ?

*Ben.* I am prevented.

The temple or the chamber of the duke,  
Had else not prov'd a sanctuary. Lord,  
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.

*Adur.* Thy wife ! I know not her, nor thee.

*Aur.* Fear nothing.

*Lev.* Yes, me you know. Heaven has a gentle  
mercy

For penitent offenders : blessed ladies,  
Repute me not a cast-away, though once  
I fell into some lapses, which our sex  
Are oft entangled by ; yet what I have been,  
Concerns me now no more, who am resolv'd  
On a new life. This gentleman, Benatzi,  
Disguised as you see, I have remarried.—  
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly  
Submission for all errors.

*Mart.* Nay, 'tis true sir.

*Ben.* I joy in the discovery, am thankful  
Unto the change.

*Aur.* Let wonder henceforth cease,  
For I am partner with Benatzi's counsels,  
And in them was director. I have seen  
The man do service in the wars late past,  
Worthy an ample mention ; but of that  
At large hereafter, repetitions now  
Of good or bad, would straiten time, presented  
For other use.

*Mart.* Welcome, and welcome ever.

*Lev.* Mine eyes, sir, never shall without a blush  
Receive a look from yours ; please to forget  
All passages of rashness ; such attempt  
Was mine, and only mine.

*Mal.* You have found a way  
To happiness ; I honour the conversion.

*Adur.* Then I am freed.

*Mal.* May style your friend your servant.

*Mart.* Now all that's mine is theirs.

*Adur.* But let me add  
An offering to the altar of this peace.

*Aur.* How likes Spinella this ? our holiday  
Deserves the kalendar.

*Spin.* This gentlewoman  
Reform'd, must in my thoughts live fair and worthy.  
Indeed you shall.

*Cast.* And mine ; the novelty  
Requires a friendly love.

*Lev.* You are kind and bountiful.

*Enter* TRELCATIO, FUTELLI, AMORETTA, PIERO,  
*driving in* FULGOSO and GUZMAN.

*Trel.* By your leaves, lords and ladies, to your  
jollities,  
I bring increase with mine too ; here's a youngster



Whom I call son-in-law, for so my daughter  
Will have it.

*Amor.* Yeth, in sooth thee will.

*Trel.* *(to general)* ~~marry the lady~~ Futelli  
Hath wean'd her from this pain.

*Piero.* Stand forth, stout lovers.

*Trel.* Top and top-gallant pair!—And for his  
pains,

She will have him or none. He's not the richest  
I th' parish; but a wit. I say, amen,  
Because I cannot help it.

*Amor.* Tith no matter.

*Aur.* We'll remedy the penury of fortune;  
They shall with us to Corsica. Our cousin  
Must not despair of means, since 'tis believ'd  
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.

*Fut.* You are in all unfellowed.

*Amor.* Withly thpoken.

*Piero.* Think on Piero, sir.

*Aur.* Piero, yes.

But what of these two pretty ones?

*Ful.* I'll follow

The ladies, play at cards, make sport, and whistle;  
My purse shall bear me out; a lazy life  
Is scurvy and debosh'd<sup>1</sup>; fight you abroad,  
And we'll be game, whilest you fight, at home.  
Run high, run low, here is a brain can do't;  
But for my martial brother Don, pr'ythee make him—  
A what-d'ye call't?—a setting dog, a centinel:  
I'll mend his weekly pay.

*Guz.* He shall deserve it.

Vouchsafe employment honourable.

<sup>1</sup> *Deboshed.*] This was the ancient way of spelling this word.  
So in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*:

———“saucy fellows,  
*Deboshed* and daily drunkards.”

*Ful.* ~~THE DON OF AN ENGLISH~~ Marry,  
The Don's a generous Don.

*Aur.* Unfit to lose him.  
Command doth limit us short time for revels,  
We must be thrifty in them. None, I trust,  
Repines at these delights, they are free and harm-  
less :

After distress at sea, the dangers o'er,  
Safety and welcomes better taste ashore.

## EPILOGUE.

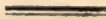
THE court's on rising ; 'tis too late  
To wish the lady in her fate  
Of trial now more fortunate.  
A verdict in the jury's breast,  
Will be giv'n up anon at least,  
Till then 'tis fit we hope the best.  
Else if there can be any stay,  
Next sitting without more delay,  
We will expect a gentle day.





**THE SUN'S DARLING.**

**A MORAL MASQUE.**



**BY JOHN FORD AND THOMAS DECKER.**

# THE BIRD DOG

A NOVEL

BY J. M. COLEMAN

## THE SUN'S DARLING.

THE Masque is the joint production of two authors, certainly not of equal merit, but, in their day, of nearly equal popularity. It would be in vain to assign the different scenes to the two different poets who produced them; and the usual practice of editors, in these joint performances, of assigning the best parts to the author whose works they are editing, and the worst to his colleague, is too invidious not to deserve reprehension. Decker, besides some very valuable pamphlets, wrote a considerable number of plays, and in several others assisted Massinger, Rowley, Middleton, Webster, &c. The comedies of *Old Fortunatus*, *The Honest Whore*, and *Satiromastrix*, or the *Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, an answer to an attack from Ben Jonson, have very considerable merit. Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says that this veteran play-wright was "full three-score years old in 1638," and that "he was in King's Bench prison between 1613 and 1616, and how much longer I know not."

The following is the full title of the present Drama: "The Sun's-Darling: A Moral Masque: As it hath been often presented by their Majesties servants, at the Cock-pit in Drury-Lane, with great applause. Written by John Foard and Tho. Decker, Gent. [Then a wood-cut illustrative of the subject.] London, printed by T. Bell, for Andrew Penneycuicke, Anno Dom. 1657. 4to." This masque was first presented in March 1623-4, a fact ascertained by Mr Malone, which fixes the rank it holds in the chronological order of our author's productions. A metrical commendation by J. Tatham is prefixed, which will be found in the first volume.



[illegible]

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,

LORD WRIOTHESLEY, OF TITCHFIELD, &c.

MY LORD!

HERODOTUS reports, that the Ægyptians, by wrapping their dead in glass, present them lively to all posterity: but your lordship will do more, by the vivifying beams of your acceptance revive the parents of this orphan poem, and make them live to eternity. While the stage flourished, the poem lived by the breath of general applauses, and the virtual favour\* of the court; but since hath languished for want of heat, and now, near shrunk up with cold, creeps, with a shivering fear, to extend itself at the flames of your benignity. My lord, though it seems rough and forlorn, it is the issue of worthy parents, and we doubt not, but you will find it accomplished with their virtue. Be pleased then, my lord, to give it entertainment; the more destitute and needy it is, the greater reward may be challenged by your charity; and so, being sheltered

\* *Fervor.*] So the quarto reads.

under your wings, and comforted by the sunshine of your favour, it will become proof against the injustice of time, and, like one of Demetrius' statues, appear fresher and fresher to all ages. My lord, were we not confident of the excellence of the piece, we should not dare to assume an impudence to prefer<sup>1</sup> it to a person of your honour, and known judgment; whose hearts are ready sacrifices to your name and honour, being, my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obligedly submissive servants,

THEOPHILUS BIRD<sup>2</sup>.

ANDREW PENNEYCUICKE<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Prefer.*] This verb was often used for offer, or proffer.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 225 of this volume.

<sup>3</sup> Andrew Penneycuicke, as well as Bird, was a performer of reputation. His line of acting was principally confined to female characters.

READER,

It is not here intended to present thee with the perfect analogy betwixt the world and man\*, which was made for man; nor their co-existence, the world determining † with man: this, I presume, hath been by others treated on: but, drawing the curtain of this moral, you shall find him in his progression as followeth:

*The First Season,*

Presents him in the twilight of his age,  
Not pot-gun-proof ‡, and yet he'll have his page:  
This small knight-errant will encounter things  
Above his perch, and like the partridge springs.

*The Second Season:*

Folly, his squire, the lady Humour brings,  
Who in his ear far sweeter novels sings.  
He follows them; forsakes the April queen,  
And now the noon-tide of his age is seen.

*The Third Season.*

As soon, as nerv'd with strength, he becomes weak,  
Folly and Humour do § his reason break;

\* *World and man.*] In this age allegory was considered the most perfect qualification of poetry; every poem of reputation was supposed to contain a continued strain of mysterious significations. The most terrestrial, and therefore one of the most delightful of poets, Ariosto, was construed to have written with an apparent levity, but with a deep and profound meaning, which, of course, the commentators took great pains to demonstrate. The "analogy betwixt the world and man," or Macrocosmus and Microcosmus, was particularly a favourite subject, and furnished subjects for several poetical pieces, such as Sir John Davies's Microcosmus, the Moral Masque, of the same name, by Thomas Nabbes, and the present drama, which, we must confess, is, in point of poetical merit, far surpassed by the performance last mentioned.

† *Determining.*] This word is frequently employed by the old writers for terminating.

‡ *Not pot-gun proof.*] A pot-gun is a favourite plaything among boys, consisting of a hollow cane or reed. It is employed reproachfully in Webster's Duchess of Malfy, Act III. sc. 3.

"I saw a Dutchman break his pate once  
For calling him pot-gun; he made his head  
Have a bore like a musket."

§ *Do.*] The old copy reads ungrammatically *doth*, and in the next line *hurries*.



Hurry him from his noontide to his even :  
From summer to his autumn he is driven.

*The Fourth Season.*

And now the winter, or his nonage, takes him ;  
The sad remembrance of his errors wakes him ;  
Folly and Humour fain he'd cast away,  
But they will never leave him till he's clay.  
Thus man as clay descends, ascends in spirit ;  
Dust goes to dust ; the soul unto its merit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHŒBUS, *the Sun.*

RAYBRIGHT, *the Sun's Darling.*

Lady SPRING.

YOUTH,

DELIGHT, } *her attendants.*

HEALTH,

SUMMER.

PLENTY.

POMONA.

CUPID.

FORTUNE.

AUTUMN.

BACCHANALIAN.

BOUNTY.

WINTER.

CONCEIT.

DETRACTION.

TIME.

PRIEST *of the Sun.*

HUMOUR.

FOLLY.

*A Soldier.*

*A Spaniard.*

*An Italian Dancer.*

*A French Tailor.*

*A Forester.*

*ÆOLUS.*

*Maskers,*

*Three Clowns.*

# THE SUN'S DARLING.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Temple with an Altar.*—RAYBRIGHT  
*discovered sleeping.*

*Enter the PRIEST of the Sun.*

*Priest.* Let your tunes, you sweet voic'd spheres  
o'ertake him :  
Charm his fancies, ope his ears ; now awake him !  
[*Music*].

### SONG.

*Fancies are but streams  
Of vain pleasure :  
They, who by their dreams  
True joys measure,*

[*Music*.] The old copy has (apparently a continuation of the speech, though at a little distance from it) *begin*. This was no doubt a direction to the musicians to strike up, and, therefore, a correspondent stage-direction has been introduced in this edition.



*Feasting starve, laughing weep,  
 Playing smart; whilst in sleep  
 Fools, with shadows smiling,  
 Wake and find  
 Hopes like wind,  
 Idle hopes beguiling.  
 Thoughts fly away; Time hath past them:  
 Wake now, awake! see and taste them!*  
 [RAYBRIGHT wakes.]

*Ray.* That I might ever slumber, and enjoy  
 Contents as happy as the soul's best wishes  
 Can fancy or imagine! 'Tis a cruelty  
 Beyond example, to usurp the peace  
 I sat enthron'd in. Who was't pluck'd me from it?

*Priest.* Young man, look hither!

*Ray.* Good, I envy not  
 The pomp of your high office; all preferment  
 Of earthly glories are to me diseases,  
 Infecting those sound parts which should preserve  
 The flattering retribution to my thankfulness.  
 The times are better to me; there's no taste  
 Left on the palate of my discontent  
 To catch at empty hopes, whose only blessedness  
 Depends on being miserable.

*Priest.* Raybright,  
 Thou draw'st thy great descent from my grand  
 patron  
 The Sun, whose priest I am.

*Ray.* For small advantage:  
 He who is high-born never mounts yon battlements  
 Of sparkling stars, unless he be ' in spirit

\* *Unless he be.*] Old copy---unless *I* be. It may here be observed, that this play is by far the most incorrectly printed amongst those of our author, even far more so than *The Lady's Trial*. For this reason, very obvious corrections of single words have not been always noticed.

As humble as the child of one that sweats  
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

*Priest.* Hast thou not flow'd in honours?

*Ray.* Honours? I'd not be baited<sup>1</sup> with my fears  
Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature  
An age together. 'Tis besides as comfortable  
To die upon th' embroidery of the grass  
Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,  
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down  
And break my neck, to be talk'd of and wonder'd at.

*Priest.* You have worn rich habits.

*Ray.* Fine ass-trappings.  
A pedlar's heir, turn'd gallant, follows fashion<sup>2</sup>,  
Can, by a cross-legg'd tailor, be transform'd  
Into a jack-a-napes of passing bravery<sup>3</sup>.  
'Tis a stout happiness to wear good clothes,  
Yet live and die a fool!—Mew!

*Priest.* You have had choice  
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

*Ray.* Monkies and parakeetoes are as pretty  
To play withal, tho' not indeed so gentle.  
Honesty's indeed a fine jewel; but the Indies  
Where it grows is hard to be discover'd. 'Troth,  
sir!  
I care for no long travels with lost labour.

<sup>1</sup> *Baited.*] Baiting is explained by Latham, to signify, in the language of falconry, "when a hawke fluttereth with her wings, either from the perch or the man's fist, striving, as it were, to flie away or get libertie." This is of course chiefly the case before the hawk flies at the prey; and to this the allusion in the text seems to refer. "I'd not be baited with my fears of losing them;" or, I would not be pursued by the fear of losing the honours, to be their creature for "an age together."

<sup>2</sup> *Follows.*] I suspect we should read "*following* fashion."  
This speech is not appropriated in the quarto.

<sup>3</sup> *Bravery.*] Gorgeous apparel, livery.

*Priest.* Pleasures of every sense have been your servants,  
Whenas you have commanded them.

*Ray.* To threaten ruin,  
Corrupt the purity of knowledge ; wrest  
Desires of better life to those of this <sup>1</sup>,  
This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keeping.

*Priest.* 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence  
To your own dull'd affections, sway your judgment ;  
You could not else be thus lost, or suspect  
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of you.

*Ray.* The care ! the scorn he throws on me.

*Priest.* Fie ! fie !  
Have you <sup>2</sup> been sent out into strange lands,  
Seen courts of foreign kings ; by them been grac'd,  
To bring home such neglect ?

*Ray.* I have reason for it.

*Priest.* Pray, shew it.

*Ray.* Since my coming home I have found  
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,  
Than in my life's whole pilgrimage.

*Priest.* Your fantasy  
Misleads your judgment vainly. Sir, in brief,  
I am to tell you, how I have received  
From your progenitor, my lord the Sun,  
A token, that he visibly will descend  
From the celestial orb to gratify  
All your wild longings.

<sup>1</sup> *To those of this.*] Old copy---these. The language of this drama is sometimes singularly involved. It is uncertain whether we should attribute this to the obscurity which certainly often occurs in the writings of Ford, to the inferior genius of his colleague Dekker, or the blunders of the editors, Theophilus Bird and Andrew Pennycuicke. Raybright seems here to exclaim against the offer of the Sun to gratify all his present longings, by which his thinking on futurity would be prevented.

<sup>2</sup> *Have you, &c.*] The interjection *Fie!* repeated before these words, would render the line metrical.



*Ray.* Very likely ! when, pray ?  
The world the whilst shall be beholding to him.  
For a long night ; new-married men will curse,  
Though their brides tickle for't. Oh ! candle and  
lanthorn  
Will grow to an excessive rate i' th' city.

*Priest.* These are but flashes of a brain disorder-  
ed.

Contain your flood of spleen in seemly bounds ;  
Your eyes shall be your witness.

*Ray.* He may come.

*Enter TIME with a whip, whipping FOLLY in mean  
attire before him.*

*Time.* Hence, hence thou shame of nature, man-  
kind's foil !

Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee, and  
scorns thee.

*Fol.* Whip me from the world ! why whip ! am  
I a dog, a cur, a mongrel ? baw waw ! Do thy  
worst, I defy thee ! [Sings.

*I will roar and squander,  
Cozen and be drunk too ;  
I will maintain my pandar,  
Keep my horse and punk too ;  
Brawl and scuffle,  
Shift and shuffle,  
Swagger in my potmeals :  
Damn-me's rank with ;  
Do mad prank with  
Roaring boys and oatmeals<sup>1</sup>.*

<sup>1</sup> *Roaring boys and oatmeals.*] The Roarers seem in these times to have been as celebrated as the Mohocks in those of the Spectator. The latter were probably no other than a continuation of similar riotous associations, which, under various names, continued to terrify the quiet citizens, and furnish the glaziers



*Pox on time! I care not :  
 Being past, 'tis nothing.  
 I'll be free and spare not,  
 Sorrows are life's loathing :  
 Melancholy  
 Is but folly ;  
 Mirth and youth are plotters.  
 Time go hang thee!  
 I will bang thee,  
 Tho' I die in totters<sup>1</sup>.*

with employment. Ben Jonson introduces in his admirable comedy of Bartholomew Fair, *Val Cutting, a roarer*; and this terrible appellation occurs in several dramas of those days. Thus, in Massinger's *Renegado*, Gazet exclaims, when witnessing the destruction of his master's ware, by Donusa :

"A lady turn roarer, and break glasses!"

Again, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy* : "They say your *roaring boyes* eat seldom, and that makes them so valiant," A. II. sc. 1. But the best information on the subject is contained in Middleton and Rowley's comedy, *A Faire Quarrel*, A. II. : "To the roaring school? pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noise; I shall never attain it neither.—*Trim*. Well, you must learn to roare here in London, you'll never proceed in the reputation of gallantrie'else. *Chaw*. How long has roaring been an exercise?" &c. The fourth act opens with a roaring school, to which I refer the curious reader. We have there the true language and behaviour of a roarer. The former is not unlike that put into the mouth of the literary bugbear Dr Johnson, by Campbell, in his *Lexiphanes*. The latter consisted of bullying and buffeting persons in the street; two roarers quarrelling in incomprehensible language, and, finally, adjourning to a wine-cellar to make up their dispute over a bottle.—The *oatmeals*, which are mentioned in the same line in the text, were probably similar to the *roaring-boys*; but I have not been so fortunate as to discover any other reference to their exploits, excepting the following title of an old pamphlet alludes to one of their order, "A Quest of Enquirie by Women to know, Whether the Tripe-wife were trimmed by Doll yea or no. Gathered by Oliver *Oat-meale*. London, &c. 1595," 4to. See the *British Bibliographer*, I. 34.

<sup>1</sup> *Totters*.] Old copy reads *cotters*. I am unable to discover any passage in support of the ancient reading. *Tatters* is evidently the meaning intended; and as to the present alteration

And what think you of this, you old doating, moth-eaten, bearded rascal? As I am Folly by the mother's side, and a true-bred gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex me. Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on, now and then, his working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a beadle's rod of correction? Go, mend thyself, cannibal! 'tis not without need; I am sure the times were never more beggarly and proud: waiting-women flaunt it in cast-suits, and their ladies fall for 'em; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fools'. Pitiful time! pitiful time!

*Time.* Out fool! prodigious and abortive birth! Behold! the sand-glass of thy days is broke.

*Fol.* Bring me another! I'll shatter that too.

*Time.* No, thou hast mis-spent thy hours, lavish fool,

Like the circuit of thy life, in ceaseless riots:  
It is not therefore fit, that thou should'st live  
In such a court, as the Sun's majesty  
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beams.

*Fol.* In any court, father bald-pate, where my grannam the Moon shews her horns, except the Consistory Court; and there she need not appear, cuckolds carry such sharp stilettos in their foreheads. I'll live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, maugre<sup>2</sup> thy scurvy and abominable hatred.

into *totters*, greater adulterations of words have been made in sacrifice to rhyme, in ancient as well as in modern times.

\* *Cap and knee.*] Both capping (taking off the cap) and kneeling, were salutations required by superiors. Of the former an instance occurs in *Othello*:

" ————— Three great ones of the city,  
In personal snit to make me his lieutenant,  
Oft capp'd to him."

<sup>2</sup> *Maugre,*] In spite of.

*Time.* Priest of the sun, 'tis near about the minute

Thy patron will descend. Scourge hence this trifle! Time is ne'er lost, till in the common schools Of impudence, time meets with wilful fools. [*Exit.*

*Fol.* Farewell 1538<sup>1</sup>! I might have said five thousand, but the other's long enough o' conscience, to be honest-condition'd. Pox on him! It's a notable railing whipper of a plain Time-whipper.

*Priest.* You heard the charge he left.

*Fol.* Ay, ay, a' may give a charge; a' has been a petty court-holder ever since he was a minute old; he took you for a foreman of a jury.

*Ray.* Pray, sir, what are you?

*Fol.* No matter what; what are you?

*Ray.* Not as you are, I thank my better fates; I am grandchild to the Sun.

*Fol.* And I am cousin-german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

*Ray.* Folly, sir? of what quality?

*Fol.* Quality? Any quality in fashion: drinking, whoring, singing, dancing, dicing, swearing, roaring, foisting<sup>2</sup>, lying, cogging<sup>3</sup>, canting, *et cætera*. Will you have any more?

<sup>1</sup> *Farewell 1538!*] I suspect we should read 1638. The masque, as has been said above, was produced in March 1623-4; but that 1638 is the year mentioned in the text, as referring to the then present year, is easily accounted for, by supposing that the players altered the number, according to each period of representation. As there is no doubt that this play was printed from their copies, the alteration may thus easily be accounted for, and 1638 may have been the last year of its performance.

<sup>2</sup> *Foisting.*] Foisting is explained by Cotgrave's Continuator, to signify, *menterie, sornette*; lying, jesting, &c. In Dekker's *Belman*, a *foist* is described as a cant-word for a pick-pocket, and as such is employed in his and Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cut-purse*. As Dekker probably wrote the



*Ray.* You have a merry heart, if you can guide it.

*Fol.* Yes, 'faith! so, so. I laugh not at those whom I fear; I fear not those whom I love; and I love not any whom I laugh not at: Pretty strange humour; is't not?

*Ray.* To any one, that knows you not, it is.

*Priest.* You must avoid. [*Music of Recorders*].

*Fol.* Away, away! I have no such meaning, indeed, la!

*Priest.* Hark, the fair hour is come; draw to the altar,

And, with amazement, reverence and comfort,  
Behold the broad-ey'd lamp of heaven descending!  
Stand!—

present scene, he undoubtedly uses the word in the latter signification.

<sup>3</sup> *Cogging*,] Playing with false dice; also flattery, lying, &c. Here used in the former sense, in which it occurs also in *Love's Labours Lost*:

"Since you can *cog*, I'll play no more with you."

Again, in the sense of lying, in *Vlpian Fulwell's First Part of the Eighth Liberal Science*, entitled, *Ars Adulandi, The Arte of Flat-terie*. Lond. 1597, 4.: "Lo, here is *Cretensis cum Cretense*, a *cogginge* knave with a lying varlett well met: he with his *Her-haltry*, and you with your *Hemphaltry*, I trust anon will make a good medley."—And in the same: "There stood afar off, a simple sot named V. F. [*Vlpian Fulwell*], and when hee saw how Mercury was fauoured for his *cogging*, perswaded himself that he by speakinge the trueth should be right well regarded."

<sup>1</sup> *Recorders*.] "Lord Bacon, in his *Natural History*, Cent. iii. sect. 221, speaks of *recorders* and flutes at the same time, and says, that the recorder hath a less bore, and a greater, above and below; and elsewhere, Cent. ii. sect. 187, he speaks of it as having six holes, in which respect it answers to the *Tibia minor* of *Mersennus*. From all which particulars, it should seem that the flute and the recorder were different instruments, and that the latter, in propriety of speech, was no other than the flageolet." *Hawkins's Hist. of Music*, Vol. IV. p. 479. See *Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare*, Vol. II. p. 248.



*The Sun appears above.*

*Fol.* Oh, brave!

*Priest.* Stand!

SONG.

*Glorious and bright! lo, here we bend  
Before thy throne, trembling, attend  
Thy sacred pleasures: be pleas'd then  
To show'r thy comforts down, that men  
May freely taste in life's extremes  
The influence of thy powerful dreams.*

*Ray.* Let not my fate too swiftly run,  
Till thou acknowledge me thy son.  
Oh! there's no joy even from the womb  
Of frailty, till we be called home.

*Fol.* Now, am I an arrant rascal, and cannot  
speak one word for myself, if I were hanged.

*Sun.* Raybright!

*Priest.* It calls you: answer!

*Ray.* Lord and Father!

*Sun.* We know thy cares; appear to give release.  
Boldly make thy demands, for we will please  
To grant whate'er thou say'st for.

*Ray.* Fair-beam'd sir!

I dare not greedily prefer  
Eternity of Earth's delights,  
Before that duty which invites  
My filial piety: in this  
Your love shall perfect my heart's bliss,  
If I but for one only year,  
Enjoy the several pleasures here,  
Which 'every season in his kind,  
Can bless a mortal with.

<sup>2</sup> *Which.*] Old copy, *with.* The alteration is so indispensably necessary, that no defence of it can be required.

*Sun.* I find  
Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it.  
Thou master'st thy desire, and shalt not want it.  
To the Spring-garden let him be conveyed,  
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid;  
All the varieties the Spring can shew,  
Be subject to his will.

*Priest.* Light's lord! we go.

[*Exeunt* PRIEST and RAYBRIGHT.]

*Fol.* And I will follow, that am not in love with  
such fopperies. [*Exit.*]

*Sun.* We must descend, and leave a while our  
sphere

To greet the world.—Ha! there does now appear<sup>1</sup>  
A circle in this round, of beams that shine  
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:  
No, let them shine out still, for these are they,  
By whose sweet favours, when our warmths decay,  
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish  
Our active motions, which in summer flourish,  
By their fair quick'ning dews of noble loves:  
Oh, may you all, like stars, whilst swift time moves,  
Stand fix'd in firmaments of blest content!  
Meanwhile [the] recreations we present,  
Shall strive to please.—I have the foremost tract:  
Each Season else begins and ends an Act. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the common-place compliments to the King, so essential in masques, which were expressly written for the court.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of Spring.*

*Enter* SPRING, RAYBRIGHT, YOUTH, HEALTH,  
and DELIGHT.

*Spring.* Welcome the mother of the year, the  
Spring<sup>1</sup>:

That mother, on whose back Age ne'er can sit,  
For Age still waits upon her; that Spring, the  
nurse

Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wan-  
ton;

Physician to the sick, strength to the sound;  
By whom all things above and under-ground<sup>2</sup>  
Are quicken'd with new heat, fresh blood, brave  
vigour,

That Spring on thy fair cheeks in kisses lays  
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those rays,  
From which thy name thou borrow'st: glorious  
name!

Raybright, as bright in person as in fame.

*Ray.* Your eyes amaz'd me first; but now mine  
ears

Feel your tongue's charms, in you move all the  
spheres.

Oh, lady! 'would the Sun, which gave me life,  
Had never sent me to you.

*Spring.* Why! all my veins  
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were come back,

<sup>1</sup> This speech is most absurdly pointed in the old copy. In the first line, Spring bids Raybright welcome her as the mother of the year.

<sup>2</sup> *Under-ground.*] Old copy, Under-round.

And with his frozen beard had numb'd my lips  
To hear that sigh fly from you.

*Ray.* Round about me  
A firmament of such full blessings shine,  
I in your sphere seem a star more divine  
Than in my father's chariot, should I ride  
One year about the world in all his pride.

*Spring.* Oh! that sweet breath revives me: if  
thou never  
Part'st hence, as part thou shalt not, be happy ever.

*Ray.* I know I shall.

*Spring.* Thou<sup>1</sup>, to buy whose state  
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth  
wait,  
(I charge thee!) on my darling.

*Youth.* Madam, I shall,  
And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,  
You still shall sit to gather them<sup>2</sup>, and when  
Their colours fade, braver<sup>3</sup> shall spring again.

*Spring.* Thou, without whom they that have ills  
of gold  
Are slaves and wretches, Health! that canst not be  
sold

Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower  
Guarded, for there lies the Spring's paramour

*Health.* One of my hands is writing still in Hea-  
ven,  
For that's Health's library; th' other on the Earth,

<sup>1</sup> *Thou.*] This speech is found in the following manner in the old quarto, and will convey some idea how full of corruptions that copy is:

“Thou to buy, whose state?  
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth wai &c.

Both these lines are still deficient in one syllable.

<sup>2</sup> *Them.*] Old copy, then.

<sup>3</sup> *Braver.*] Old copy, brave.



Is physic's treasurer, and what wealth those lay  
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.

*Ray.* Mortality sure falls from me.

*Spring.* Thou! to whose tunes  
The five nice senses dance; thou, that dost spin  
Those golden threads all women love to wind,  
And but for whom, man would cut off mankind,  
Delight! not base, but noble, touch thy lyre,  
And fill my court with brightest Delphic fire.

*Del.* Hover you wing'd musicians in the air!  
Clouds, leave your dancing! No winds stir but  
fair!

*Health.* Leave blust'ring March——

### SONG by DELIGHT.

*What bird so sings, yet so does wail?  
'Tis Philomel, the nightingale:  
Jugg, jugg, jugg, terue she cries,  
And, hating earth, to heaven she flies.—Cuckow.  
Ha, ha, hark, hark! the cuckows sing  
Cuckow, to welcome in the spring.  
Brave prick-song<sup>1</sup>! who is't now we hear?  
'Tis the lark's silver leer-a-leer.  
Chirrup the sparrow flies away:  
For he fell to't ere break of day.  
Ha, ha, hark, hark! the cuckows sing  
Cuckow, to welcome in the Spring<sup>2</sup>.*

<sup>1</sup> *rick-song.*] A song regulated by notes. Hence, the common expression, to *prick notes*, instead of *to write them*. *Prick-song* as opposed to *plain-song*, the former being written or *pricked* down, and the latter resting more in the will of the singer, being, in fact, a species of extempore music. So in *Microcosmus*, by Naes:

“I wd have all lovers begin and end their *prick-song* with Lachrymæ.”

See Rees note upon this passage (Old Plays, Vol. IX. p. 132), and Sir John Hawkins's Hist. of Music, Vol. II. p. 243.

<sup>2</sup> This song was inserted in Blount's edition of Lily's *Alexan-*

*Spring.* How does my sun-born sweetheart like  
his queen,  
Her court, her train?

*Ray.* Wond'rous ; such ne'er were seen.

*Health.* Fresher and fresher pastimes ! one de-  
light

Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.

*Del.* Music take Echo's voice, and dance quick  
rounds

To thine own times in repercussive sounds.

[*Exit.*—*An echo of Cornets.*]

*Spring.* Enough ! I will not weary thee. Plea-  
sures, change :

Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiac range.

*Re-enter DELIGHT.*

*Del.* A company of rural fellows, fac'd<sup>1</sup>

der and Campaspe, which was not published till 1632. It does not occur in the first edition of that play, printed in 1584, nor in the second, with the date 1591. The Sun's Darling, as before observed, was presented in 1623, nine years before Blount's Collection of the Court Comedies appeared ; so that it is at least doubtful who was the author of this beautiful ditty. Very possibly, neither our authors, nor Lily, wrote it, as it may have been introduced into both their dramas as a popular song. The variations, as it stands in Alexander and Campaspe, are so beautiful, that the whole is here subjoined, distinguishing the differences by italics :

" What bird so sings, yet so does wail?  
O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.  
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu she cries,  
And still her woes at midnight rise.  
Brave prick-song ! who is't now we hear?  
*None but the lark so shrill and clear ;*  
*How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,*  
*The morn not waking till she sings.*  
*Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,*  
*Poor robin red-breast tunes his note ;*  
*Hark, how the jolly cuckoes sing,*  
*Cuckoe to welcome in the spring,*  
*Cuckoe to welcome in the spring."*

<sup>1</sup> *Fac'd,*] Attired. Perhaps from the *facings* of garments,

Like lovers of your laws, beg to be grac'd  
Before your highness, to present their sport.

*Spring.* What is't?

*Del.* A morris'.

*Spring.* Give them our court!—

Stay! these dull birds may make thee stop thine  
ear.

Take thou my lightning! none but laurel<sup>2</sup> here  
Shall 'scape thy blasting: Whom thou wilt con-  
found

Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit  
crown'd.

*Ray.* Let these then; I may surfeit else on sweets;  
Sound sleeps do not still lie in prince's sheets.

*Spring.* Beckon the rurals in; the country-gray  
Seldom ploughs treason. Should'st thou be stol'n  
away

By great ones, that's my fear.

*Ray.* Fear it not, lady;  
Should all the world's black sorceries be laid  
To blow me hence, I move not.

which were generally turned up with different colours, So in  
King Henry IV.

"To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour."

And in the Interlude of Nature:

"His hose shall be freshly garded  
With colours two or three."

<sup>1</sup> The curious subject of Morris-dancers has received such ample illustrations in the late valuable publication of Mr Douce, that I need only refer my readers to his work, and to the variorum editions of Shakespeare. The best representation of them is on an ancient picture in the possession of Lord Fitzwilliam, an engraving of which is introduced in my friend Mr Maurice's elegant descriptive poem, entitled *Richmond Hill*. The same figures are copied on a larger scale in Mr Douce's *Illustrations*.

<sup>2</sup> *Laurel.*] It is well known, that, according to the ancient mythology, an exemption from the powers of lightning was granted to the laurel-tree.



*Spring.* I am made  
In that word the Earth's empress.—

*A Morris Dance.*

Are not these sports too rustic ?

*Ray.* No ; pretty and pleasing.

*Spring.* My youngest girl, the violet-breathing  
May,

Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,  
Is come to do you service ; will you please  
To honour her arrival ?

*Ray.* I shall attend.

*Spring.* On then, and bid the rosy-fingered  
May<sup>1</sup>

Rob hills and dales, and sweets to strew his way.

[*Exit with attendants.*

*Ray* An empress, say'st thou, fall'n in love with  
me !

*Fol.* She's a great woman, and all great women  
love to be empresses ; her name, the lady Humour.

*Ray.* Strange name ! I never saw her, know her  
not :

What kind of creature is she ?

*Fol.* Creature ! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek  
as jelly, white as blanched almonds ; no mercer's  
wife ever handled yard with a prettier breath, sweet  
as a monkey's ; lips of cherries, teeth of pearl, eyes  
of diamond, foot and leg as——

*Ray.* And what's thy name ?

*Fol.* 'Tis but a folly to tell it ; my name is Folly.

*Ray.* Humour and Folly ! To my listening ear  
Thy lady's praises often have been sung ;  
The trumpet, sounding forth her graceful beauties,  
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

<sup>1</sup> Another *morris-dance* is announced here in the old copy,  
of which there is no indication in the text.



*Fol.* She's as hot as you for your heart.

*Ray.* This lady, called the Spring, is an odd trifle.

*Fol.* A green-sickness thing. I came by the way of a hobby-horse letter-of-attorney, sent by my lady as a spy to you. Spring! a hot lady, a few fields and gardens lass! Can you feed upon sallads and tansies? eat like an ass upon grass every day at my lady's? Comes to you now a goose, now a woodcock; nothing but fowl; fowl pies, platters all covered with fowl, and is not fowl very good fare?

*Ray.* Yea, marry is't, sir; the fowl being kept clean<sup>1</sup>.

My admiration wastes itself in longings  
To see this rare piece: I'll see her; what are kings,  
Were not their pleasures varied? Shall not mine,  
then?

Should day last ever, 'twould be loath'd as night.  
Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.  
The way! I'll to her.

*Fol.* The way is windy and narrow: for, look you, I do but wind this cornet, and if another answer it, she comes.

*Ray.* Be quick then!

[*FOLLY* blows his cornet, and is answered from without.

*Enter HUMOUR, a Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian dancer, a French tailor.*

*Hum.* Is this that flower the Spring so dotes upon?

*Fol.* 'This is that honeysuckle she sticks in her ruff.

<sup>1</sup> *Fowl.*] A quibble, and, in truth, a miserable quibble, upon the substantive *fowl* and the adjective *foul*. A few speeches lower down, another still more silly occurs between winding and windy.

*Hum.* A bedfellow for a fairy !

*Ray.* Admir'd perfection !  
You set my praises to so high a tune,  
My merits cannot reach them.

*Hum.* My heart-strings shall then,  
As mine eye gives that sentence on thy person,  
And never was mine eye a corrupt judge ;  
That judge to save thee would condemn a world,  
And lose mankind to gain thee: 'tis not the Spring,  
With all her gaudy arbours, nor perfumes  
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,  
For shooting glances <sup>1</sup> at her, and for sending  
Whole choirs of singers to her every morn,  
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood  
As I can with one kiss.

*Ray.* The rose-lipp'd dawning  
Is not so melting, so delicious.  
Turn me into a bird, that I may sit  
Still singing in such boughs.

*Fol.* What bird ?

*Sol.* A ringtail.

*Hum.* Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to  
mine,  
My mine of treasures, which no hand shall rifle  
But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm.  
Invent some other tires <sup>2</sup> ! Music !—Stay, none !—

*Fol.* Heyday !

*Hum.* New gowns, fresh fashions ! I'm not brave <sup>3</sup>  
enough  
To make thee wonder at me.

<sup>1</sup> *Glances,*] Old copy,---glames.

<sup>2</sup> *Tires,*] Attires, dresses, vestments. So in Bishop Corbet's  
sarcastic verses on Mistress Mallet :

“ Whether her witte, forme, talke, smile, *tire* I name,  
Each is a stock of tyranny and shame.”

<sup>3</sup> *Brave,*] Well-dressed, gorgeously habited.

*Ray.* Not the moon,  
Riding at midnight in her crystal chariot,  
With all her courtiers in their robes of stars,  
Is half so glorious.

*Hum.* This feather was a bird of Paradise :  
Shall it be your's ?

*Ray.* No kingdom buys it from me.

*Fol.* Being in fool's paradise he must not lose  
his bauble<sup>1</sup>.

*Ray.* I am wrapt.

*Fol.* In your mother's smock.

*Ray.* I'm wrapt above man's being, in being  
sphered

In such a globe of rarities. But say, lady,  
What these are that attend you.

*Hum.* All my attendants  
Shall be to thee sworn servants.

*Fol.* Folly is sworn to him already never to leave  
him.

*Ray.* He ?

*Fol.* A French gentleman, that trails a Spanish  
pike<sup>2</sup> : a tailor.

*Tail.* Wee, mounsieur ; hey nimbla upon de  
cross caper ; me take a de measure of de body  
from de top a' de noddle to de heel and great toe ;  
oh 'stish de fine ! dis coller is cut out in anger  
scurvy. Oh, dis beeshes pincha de bum ; me put  
one French yard into de toder hose.

*Fol.* No French yards : they want a yard at least.

*Ray.* Shall I be brave then ?

<sup>1</sup> *Being in fool's paradise, he must not lose his bauble.*] Folly in this play personates the fool, and carries the bauble of course. Fool's paradise is the same with the celebrated land Cockaigne, the *Cuccagna* of the Italians : a fiction which seems to have prevailed amongst almost all nations of Europe.

<sup>2</sup> *Spanish pike.*] I cannot discover the force of this allusion, except it be to the thinness of the tailor's legs.



*Hum.* Golden as the sun.

*Ray.* What's he that looks so smirkly<sup>1</sup>?

*Fol.* A flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping; one that loves mutton so well, he always carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve him to no other use than to do tricks, as if he had bought 'em of a juggler.—He's an Italian dancer, his name——

*Dan.* Signor Lavolta, messer mio; me tesha all de bella corantoes, gagliardas, piamettas, capeoret-tas, amorettas, dolce dolce, to declamante do bona robas de Toscana<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Smirkly,*] The old copy reads, *smickly*.

<sup>2</sup> Corantos and galliards were favourite dances at the time this play was written. So were probably the less known *amoretta's*, *piametta's*, &c. *Capeoretta* should probably be spelt *capretta*, as the dance no doubt derived the name from *capretta*, *It.* a kid. The following is the description Sir John Davies gives of the galliard, the most popular of these dances:

“ But for more diverse and more pleasing show,  
A swift and wand'ring dance she did invent,  
With passages uncertain to and fro,  
Yet with a certain answer and consent  
To the quick music of the instrument.  
Five was the number of the music's feet,  
Which still the dance did with five paces meet.

A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray  
A spirit and a virtue masculine,  
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,  
Since she herself is fiery and divine:  
Oft doth she make her body upward fine;  
With lofty turns and capriols in the air,  
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.”

The name of this dance, like the word *jigg*, seems to have been transferred from a dance to a ballad. Thus an old ballad is entitled, “The Western *Jigg*, or a Trenchmore *Galliard*.” The poem above quoted gives the following account of the coranto:

“ What shall I name those current traverses  
That on a triple dactyl foot do run  
Close by the ground with sliding passages,  
Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won  
Which with best order can all orders shun:



*Ray.* I ne'er shall be so nimble.

*Fol.* Yes, if you pour quicksilver into your shin-bones, as he does.

*Ray.* This now ?

*Fol.* A most sweet Spaniard.

*Span.* A confeccianador, which in your tongue is, a comfitmaker, of Toledo. I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways.

*Fol.* And the throat has but one in all ; oh, Toledo !

*Span.* In conserves, candies, marmalades, siu-

For everywhere he wantonly must range,  
And turn and wind with unexpected change."

And of the Lavolta, which is used here for the name of the dancer :

" Yet is there one the most delightful kind,  
A lofty jumping or a leaping round,  
Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwined,  
And whirl themselves with strict embracements round,  
And still their feet an anapest do sound :  
An anapest is all their music-song,  
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

<sup>1</sup> *Toledo.*] From these passages it would appear that Spain, and more particularly Toledo, at that time, furnished the most celebrated pastry-cooks, which have since been chiefly imported from France. The *berengena's* of Toledo are a kind of pumpions. The nature of conserves, candies, marmalades, and ly-mons is still well known. *Orijones* are peaches dried and preserved with sugar. *Sinkado* is probably corrupted from *sinca-dilla*, a kind of mushroom. For *ponadoes* we should perhaps read *pomados*, which may have been a sort of apples preserved. *Aranxues muria* was probably some confection fabricated at *Aranjuez*. *Bergamom* was most likely a preserve of bergamot-pears. *Marablane* is perhaps a corruption of *marchpane*, a confection composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and flour, and a very popular desert on the tables of our ancestors. Malaga potatoes were probably a particular species of potatoes, dressed by the confectioner in a particular manner. That these artisans had them under their charge, appears from Gerard's Herbal : " Potatoes may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may

kadoes, ponadoes, marablane, bergamom, aranxues muria, lymons, berengenas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga, and ten millions more.

*Fol.* Now 'tis ten millions; a Spaniard can multiply.

*Span.* I am your servidor.

*Ray.* My palate pleas'd too! What's this last!

*Sold.* I am a gun that can roar, two stilettoes in one sheath; I can fight and bounce too. My lady, by me, presents this sword and belt to you.

*Ray.* Incomparable mistress!

*Hum.* Put them on!

*Sold.* I'll drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto; if you dare not fight, then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

*Ray.* How! dare not fight! there's in me the Sun's fire.

*Hum.* No more of this! Dances! Awake the music! O yes! music!

*Ray.* No more of this! the sword arms me for battle.

*Hum.* Come then; let thou and I rise up in arms;

The field embraces, kisses our alarms.

*Fol.* A Dancer and a tailor? yet stand still! Strike up.  
[*Music.—A Dance.*]

*Enter* SPRING, HEALTH, YOUTH, DELIGHT.

*Spring.* Oh, thou enticing strumpet! how durst thou

Throw thy voluptuous spells about a temple,  
That's consecrate to me!

worke and frame many comfortable conserves and restorative sweet-meats." Also, in Marston's Satires, 1599:

"——— camphire and lettuce chaste,  
Are now cashier'd—now Sophi 'ringoes eate;  
Candi'd potatoes are Athenians' meate."

*Hum.* Poor Spring, goody herb-wife !  
How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel,  
I have bought for my own wearing ?

*Spring.* Bought ! art thou sold then ?

*Ray.* Yes, with her gifts ; she buys me with her  
graces.

*Health.* Graces ! a witch !

*Spring.* What can she give thee ?

*Ray.* All things.

*Spring.* Which I for one bubble can ' add a sea to.

*Fol.* And shew him a hobby-horse in my likeness.

*Spring.* My Raybright, hear me : I regard not  
these.

*Ray.* What dowry can you bring me ?

*Spring.* Dowry ? ha !

Is't come to this ? am I held poor and base !

A girdle make, whose buckles, stretch'd to th'  
length,

Shall reach from th' arctic to the antarctic pole :

What ground soe'er thou canst with that enclose.

I'll give thee freely ; not a lark, that calls

The morning up, shall build on any turf

But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,

And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

*Ray.* I must turn bird-catcher.

*Fol.* Do you think to have him for a song ?

*Hum.* *Live with me*<sup>2</sup> *still, and all the measures,*

*Play'd to by the spheres, I'll teach thee ;*

*Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures*

*The moon beholds, her man*<sup>3</sup> *shall reach*  
*thee.*

<sup>1</sup> *Can,*] Old copy, *cannot.*

<sup>2</sup> *Live with me.*] The author was probably thinking of Marlow's beautiful song :

" Live with me and be my love," &c.

<sup>3</sup> *Her man.*] This is a singular allusion to the popular superstition of the Man in the Moon, which has pervaded all ages.



*Ray.* Divinest !

*Fol.* Here's a lady.

*Spring.* Is't come to who gives most ?  
The self-same bay-tree, into which was turn'd  
Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green ;  
That tree shall now be thine : about it sit  
All the old poets, with fresh laurel crown'd,  
Singing in verse the praise of chastity ;  
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,  
Sweet cantos of thy love and mine to sing,  
And invoke none but thee as Delian king.

*Ray.* Live by singing ballads !

*Fol.* Oh, base ! turn poet ? I would not be one myself.

*Hum.* *Dwell in mine arms ! aloft we'll hover,  
And see fields of armies fighting :  
Oh part not from me ! I'll discover  
There all, but<sup>1</sup> books of fancy's writing.*

*Del.* Not far off stands the Hypocrenian well  
Whither I'll lead thee, and but drinking there,  
To welcome thee, nine muses shall appear ;  
And with full bowls of knowledge thee inspire.

*Ray.* Hang knowledge ! Drown your muse !

*Fol.* Aye, aye, or they'll drown themselves in sack and claret.

*Hum.* Do not regard their toys ;  
*Be but my darling : age to free thee  
From her curse shall fall a-dying ;  
Call me your<sup>2</sup> empress ; time to see thee  
Shall forget his art of flying.*

*Ray.* Oh, my all excellence !

*Spring.* Speak thou for me : I am fainting.  
[To HEALTH.]

<sup>1</sup> *But.*] This word had formerly, besides its usual meaning, that of *except*.

<sup>2</sup> *Your.*] The quarto reads, " call me *their* empress," which does not afford any sense.



*Health.* Leave her ! take this, and travel ! tell  
the world,

I'll bring thee into all the courts of kings,  
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages ;  
Kiss ladies, revel out the nights in dancing :  
The day [in <sup>1</sup>] manly pastimes ; snatch from Time  
His glass, and let the golden sands run forth  
As thou shalt jogg <sup>2</sup> them ; riot it, go brave,  
Spend half a world, my queen shall bear thee out :  
Yet all this while, though thou climb hills of years,  
Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,  
Nor any sickness shake thee. Youth and Health,  
As slaves, shall lackey by thy chariot wheels :  
And who, for two such jewels, would not sell  
Th' East and West Indies ; both are thine, so that—

*Ray.* What ?

*Fol.* All lies gallop o'er the world, and not grow  
old, nor be sick. A lie <sup>3</sup> ! One gallant went but into  
France last day, and was never his own man since ;  
another stept but into the Low Countries, and was  
drunk dead under the table ; another did but peep  
into England, and it cost him more in good-mor-  
rows blown up to him under his window, by drums  
and trumpets <sup>4</sup>, than his whole voyage : besides he  
run mad upon't.

<sup>1</sup> *In.] In,* which the metre renders necessary, is left out in the original.

<sup>2</sup> *Jogg,] i. e. shake.*

<sup>3</sup> *Lie.] The examples given by the fool are formed by quibbling on the word lie.*

<sup>4</sup> “ It is the usual practice of the waits, or nocturnal minstrels in the North of England, after playing a tune or two, to cry, ‘ Good morrow, maister such a one, good morrow, dame,’ adding the hour and state of the weather.” *Ritson's Note on Othello*, Act III. sc. 1. Barclay translates a passage in Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, relating to this custom of serenading, thus :

“ The furies fearful, sprong of the floudes of hell,  
Bereth these vagabondes in their mindes, so

*Hum.* Here's my last farewell: ride along with me;

I'll raise by art out of base earth a palace;  
Whither thyself, waving a crystal wand<sup>1</sup>,  
Shall call together the most glorious spirits  
Of all the kings that have been in the world;  
And they shall come only to feast with thee.

*Ray.* Rare!

*Hum.* At one end of this palace shall be heard  
That music which gives motion to the heaven;  
And in the middle Orpheus shall sit and weep,  
For sorrow that his lute had not the charms  
To bring his fair Eurydice from hell:  
Then, at another end,—

*Ray.* I'll hear no more;  
Thus ends your strife: you only I adore.

[*To HUMOUR.*

*Spring.* Oh, I am sick at heart: unthankful man!  
'Tis thou hast wounded me: farewell!

[*She is led in by DELIGHT.*

*Ray.*

Farewell.

*Fol.* Health, recover her! Sirrah Youth, look to her!

That by no meane can they abide ne dwell  
Within their houses, but out they nede must go;  
More wildly wandring then either bucke or doe,  
Some with their harpes, another with ther lute,  
Another with his bagpipe, or a foolishe flute.

Then measure they their songes of melody,  
Before the doores of their lemman deare;  
Howling with their foolishe songe and cry,  
So that their lemman may their great folly heare:  
And till the jordan make them stand areare,  
Caste on their head, or till the stones flee,  
'They not depart, but coneyt there still to be."

<sup>1</sup> *Waving a crystal wand.*] The old copy reads here, "waving a cristal stream," which is absolute nonsense. The wand of magicians, by which palaces are reared in an instant, are well known to the readers of romance.

*Health.* That bird, that in her nest sleeps out the  
spring,  
May fly in summer but with sickly wing.

[*Exeunt* HEALTH and YOUTH.]

*Ray.* I owe thee for this pill, doctor.

*Hum.* The Spring will die sure.

*Ray.* Let her!

*Hum.* If she does,

Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,  
And he shall write her epitaph.

*Ray.* Against the morning  
See it then writ, and I'll reward thee for it.

*Fol.* It shall not need.

*Ray.* 'Tis like it shall not need ;  
This is your Folly.

*Hum.* He shall be ever yours.

*Fol.* I hope ever to be mine own folly. He's  
one of our fellows.

*Hum.* In triumph now I lead thee : no, be thou  
Cæsar,

And lead me.

*Ray.* Neither ; we'll ride with equal state  
Both in one chariot, since we have equal fate.

*Hum.* Each do his office to this man, your lord :  
For though Delight, and Youth, and Health should  
leave him,

This ivory-gated palace shall receive him.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*On the confines of Spring and Summer.**Enter RAYBRIGHT melancholy.*

*Ray.* Oh, my dear love the Spring, I am cheated  
of thee !

Thou had'st a body, the four elements  
Dwelt never in a fairer ; a mind, princely ;  
Thy language, like thy singers, musical.  
How cool wert thou in anger ; in thy diet,  
How temperate and yet sumptuous ! Thou would'st  
not waste

The weight of a sad violet in excess :  
Yet still thy board had dishes numberless.  
Dumb beasts even loved thee ; once a young lark  
Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes,  
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies.

*Enter FOLLY.*

*Fol.* I ha' done, my lord : my muse has pump'd  
hard for an epitaph upon the late departed Spring,  
and here her lines spring up.

*Ray.* Read.

*Fol.* Read ? so I will ; please you to reach me  
your high ears. [*Reads.*

*Here lies the blithe Spring,  
Who first taught birds to sing ;  
Yet in April herself fell a crying :  
Then May growing hot,  
A sweating sickness she got,  
And the first of June lay a dying.*



*Yet no month can say,  
But her merry daughter May  
Stuck her coffin with flowers great plenty :  
The cuckow sung in verse  
An epitaph o'er her hearse,  
But assure you the lines were not dainty.*

*Ray.* No more are thine, thou idiot : hast thou  
none

To poison with thy nasty jigs ' but mine,  
My matchless frame of nature, creation's wonder ?  
Out of my sight !

*Fol.* I am not in't ; if I were, you'd see but scur-  
vily. You find fault as patrons do with books, to  
give nothing.

*Ray.* Yes, bald <sup>2</sup> one, beastly base one ; block,  
away !

Vex me not fool ; turn out a' doors your roarer,  
French tailor, and that Spanish gingerbread,  
And your Italian skipper ; then, sir, yourself !

*Fol.* Myself ? Carbonado me, bastinado me,  
strappado <sup>4</sup> me, hang me, I'll not stir : poor Folly,  
honest Folly, jocundary Folly forsake your lord-  
ship ! No true gentleman hates me ; and how  
many women are daily given to me, if I would

<sup>1</sup> *Jigs.*] The original reads *iggs*. A *jig*, in the times of our author, as has been mentioned before, signified not only a dance, but frequently a ballad, generally of the ludicrous kind.

<sup>2</sup> *Bald.*] Alluding to the shaved crown of the fool. Old copy,---ball'd.

<sup>3</sup> *Block,*] The old copy has *blockish*.

<sup>4</sup> *Strappado.*] The punishment of the strappado is mentioned in several old writers. Thus, in Fletcher's *Custom of the Country* :

————— " A flesh'd ruffian,  
That hath so often taken the *strappado*,  
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick  
Is to a tumbler."

take 'em, some not far off know. Tailor gone,  
Spanish fig gone, all gone, but I——

*Enter HUMOUR.*

*Hum.* My waiters coited<sup>1</sup> off by you, you flea  
them!

Whence come these thunderbolts? What furies  
haunt you?

*Ray.* You.

*Fol.* She!

*Ray.* Yes, and thou.

*Fol.* Baw-waw.

*Ray.* I shall grow old, diseas'd, and melancholy;  
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,  
And that Delight my Spring bestow'd upon me:  
But for you two, I should be wond'rous good;  
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, and torn  
From the embracements of the noblest creature.

*Hum.* Your Spring?

*Ray.* Yes, she, even she, only the Spring.  
One morning, spent with her, was worth ten nights  
With ten of the prime beauties of the world:  
She was unhappy ne'er, but in two sons,  
March, a rude roaring fool,——

*Fol.* And April, a whining puppy.

*Hum.* But May was a fine piece.

*Ray.* Mirror of faces.

*Fol.* Indeed May was a sweet creature, and yet  
a great raiser of maypoles.

*Hum.* When will you sing my praises thus?

*Ray.* Thy praises?

Thou art a common creature.

<sup>1</sup> *Coited off.*] *Coit* was anciently one of the methods of spelling *quoit*, which signified to *throw*. Thus, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*:

“One o'th' woodyard that can *quoit* the sledge.”

*Hum.* Common !

*Ray.* Yes, common :

I cannot pass through any prince's court,  
Through any country, camp, town, city, village,  
But up your name is cried, nay curs'd : " A ven-  
geance

On this your debauch'd Humour' ! "

*Fol.* A vintner spoke those very words, last night, to a company of roaring boys, that would not pay their reckoning.

*Ray.* How many bastards hast thou ?

*Hum.* None.

*Ray.* 'Tis a lie.

*Fol.* Squire ! Worshipful master Folly.

*Ray.* The courtier has his humour, has he not, Folly ?

*Fol.* Yes, marry, has he folly ; the courtier's humour is to be brave, and not pay for't ; to be proud, and no man cares for't.

*Ray.* Brave ladies have their humours.

*Fol.* Who has to do with that, but brave lords ?

*Ray.* Your citizens have brave humours.

*Fol.* Oh ! but their wives have tickling humours.

*Hum.* Yet done ?

<sup>1</sup> *Humour.*] To judge from the comedies of the age, particularly those of Ben Jonson, the affectation of extravagant humours must have been carried to a great height. We should be careful not to accuse that author of painting the portraits of his comical characters with attributes which we might think the product of his unrestrained fancy, but which probably did not exceed those really affected by these humourists. The travelling humour of Puntarvolo, the profane humour of Carlo Buffone, and the affectations of the two city-coxcombs, Clove and Orange, had probably, as well as the yellow stockings of Malvolio, their prototypes in those days. Of a nature nearly allied to these humours, were the affected vapours, of which Ben Jonson gives us an admirable specimen in the *Game of Vapours*, which he introduces into his comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, Act IV. sc. 4.



*Fol.* Humour, madam ! if all are your bastards that are given to humour you, you have a company of as arrant rascals to your children as ever went to th' gallows : a collier being drunk jostled a knight into the kennel, and cried, 'Twas his humour ; the knight broke his coxcomb<sup>1</sup>, and that was his humour.

*Ray.* And yet you are not common ?

*Hum.* No matter what I am :

Rail, curse, be frantic ! get you to the tomb  
Of your rare mistress ; dig up your dead Spring,  
And lie with her, kiss her : me have you lost.

*Fol.* And I scorn to be found.

*Ray.* Stay : must I lose all comfort ? Dearest,  
stay ;

There's such a deal of magic in those eyes,  
I'm charm'd to kiss these only.

*Fol.* Are you so ? kiss on : I'll be kissed somewhere, I warrant.

*Ray.* I will not leave my Folly for a world.

*Fol.* Nor I you for ten.

*Ray.* Nor thee, my love, for worlds pil'd upon  
worlds.

*Hum.* If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,  
I take my bells.

*Fol.* And I my hobby-horse.—Will you be merry then, and jawsand<sup>2</sup>.

*Ray.* As merry as the cuckows of the spring.

<sup>1</sup> *Coxcomb.*] Coxcombs originally denoted, “ cappes with cockes feathers, or a hat with a neck and heade of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon.” (Minsheu's Dict. 1627.) Subsequently it was used not unfrequently, as in the present instance, for the head.

<sup>2</sup> *Jawsand.*] The quarto reads, no doubt corruptedly, *jawsand*. *Jawsand* is certainly the proper reading, and may be deduced from the French *joyeusement*, joyfully, merrily, or from *jouissant*, enjoying.



*Fol.* Again!

*Ray.* How, lady, lies the way?

*Hum.* I'll be your convoy,  
And bring you to the court of the Sun's queen,  
Summer, a glorious and majestic creature,  
Her face outshining the poor Spring's as far  
As a sunbeam does a lamp, the moon a star.

*Ray.* Such are the spheres I'd move in.—Attend  
us, Folly. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—*Near the SUMMER's Court.*

*Enter RAYBRIGHT and HUMOUR.*

*Ray.* I muse, my nimble Folly stays so long.

*Hum.* He's quick enough of foot, and counts, I  
swear,

That minute cast away, not spent on you.

*Ray.* His company is music next to your's;  
Both of you are a consort<sup>1</sup>; and I, your tunes  
Lull me asleep, and, when I most am sad,  
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams.  
But how far must we travel! Is it our motion  
Puts us into<sup>2</sup> this heat, or is the air  
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,  
It keeps us in this warmth?

*Hum.* This shews her court  
Is not far off you covet so to see:  
Her subjects seldom kindle needless fires,  
The Sun lends them his flames.

<sup>1</sup> *Consort* is the ancient mode of spelling *concert*. It occurs in both senses in the *Jovial Crew*, by Brome. In the edition of that play in Dodsley's *Old Plays* by Reed, the spelling is improperly altered, and thus the quibble on *consort* and *concert* obscured. See Vol. X. p. 342.

<sup>2</sup> *Into.*] The old copy reads unmetrically *in*.

*Ray.* Has she rare buildings ?

*Hum.* Magnificent and curious ; every noon  
The horses of the day bait there ; whilst he,  
Who in a golden chariot makes them gallop  
In twelve hours o'er the world, alights a while,  
To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.

*Ray.* And shall we have fine sights there ?

*Hum.* Oh !

*Ray.* And hear  
More ravishing music ?

*Hum.* All the choristers  
That learn'd to sing i'th' temple of the Spring ;  
But here attain such cunning, that when the winds  
Roar and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols  
Dance o'er our heads, their voices have such charms,  
They'll all stand still to listen.

*Ray.* Excellent.

*Enter FOLLY.*

*Fol.* I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia<sup>1</sup>, and  
drop like a cobnut of Africa.

*Enter a Forester.*

*Fores.* Back ! whither go you ?

*Fol.* Oyes<sup>2</sup> ! this way.

<sup>1</sup> *Asia.*] This is one of the numerous allusions to the following ranting passage in the *Tamerlane* of Marlow, a play which, for a long time, continued one of the principal butts at which the ridicule of dramatic authors was levelled :

“ Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia,  
What can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,  
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,  
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine ? ”

<sup>2</sup> *Oyes !*] This corruption of the French imperative *oyez*, is still used in law courts. This speech in the old copy is made part of the Forester's first ; but as the following is also given to him, this must necessarily belong to another, and it suits best for Folly.

*Fores.* None must pass :

Here's kept no open court ; our queen this day  
Rides forth a-hunting, and the air being hot,  
She will not have rude throngs to stifle her.

Back !

[*Ereunt.*]

*Enter SUMMER and DELIGHT.*

*Sum.* And did break her heart then ?

*Del.* Yes, with disdain.

*Sum.* The heart of my dear mother nurse, the  
Spring ?

I'll break his heart for't : had she not a face,  
Too tempting for a Jove ?

*Del.* The graces sat  
On her fair eyelids ever ; but his youth,  
Lusting for change, so doted on a lady,  
Fantastic and yet fair, a piece of wonder,  
(They call her Humour, and her parasite Folly)  
He cast the sweet Spring off, and turn'd us from  
him ;

Yet his celestial kinsman, (for young Raybright  
Is the Sun's darling) knowing his journeying hither  
To see thy glorious court, sends me before  
To attend upon ' you, and spend all my hours  
In care of him.—

[*Recorders.*]

*The SUN appears.*

*Sum.* Obey your charge !—Oh, thou builder  
[*Kneels.*

Of me, thy handmaid ! landlord of my life !  
Life of my love ! throne where my glories sit !  
I ride in triumph on a silver cloud  
Now I but see thee.

*Sun* Rise ! Is Raybright come yet ?

<sup>1</sup> *Upon.*] The quarto reads, *on.* To help the metre the first syllable has been introduced.



*Del.* Not yet.

*Enter* PLENTY.

*Sun.* Be you indulgent over him,  
And lavish thou thy treasure.

*Plen.* Our princely cousin,  
Raybright, your darling, and the world's delight  
Is come.

*Sun.* Who with him ?

*Plen.* A goddess in a woman,  
Attended by a prating saucy fellow,  
Call'd Folly.

*Sun.* They'll confound him ; but he shall run<sup>2</sup>.  
Go and receive him. [*Exit* PLENTY.]

*Sun.* Your sparkling eyes and his arrival draws  
Heaps of admirers : earth itself will sweat  
To bear our weights. Vouchsafe, bright power, to  
borrow

Winds not too rough from Æolus, to fan  
Our glowing faces.

*Sun.* I will. Ho, Æolus !  
Unlock the jail, and lend a wind or two  
To fan my girl the Summer.

*Enter* ÆOLUS.

*Æol.* I will.

*Sun.* No roarers.

*Æol.* No.

*Sun.* Quickly.

*Æol.* Fly you slaves ! Summer sweats ; cool her.  
[*Hoboyes.*—*The SUN takes its seat above*<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Him,*] Old copy,---*them*.

<sup>2</sup> *Run.*] I suspect the omission of some such words,---he shall run the course him pleases best. But as he shall run may refer to Plenty, the text has not been disturbed.

<sup>3</sup> This stage-direction evidently indicates that the sun was real-



*Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, PLENTY, FOLLY,  
Country-fellows, and Wenches.*

## SONG.

*Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,  
Wait on your Summer-queen ;  
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,  
Daffodils strew the green ;  
Sing, dance, and play ;  
'Tis holiday,  
The Sun does bravely shine  
On our ears of corn.  
Rich as a pearl  
Comes every girl,  
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine ;  
Let us die, ere away they be borne.*

*Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one  
Come to behold our sports.  
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one ;  
As those in princes' courts.  
These and we  
With country glee,  
Will teach the woods to resound,  
And the hills with echoes holla :  
Skipping lambs  
Their bleating dams,  
'Mongst kids shall trip it round,  
For joy thus our wenches we follow.*

*Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,  
Hounds make a lusty cry ;  
Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,  
Then let your brave hawks fly.*

*ly personated by one of the masquers, and not merely represented in the sky.*

*Horses amain,  
 Over ridge, over plain,  
 The dogs have the stag in chase :  
 'Tis a sport to content a king.  
 So ho ho ! through the skies  
 How the proud bird flies,  
 And sousing<sup>1</sup> kills with a grace ;  
 Now the deer falls ; hark ! how they ring <sup>2</sup>.  
 [The SUN by degrees is clouded.*

*Sum.* Leave off: the Sun is angry, and has drawn  
 A cloud before his face.

*Health.* He is vex'd to see  
 That proud star shine [so] near you, at whose rising  
 The Spring fell sick and died. Think what I told  
 you,

His coyness will kill you else. [To SUMMER.

*Sum.* It cannot.—Fair prince,  
 Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear,  
 Till now I never saw you ; nor never saw  
 A man, whom I more love, more hate.

*Ray.* Ha, lady !

*Sum.* For him I love you, from whose git tering  
 rays

<sup>1</sup> *Sousing.*] A hawk is said to souse when he drops down on his prey.

<sup>2</sup> This song, which has a considerable share of merit, is extracted, as well as others of our author's, amongst those which Mr Beloe has collected out of old plays, in the second volume of his *Anecdotes of Literature*. I take this opportunity to enter a protest against a singular practice of Mr Gifford in his valuable edition of Massinger. With a very few exceptions, all the songs which occur in the works of that author are omitted in their places, and placed at the end of the play. The probability of their not being the production of the author, surely does not warrant their omission as long as such probability does not amount to a proof. Whatever degree of demerit they may have, they must stand or fall with the rest of the drama.

You boast your great name : for that name I hate  
you,

Because you kill'd my mother, and my nurse.

*Plen.* Kill'd he my grandmother ? Plenty will  
never

Hold you by th' hand again.

*Sum.*

You have free leave

To thrust your arm into our treasury,

As deep as I myself : Plenty shall wait

Still at your elbow ; all my sports are yours,

Attendants yours, my state and glory's yours :

But these shall be as sunbeams from a glass.

Reflected on you, not to give you heat.

To doat on a smooth face, my spirit's too great.

[*Exit.—Flourish.*]

*Ray.* Divinest !

*Hum.* Let her go.

*Fol.* And I'll go after, for I must and will have  
a fling at one of her plumb-trees.

*Ray.* I ne'er was scorn'd till now.

*Hum.*

This is that *Altezza*,

That Rhodian wonder gaz'd at by the Sun ?

I fear'd thine eyes should have beheld a face,

The moon has not a clearer : this ! a dowdy.

*Fol.* An ouzle ; this a queen-apple or a crab she  
gave you !

*Hum.* She bids you share her treasure ; but who  
keeps it ?

*Fol.* She points to trees, great-with-child with  
fruit, but when delivered, grapes hang in ropes ;  
but no drawing, not a drop of wine : whole ears of  
corn lay their ears together for bread, but the devil  
a bit I can touch.

*Hum.* Be rul'd by me once more ; leave her !

*Ray.*

In scorn,

As she does me.

*Fol.* Scorn ! If I be not deceived I ha' seen



Summer go up and down with hot codlings<sup>1</sup>; and that little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying six bunches of raddish for a penny.

*Hum.* Thou shalt have nobler welcome; for I'll bring thee

To a brave and bounteous housekeeper, free Autumn.

*Fol.* Oh! there's a lad!—let's go then.

*Enter* PLENTY.

*Plen.* Where is this prince? My mother, for the Indies,

Must not have you part<sup>2</sup>.

*Ray.* Must not?

*Enter* SUMMER.

*Sum.* No, must not.

I did but chide thee, like a whistling wind,  
Playing with leafy dancers: when I told thee  
I hated thee, I lied; I dote upon thee.

Unlock my garden of th' Hesperides,  
By dragons kept, the apples being pure gold:  
Take all that fruit; 'tis thine.

*Plen.* Love but my mother,  
I'll give thee corn enough to feed the world.

*Ray.* I need not golden apples, nor your corn;  
What land soe'er the world's surveyor, the Sun,  
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:

<sup>1</sup> *Hot codlings.*] Mr Steevens observes, in a note of Twelfth Night, Act I. sc. 5, that a *codling* anciently meant an immature apple, and the present passage plainly supports his assertion, as none but immature apples could have been had in summer. Their popularity may have been owing to a fancy similar to that which produced the frequent use of stewed prunes. See Shakespeare, Reed's edit. Vol. IX. p. 361.

<sup>2</sup> *Part.*] Did the regularity of the metre in every case authorise a departure from the text, we might read, "Must not have you depart."



All kingdoms I have right to ; I am free  
 Of every country ; in the four elements  
 I have as deep a share as an emperor ;  
 All beasts, whom the earth bears, are to serve me,  
 All birds to sing to me ; and can you catch me  
 With a tempting golden apple ?

*Plen.* She's too good for thee.

When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise  
 Before his time, only to kiss those eyes,  
 Which having touch'd, he stole from them such  
 store

Of light, he' shone more bright than e'er before :  
 At which he vow'd, whenever she did die,  
 He'd snatch them up, and in his sister's sphere  
 Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

*Ray.* Let him now snatch them up ; away !

*Hum.* Away,

And leave this gipsy.

*Sum.* Oh, I am lost.

*Ray.* Love scorn'd

Of no triumph more then love can boast <sup>2</sup>.

[*Exit with HUMOUR and FOLLY.*

*Plen.* This strumpet <sup>3</sup> will confound him.

*Sum.* She has me deluded.

*Recorders play.*—*The SUN appears, with CUPID  
 and FORTUNE.*

*Sun.* Is Raybright gone !

<sup>1</sup> *He,*] Old copy reads *she*. As the Sun is here said to obtain light from the eyes of Summer, this trifling alteration is absolutely essential to the sense.

<sup>2</sup> *Boast.*] Though the sense does not require any addition to this line, the rugged metre seems to suggest some alteration, such as : " Of no one triumph," &c. The construction of the passage is as follows : " If love be scorned, love can then no more boast of any triumphs."

<sup>3</sup> *Strumpet,*] Old copy,---strump.

*Sum.* Yes, and his spiteful eyes  
Have shot darts through me.

*Sun.* I thy wounds will cure,  
And lengthen out thy days ; his followers gone,  
Cupid and Fortune, take you charge of him.  
Here thou, my brightest queen, must end thy reign :  
Some nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Court of AUTUMN.*

*Enter POMONA, RAYBRIGHT, CUPID, and FORTUNE.*

*Ray.* Your entertainments<sup>1</sup>, Autumn's bounteous  
queen,  
Have feasted me with rarities as delicate,  
As the full growth of an abundant year  
Can ripen to my palate.

*Pom.* They are but courtings  
Of gratitude to our dread lord, the Sun,  
From whom thou draw'st thy name : the feasts<sup>2</sup> of  
fruits  
Our gardens yield, are much too coarse for thee ;  
Could we contract the choice of nature's plenty  
Into one form, and that form to contain  
All delicates<sup>3</sup>, which the wanton sense

<sup>1</sup> *Entertainments,*] Old copy, entertainment.

<sup>2</sup> *Feasts,*] Old copy, feast.

<sup>3</sup> *Delicates.*] Were the metre of sufficient consequence to license the introduction of words not to be found in the original, we might read, " All delicate cates." The last syllable of the former, from its similarity to the latter, was very liable to be overlooked by the compositor.

Would relish, or desire to invent, to please it,  
The present were unworthy far to purchase  
A sacred league of friendship.

*Ray.* I have rioted  
In surfeits of the ear, with various music  
Of warbling birds ; I have smelt perfumes of roses,  
And every flower, with which the fresh-trimm'd  
earth

Is mantled in : the Spring could mock my senses  
With these fine barren lullabies. The Summer  
Invited my then ranging eyes to look on  
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles  
Of waterish petty dainties : but my taste  
Is only here pleas'd ; th' other objects claim  
The style of formal, these are real bounties.

*Pom.* We can transcend thy wishes. Whom the  
creatures  
Of every age and quality post, madding  
From land to land and sea to sea, to meet,  
Shall wait upon thy nod, Fortune and Cupid.  
Love, yield thy quiver, and thine arrows up  
To this great prince of Time ! Before him, Fortune,  
Pour out thy mint of treasures ! crown him sove-  
reign

Of what his thoughts can glory to command :  
He shall give payment of a royal prize,  
To Fortune judgment, and to Cupid's eyes<sup>1</sup>.

*For.* *Be a merchant, I will freight thee  
With all store, that time is bought for.*

*Cupid.* *Be a lover, I will wait thee  
With success in life most sought for.*

*For.* *Be enamour'd on bright honour,  
And thy greatness shall shine glorious.*

<sup>1</sup> *Cupid's eyes.*] That is, he shall give judgment to Fortune,  
and to Cupid his eyes.



Cupid. *Chastity, if thou smile on her,  
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.*

For. *Be a warrior, conquest ever  
Shall triumphantly renown thee.*

Cupid. *Be a courtier, beauty never  
Shall but with her duty crown thee.*

For. *Fortune's wheel is thine ; depose me,  
I'm thy slave, thy pow'r has bound me.*

Cupid. *Cupid's shafts are thine, dispose me ;  
Love loves love ; thy graces wound me.*

Both. *Live, reign ! pity is fame's jewel ;  
We obey ! oh ! be not cruel.*

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay  
A bounty of more sovereignty and amazement,  
Than the Atlas of mortality can support.

*Enter HUMOUR and FOLLY unobserved.*

Hum. What's here ?

Fol. Nay, pray observe.

Ray. Be my heart's empress, build your kingdom there.

Hum. With what an earnestness he complies.

Fol. Upon my life he means to turn costermonger<sup>1</sup>, and is projecting how to forestal the market ; I shall cry pippins rarely.

Ray. Till now my longings were ne'er satisfied,  
And the desires [of] my sensual appetite,  
Were only fed with barren expectations  
To what I now am filled with.

<sup>1</sup> *Costermonger.*] Mr Steevens observes, in answer to a superficial remark by Johnson, that " a *costermonger* is a *costard-monger*, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a *costard*, i. e. man's head." Henry, IV. Part II. Act. I. Sc. 5.



*Fol.* Yes, we are filled and must be emptied ; these wind-fruits have distended my guts into a lenten pudding, there's no fat in them ; my belly swells, but my sides fall away. A month of such diet would make me a living anatomy <sup>1</sup>.

*Pom.* These are too little ; more are due to him, That is the pattern of his father's glory : Dwell but amongst us, Industry shall strive To make another artificial nature, And change all other seasons into ours.

*Hum.* Shall my heart break ? I can contain no longer. [*Comes forward.*]

*Ray.* How fares my loved Humour ?

*Hum.* A little stirr'd ; no matter, I'll be merry : Call for some music !—Do not : I'll be melancholy.

*Fol.* A sullen humour, and common in a dicer that has lost all his money.

*Pom.* Lady, I hope 'tis no neglect of courtesy In us, that so disturbs you ; if it rise From any discontent, reveal the cause ; It shall be soon removed.

*Hum.* Oh, my heart ! Help to unlace my gown.

*Fol.* And unlace your petticoat.

*Hum.* Saucy, how now !—'Tis well you have some sweetheart, Some new fresh sweetheart ; I'm a goodly fool To be thus play'd on, staled and foil'd.

*Pom.* Why, madam ! We can be courteous without stain of honour : 'Tis not the raging of a lustful blood That we desire to tame with satisfaction ; Nor have his masculine graces in our breast

<sup>1</sup> *Anatomy.*] A skeleton is frequently termed an anatomy in the old plays.

Kindled a wanton fire : our bounty gives him  
A welcome free, but chaste and honourable.

*Hum.* Nay, 'tis all one ; I have a tender heart.  
Come, come, let's drink !

*Fol.* A humour in fashion with gallants, and  
brought out of the Low Countries.

*Hum.* Fie ! there's no music in thee ; let us  
sing.

*Fol.* Here's Humour in the right trim ; a few  
more such toys would have made the little world  
of man run mad, as the puritan that sold his con-  
science for a maypole.

[*A flourish.—Shouts within.*

*Ray.* The meaning of this mirth ?

*Pom.*

My lord is coming.

*Ray.* Let us attend to humble our best thanks  
For these high favours.

*Enter AUTUMN and BACCHANALIAN.*

*Pom.* My dearest lord, according to th' injunc-  
tion

Of your command, I have, with all observance,  
Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

*Aut.* The Sun-born Raybright ! Minion of my  
love,

Let us be twins in heart ; thy grandsire's beams  
Shine graciously upon our fruits and vines.

I am his vassal, servant, tributary ;

And, for his sake, the kingdoms I possess,

I will divide with thee : thou shalt command

The Lydian Tmolus, and Campanian mounts,

To nod their grape-crown'd heads into thy bowls,

Expressing<sup>1</sup> their rich juice : a hundred grains,

<sup>1</sup> *Expressing,*] For pressing out. The masque throughout  
abounds with school-pedantry, and unluckily the speeches of  
the " bounteous housekeeper, free Autumn," particularly

Both from the Beltick and Sicilian fields,  
 Shall be congested for thy sacrifice  
 In Ceres' fane; Tiber shall pay thee apples  
 And Sicyon olives; all the choicest fruits  
 Thy father's heat doth ripen.

*Ray.* Make me but treasurer  
 Of your respected favours, and that honour  
 Shall equal my ambition.

*Aut.* My Pomona,  
 Speed to prepare a banquet of novelties.  
 This is a day of rest, and we, the whilst,  
 Will sport before our friends, and shorten time  
 With length of wonted revels.

*Pom.* I obey.  
 Will't please you, madam? A retirement  
 From these extremes in men, more tolerable,  
 Will better fit our modesties.

*Hum.* I'll drink,  
 And be a Bacchanalian. No, I will not!  
 Enter!—I'll follow!—Stay! I'll go before.

*Pom.* E'en what Humour pleaseth.

[*Exeunt HUM. and POM.—A Flourish.*]

*Aut.* Raybright, a health to Phœbus!  
 [Drinks.]

These are the Pæans, which we sing to him;  
 And yet we wear no bays<sup>1</sup>; our cups are only  
 Crown'd with Lyæus' blood: to him a health!  
 [Drinks.]

swarm with that species of ornament, which, from the patronage of James for pedantry of every kind, was thought peculiarly necessary in masques played at his court.

<sup>1</sup> *And yet we wear no bays.*] The old copy reads, "And ye wear no bays;" the context, as well as the metre, absolutely call for a correction, and the omission of the following letters in italics, "*yet we,*" is such as was very likely to occur at an inaccurate press. It has been before observed, that this masque is by far the most incorrectly printed of our author's works, and



*Ray.* I must pledge that too.

*Aut.* Now, one other health  
To our grand patron, call'd Goodfellowship ;  
Whose livery all our people hereabout  
Are clad in <sup>1</sup>. [Drinks.

*Ray.* I am for that too.

*Aut.* 'Tis well :  
Let it go round ; and, as our custom is  
Of recreations of this nature, join  
Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes.  
Sing lōs unto Bacchus.

*Fol.* Hey-hoes <sup>2</sup> ! A god of winds : There's at  
least four-and-twenty of them imprisoned in my  
belly ; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will  
break out at the back-door ; and how sweet the  
music of their roaring will be, let an Irishman  
judge.

*Ray.* He is a songster too.

*Fol.* A very foolish one : my music's natural,  
and came by inheritance ; my father was a French  
nightingale, and my mother an English wagtail ; I  
was born a cuckoo in the spring, and lost my voice  
in summer, with laying my eggs in a sparrow's nest :  
but I'll venture for one. Fill my dish ; every one  
take his own, and, when I hold up my finger, off  
with it.

*Aut.* Begin.

### FOLLY sings.

*Cast away care ! He that loves sorrow  
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow :*

hence arise corrections as numerous as perhaps in all his other  
plays together.

<sup>1</sup> *Clad in.*] Old copy, corruptly, *call'd in*.

<sup>2</sup> *Hey-hoes ?*] Folly puns upon the similarity of sound between the invocation to Bacchus, with hey-hoes or sighs.



*Money is trash; and he that will spend it,  
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.*

*Merrily, merrily, merrily, Oh, ho!*

*Play it off stifly: we may not part so.*

*Chor. Merrily, &c.*

[*They drink.*]

*Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,  
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too,  
Quickens the wit, and makes the back able,  
Scorns to submit to the watch or constable.*

*Merrily, &c.*

*Pots fly about, give us more liquor,  
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;  
Empty the cask; score up, we care not;  
Fill all the pots again, drink on and spare not.  
Merrily, &c.*

Now, have I more air than ten musicians; besides there is a whirlwind in my brains, I could both caper and turn round.

*Aut.* Oh, a dance by all means!

Now cease your healths, and in an active motion Bestir ye nimbly to beguile the hours.

*Fol.* I am for you in that too; 'twill jog down the lees of these 'rouses' into a freer passage; but take heed of sure footing, 'tis a slippery season: many men fall by rising, and many women are raised by falling.

[*They dance.*]

*Aut.* How likes our friend this pastime?

*Ray.*

Above utterance.

Oh, how have I in ignorance and dulness, Run through the progress of so many minutes, Accusing him, who was my life's first author, Of slackness and neglect, whilst I have dreamt

<sup>1</sup> *Rouse.*] A large dose of liquor. See the notes on Hamlet, Act I.; and particularly Dr Jamieson's Dictionary, *in voce*.

The folly of my days in vain expence  
Of useless taste and pleasure. Pray, my lord,  
Let one health pass about, whilst I bethink me  
What course I am to take, for being denizen  
In your unlimited courtesies.

*Aut.* Devise a round<sup>1</sup> ;

You have your liberty.

*Ray.* A health to Autumn's self!

And here let time hold still his restless glass,  
That not another golden sand may fall  
To measure how it passeth. [*They drink.*]

*Aut.* Continue here with me, and by thy presence

Create me favourite to thy fair progenitor,  
And be mine heir.

*Ray.* I want words to express

My thankfulness.

*Aut.* Whate'er the wanton Spring,

When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,  
Toils for, comes home to Autumn ; Summer's  
sweats,

Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping  
The crop of bread, ripening the fruits for food,  
Autumn's garners house them, Autumn's jollities

Feed<sup>2</sup> on them : I alone, in every land,  
Traffic my useful merchandize ; gold and jewels,  
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities  
Mortgag'd and lost : I sit chief moderator  
Between the cheek-parch'd Summer, and th' extremes

Of Winter's tedious frost ; nay, in myself  
I do contain another teeming Spring.  
Surety of health, prosperity of life

<sup>1</sup> *Devise a round.*] That is, "devise a health to pass round."

<sup>2</sup> *Feed.*] Old copy, *feeds*.

Belongs to Autumn. If thou then canst hope  
To inherit immortality in frailty,  
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

*Ray.* Under the Sun, you are the year's great  
emperor.

*Aut.* On now, to new variety of feasts ;  
Princely contents are fit for princely guests.

*Ray.* My lord, I'll follow. [Exit AUTUMN.  
Sure, I am not well.

*Fol.* Surely I am half-drunk, or monstously mistaken.  
You mean to stay here, belike?

*Ray.* Whither should I go else?

*Fol.* Nay, if you will kill yourself in your own  
defence, I'll not be of your jury.

*Enter HUMOUR.*

*Hum.* You have had precious pleasures, choice  
of drunkenness ;

Will you be gone?

*Ray.* I feel a war within me,  
And every doubt, that resolution kills,  
Springs up a greater in the year's revolution :  
There cannot be a season more delicious,  
When Plenty, Summer's daughter, empties daily  
Her cornucopia, fill'd with choicest viands ;—

*Fol.* Plenty's horn is always full in the city.

*Ray.* When temperate heat offends not with extremes,

When day and night have their distinguishment  
With a more equal measure ;—

*Hum.* Ha ! in contemplation ?

*Fol.* Troubling himself with this windy-guts,  
this belly-aching Autumn, this Apple-John-Kent,  
and warden of fruiterers' hall.

*Ray.* When the bright Sun, with kindly distant  
beams

Gilds ripen'd fruit ;—



*Hum.* And what fine meditation  
Transports you thus? You study some encomium  
Upon the beauty of the garden's queen;  
You'd make the paleness to supply the vacancy  
Of Cynthia's dark defect.

*Fol.* Madam, let but a green-sickness-chamber-  
maid be thoroughly steeled, if she get not a better  
colour in one month, I'll be forfeited to Autumn  
for ever, and fruit-eat my flesh into a consumption.

*Hum.* Come, Raybright; whatsoe'er suggestions  
Have won on thy apt weakness, leave these empty  
And hollow-sounding pleasures, that include  
Only a windy substance of delight,  
Which every motion alters into air;  
I'll stay no longer here.

*Ray.* I must.

*Hum.* You shall not;  
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies:  
I'll bring thee into the court of Winter; there thy  
food

Shall not be sickly fruits, but healthful broths,  
Strong meat and dainty.

*Fol.* Pork, beef, mutton, very sweet mutton, veal,  
venison, capon, fine fat capon, partridge, snipe<sup>1</sup>,  
plover, larks, teal, admirable teal, my lord.

*Hum.* Mistery<sup>2</sup> there, like to another nature,  
Confects the substance of the choicest fruits  
In a rich candy, with such imitation  
Of form and colour, 'twill deceive the eye,  
Until the taste be ravish'd.

*Fol.* Comfits and caraways, marchpanes and  
marmalades, sugar-plums and pippin-pies, ginger-  
bread and walnuts.

<sup>1</sup> *Snipe.*] Old copy, snite.

<sup>2</sup> *Mistery.*] This word, in the ancient writings, frequently  
signified craft, or art.



*Hum.* Nor is his bounty limited : he'll not spare  
To exhaust the treasure of a thousand Indies.

*Fol.* Two hundred pound suppers, and neither  
fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned ; besides, a  
hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you  
can hold out so long.

*Ray.* You tell me wonders.  
Be my conductress : I'll fly this place in secret.  
Three quarters of my time are almost spent,  
The last remains to crown my full content.  
Now, if I fail, let man's experience read me<sup>1</sup> :  
'Twas Humour, join'd with Folly, did mislead me.

*Hum.* Leave this naked season,  
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,  
It is so poor and barren.

*Fol.* And when the hair falls off, I have heard a  
poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound body.

*Ray.* Come, let's go taste old Winter's fresh de-  
lights,  
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.  
The Summer, Autumn, [Winter<sup>2</sup>] and the Spring,  
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring,  
An emblem of four provinces, we sway,  
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day ;  
Shall both be subject to our glorious state,  
While we enjoy the blessings of our fate ;  
And since we have notice that some barbarous spirits

<sup>1</sup> *Read me.*] The context does not allow of the ancient signification of the verb, to rede, *i. e.* to counsel, or advice. The present verb, *to read*, seems rather to be used metaphorically, and to imply the same as the common phrase of reading the features of a person, or the face being an index of the mind.

<sup>2</sup> *Winter.*] The ancient copy omits this season, but both the metre and the sense require the insertion. The propriety of the alteration is rendered obvious, by the line almost immediately following :

“ An emblem of four provinces we sway.”

Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words  
They'll not desist, we'll force our way by swords.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The WINTER's Court.*

*Enter three Clowns.*

*Clown 1.* Hear you the news, neighbour!

*Clown 2.* Yes, to my grief, neighbour: they say our prince Raybright is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of courtiers: we're like to have a fine time on't, neighbours.

*Clown 3.* Our wives and daughters are; for they are sure to get by the bargain: though our barn be emptied, they will be sure to be with barn<sup>1</sup> for't. Oh, these courtiers, neighbours, are pestilent knaves; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a crow<sup>2</sup> with some of 'em.

*Clown 1.* 'Faith, neighbour, let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather than live like beasts.

*Clown 2.* Aye, like horn-beasts, neighbour; they may talk, and call us rebels, but a fig for that, 'tis

<sup>1</sup> *Though our barn be emptied, they will be sure to be with barn for't.*] The present quibble hardly requires or deserves an explanation. The word *barn*, or *bairn*, is still used in the North of England, and in Scotland, for a *child*.

<sup>2</sup> *Pluck a crow.*] The same proverbial expression occurs in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*:

"A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?  
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:  
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together."

not a fart matter: let's be true amongst ourselves,  
and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.

*Enter WINTER.*

*Win.* What sullen murmurings<sup>1</sup> does your gall  
bring forth?

Will you prov't true, no good comes from the  
north<sup>2</sup>?

Bold, saucy mortals, dare you then aspire  
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?  
Are your hearts frozen like your clime? From  
thence

All temperate heat's fled of obedience:  
How durst you else with force think to withstand  
Your prince's entry into this his land?  
A prince, who is so excellently good,  
His virtue is his honour, more than blood;  
In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise  
The attributes of merciful and wise:  
Whose laws are so impartial, they must  
Be counted heavenly, 'cause they're truly just:  
Who does, with princely moderation, give  
His subjects an example how to live;  
Teaching their erring natures to direct  
Their wills, to what it ought most to affect:  
That, as the sun, does unto all dispense  
Heat, light, nay life, from his full influence:

<sup>1</sup> *What sullen murmurings.*] The old copy reads, "What such murmurings," which, not being consistent with metre and reason, the proposed alteration is rendered necessary, and is not very far from the trace of the letters.

<sup>2</sup> *No good comes from the North.*] The northern parts of England seem not to have been in great repute in the ancient times. In Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, Costard, the clown, says: "I will not fight with a pole, like a *Northern man*."



Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,  
Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage  
War against Heaven ; and from his shining throne  
Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon ;  
Were your heads circled with his own green oak,  
Yet are they subject to his thunder stroke,  
And he can sink such wretches as rebel,  
From Heaven's sublime height, into the depth of  
hell<sup>1</sup>.

*Clown 1.* The devil a' can as soon ; we fear no  
colours ; let him do his worst : there's many a tall  
fellow, besides us, will rather die than see his living  
taken from them, nay, even eat up ; all things are  
grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths  
than our own, neighbour.

*Clown 2.* Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbour ; prate  
is but prate. They say this prince too would bring  
new laws upon us, new rites into the temples of  
our gods ; and that's abominable ; we'll all be hang-  
ed first.

*Win.* A most fair pretence  
To found rebellion upon conscience.  
Dull, stubborn fools ! whose perverse judgments  
still  
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,  
Not by indifferent reason, which to you  
Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew  
Does on the parched earth : it wets, but does not  
give  
Moisture enough to make the plants to live.  
Things void of soul ! Can you conceive, that he,

<sup>1</sup> This speech is evidently one of those more adapted to please the court than to contribute to the conduct of the fable. The compliments are not much suited to the volatile prince Ray-bright ; but the masque who pronounced them knew, probably, well how to address them to the royal personage whom they were intended for.



Whose every thought's an act of piety,  
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good  
That ever was comprised in flesh and blood,  
Cannot direct you in the fittest way  
To serve those powers, to which himself does pay  
True zealous worship, nay's so near allied  
To them, himself must needs be deified<sup>1</sup>!

*Enter FOLLY.*

*Fol.* Save you gentlemen! 'Tis very cold; you live in frost; you've Winter still about you.

*Clown 2.* What are you, sir?

*Fol.* A courtier, sir; but, you may guess, a very foolish one, to leave the bright beams of my lord, the prince, to travel hither. I have an ague on me; do you not see me shake? Well, if our courtiers, when they come hither, have not warm young wenches, good wines, and fires, to heat their bloods, 'twill freeze [them] into an apoplexy. Farewell, frost! I'll go seek a fire to thaw me; I'm all ice, I fear, already. [*Exit.*]

*Clown 1.* Farewell, and be hanged! Ere such as these shall eat what we have sweat for, we'll spend our bloods. Come, neighbours, let's go call our company together, and go meet this prince he talks so of.

*Clown 3.* Some shall have but a sour welcome of it, if my crabtree-cudgel hold here.

*Win.* 'Tis, I see,  
Not in my power to alter destiny.  
You're mad in your rebellious minds: but hear

<sup>1</sup> We have, in this speech, the opinion of our loyal authors respecting the disaffected on account of religion, who already began to be turbulent at the time this drama was written. The expressions are so strong, that we must wonder how they could be permitted in a publication of the year 1657, printed in London.

What I presage, with understanding clear;  
As your black thoughts are misty, take from me  
This, as a true and certain augury:  
This prince shall come, and, by his glorious side,  
Laurel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,  
Arm'd with the justice that attends his cause,  
You shall with penitence embrace his laws:  
He to the frozen northern clime shall bring  
A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring  
Usurp my privilege, and by his ray  
Night shall be chang'd into perpetual day:  
Plenty and happiness shall still increase,  
As does his light; and turtle-footed peace  
Dance like a fairy through his realms, while all  
That envy him, shall like swift comets fall,  
By their own fire consum'd; and glorious he  
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destiny,  
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,  
Then fly to Heaven, and give a new star birth.

*A Flourish.—Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, BOUNTY, and DELIGHT.*

But see, our star appears; and from his eye  
Fly thousand beams of sparkling majesty.  
Bright son of Phœbus, welcome! I begin  
To feel the ice fall from my crisled skin;  
For at your beams the waggoner might thaw  
His chariot, axled with Riphæan snow;  
Nay, the slow moving North-star, having felt  
Your temperate heat, his icicles would melt.

*Ray.* What bold rebellious caitiffs dare disturb  
The happy progress of our glorious peace,  
Contemn the justice of our equal laws,  
Profane those sacred rights, which still must be  
Attendant on monarchical dignity?  
I came to frolic with you, and to cheer  
Your drooping souls by vigour of my beams,

And have I this strange welcome? Reverend Winter!

I'm come to be your guest; your bounteous, free Condition does assure [me<sup>1</sup>], I shall have A welcome entertainment.

*Win.* Illustrious sir! I am ignorant How much expression my true zeal will want To entertain you fitly; yet my love And hearty duty shall be far above My outward welcome. To that glorious light Of Heaven, the Sun, which chaces hence the night, I am so much a vassal, that I'll strive, By honouring you, to keep my faith alive To him, brave prince, to you<sup>2</sup>, who do inherit Your father's cheerful heat and quick'ning spirit. Therefore, as I am Winter, worn and spent So far with age, I am Time's monument, Antiquity's example, in my zeal I, from my youth, a span of time will steal To open the free treasures of my court, And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

*Ray.* Never till now Did admiration beget in me truly The rare-match'd twins at once, pity and pleasure, So royal, so abundant in earth's blessings, Should not partake the comfort of those beams, With which the Sun, beyond extent, doth cheer The other seasons; yet my pleasures with you, From their false charms, do get the start, as far As Heaven's great lamp from every minor star.

*Boun.* Sir, you can speak well; if your tongue deliver  
The message of your heart, without some cunning

<sup>1</sup> *Assure me.*] The pronoun *me*, which the metre absolutely requires, and which greatly improves the sense also, is not found in the old copy.

<sup>2</sup> *To you,*] Old copy reads...*tho' you.*



Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy  
The lasting riches of your presence hence,  
Without distrust or change.

*Ray.* Winter's sweet bride,  
All conquering Bounty, queen of hearts, life's glory,  
Nature's perfection ; whom all love, all serve ;  
To whom Fortune, even in extreme's a slave ;  
When I fall from my duty to thy goodness,  
Then let me be rank'd as nothing.

*Boun.* Come, you flatter me.

*Ray.* I flatter you ? Why, madam, you are  
Bounty ;  
Sole daughter to the royal throne of peace.

*Hum.* He minds not me now.

*Ray.* Bounty's self,  
For you, he is no soldier dares not fight,  
No scholar he, that dares not plead your merits,  
Or study your best sweetness ; should the Sun,  
Eclips'd for many years, forbear to shine  
Upon the bosom of our naked pastures,  
Yet, where you are, the glories of your smiles  
Would warm the barren grounds, arm heartless mi-  
sery,

And cherish desolation. 'Deed I honour you,  
And, as all others ought to do, I serve you.

*Hum.* Are these the rare sights, these the pro-  
mis'd compliments ?

*Win.* Attendance on our revels ! Let Delight  
Conjoin the day with sable-footed night ;  
Both shall forsake their orbs, and in one sphere  
Meet in soft mirth and harmless pleasures here :  
While plump Lyæus shall, with garland crown'd  
Of triumph-ivy, in full cups abound  
Of Cretan wine, and shall dame Ceres call  
To wait on you, at Winter's festival :  
While gaudy Summer, Autumn, and the Spring,  
Shall to my lord their choicest viands bring.



We'll rob the sea, and from the subtle air  
Fetch her inhabitants, to supply our fare.  
That, were Apicius here, he in one night  
Should sate with dainties his strong appetite.  
Begin our revels then, and let all pleasure  
Flow like the ocean in a boundless measure.

*A Flourish.*—*Enter CONCEIT and DETRACTION.*

Con. *Wit and pleasure, soft attention  
Grace the sports of our invention.*

Detr. *Conceit, peace ! for Detraction  
Hath already drawn a faction  
Shall deride thee.*

Con. *Antick<sup>1</sup>, leave me ;  
For in labouring to bereave me  
Of a scholar's praise, thy dotage  
Shall be hissed at.*

Detr. *Here's a hot age,  
When such petty penmen covet  
Fame by folly. On ! I'll prove it  
Scurvy by thy part, and try thee  
By thine own wit.*

Con. *I defy thee ;  
Here are nobler judges ; wit  
Cannot suffer where they sit.*

*Detr.* Pr'ythee, foolish Conceit, leave off thy set speeches, and come to the conceit itself in plain language. What goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter ?

<sup>1</sup> *Antick.*] The common sense of this word in the dramatic productions of the time of our author is a *fool* ; and this meaning was no doubt derived from the fool, vice, or antick of the old moralities, for the fool and the vice are certainly personages, if not identical one with another, at least of a very similar tendency, notwithstanding Mr Ritson's assertion to the contrary.

*Con.* Detraction, do thy worst. Conceit appears,  
 In honour of the Sun, their fellow-friend,  
 Before thy censure : know then, that the spheres  
 Have for a while resign'd their orbs, and lend  
 Their seats to the four Elements, who join'd  
 With the four known complexions, have atoned<sup>1</sup>.  
 A noble league, and severally put on  
 Material bodies ; here amongst them none  
 Observes a difference : Earth and Air alike  
 Are sprightly active ; Fire and Water seek  
 No glory of pre-eminence ; Phlegm and Blood<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Cholér and Melancholy, who have stood  
 In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure  
 To entertain Time in a courtly measure.

*Detr.* Impossible and improper : first, to personate insensible creatures, and next, to compound quite opposite humours ! Fie, fie, fie ! it's abominable.

*Con.* Fond ignorance ? how darest thou vainly scan  
 Impossibility ; what reigns in man  
 Without disorder, wisely mix'd by nature,  
 To fashion and preserve so high a creature ?

<sup>1</sup> *Have atoned,*] *Have reconciled* them. This is one of the numerous passages which support the very singular, but, notwithstanding, very probable etymology of this word given in the following note of Mr Henley on *Othello*, Act IV. Sc. 1. " This expression is formed by the coalescence of the words *at one*, the verb to *set*, or some equivalent being omitted. Thus in the Acts : ' he showed himself to them as they strove, and would have *set* them *at one* again.' And in *The Bee-Hive of the Romish Church* : ' through which God is *made at one* with us, and hath forgiven us our sins."

<sup>2</sup> The mystical correspondence of the four seasons, the four elements, and the four complexions, was a source of great delight to our ancestors, and one of them is scarce mentioned without an allusion to the others. In the poems of Anne Broadstreet, in the title-page called " The Tenth Muse sprung up in America," there are poems entitled the Four Humours, Four Seasons, and Four Monarchies.---Philips's Theatr. Poet.

*Enter the Anti-Masquers, representing the Four Elements and the Four Complexions, on a raised platform.*

*Detr.* Sweet sir, when shall our mortal eyes behold this new piece of wonder! We must gaze on the stars for it, doubtless.

*The Masquers discovered.*

*Con.* See, thus the clouds fly off, and run in chase, When the Sun's bounty lends peculiar grace.

*Detr.* Fine, i'faith; pretty, and in good earnest; but, sirrah scholar, will they come down too?

*Con.* Behold them well! the foremost represents Air, the most sportive of the elements.

*Det.* A nimble rascal! I warrant him some alderman's son; wonderous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and tobacco<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Feather and tobacco.*] Feathers were an article of luxury very popular in our author's days, not only with players, but also with the whole race of gallants. Tobacco seems to have been, at the time of its introduction, considered as absolutely necessary for the completion of a perfect beau. This rage or humour is admirably ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the comedy of *Every Man out of his Humour*. From the following advertisement of Shift, it must have been attended with far greater expence than our present smokers are subject to: "If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman,----- whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his hands, that (to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertain the most gentleman-like use of tobacco; as first, to give it the most exquisite perfume; then to know all the delicate sweet forms for the assumption thereof; as also the rare corollary of the Cuban ebolition, euripus and whiff,-----may it please him, but (by a note of hand) to specify the place or ordinary where he uses to eat and lie; and most sweet attendance with tobacco and pipes of the best sort shall be ministered." In the sequel the same



*Con.* The next near him is Fire.

*Detr.* A choleric gentleman : I should know him ; a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him : he was begot when the sign was in Taurus, for a' roars like a bull, but is indeed a bell-weather.

*Con.* The third in rank is Water.

*Detr.* A phlegmattick cold piece of stuff. His father, methinks, should be one of the dunce-table<sup>1</sup>, and one that never drank strong beer in's life, but at festival times ; and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a term after.

*Con.* The fourth is Earth.

*Detr.* A shrewd plotting-pated fellow, and a great lover of news. I guess at the rest : Blood is placed near air, Choler near Fire, Phlegm and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholy.

*Con.* Fair nymph of Harmony, be it thy task To sing them down, and rank them in a mask.

SONG.

*See the elements conspire :*

*Nimble Air does court the Earth,*

*Water does commix with fire,*

*To give our prince's pleasure birth.*

*Each delight, each joy, each sweet*

*In one composition meet :*

*All the seasons of the year ;*

*Winter does invoke the Spring,*

*Summer does in pride appear,*

*Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,*

affectation is ridiculed in the conversation of Fastidius Brisk with Saviolina, which is frequently interrupted by his *whiffs* of tobacco.

<sup>1</sup> *Dunce-table.*] An inferior table provided in some colleges for scholars who deserve such an appellation.



*And with emulation pay  
 Their tribute to this holy-day ;  
 In which the Darling of the Sun is come,  
 To make this place a new Elysium.  
 [The Masquers come down, dance, and exeunt.*

*Win.* How do these pleasures please ?

*Hum.* *How do these pleasures please ?* Pleasures !

*Boun.*

Live here,

And be my lord's friend ; and thy sports shall vary  
 A thousand ways ; Invention shall beget  
 Conceits, as curious as the thoughts of Change  
 Can aim at.

*Hum.* Trifles ! Progress o'er the year  
 Again, my Raybright ; therein like the Sun ;  
 As he in Heaven runs his circular course,  
 So thou on earth run thine : for to be fed  
 With stale delights, breeds dulness and contempt.  
 Think on the Spring.

*Ray.* She was a lovely virgin.

*Win.* My royal lord !

Without offence, be pleas'd but to afford  
 Me give you my true figure : do not scorn  
 My age ; nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,  
 I serve for no use : 'tis my sharper breath  
 Does purge gross exhalations from the earth ;  
 My frosts and snows do purify the air  
 From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair :  
 And though by nature cold and chill I be,  
 Yet I am warm in bounteous charity ;  
 And can, my lord, by grave and sage advice,  
 Bring you to the happy shades of paradise.

*Ray.* That wonder ! Oh, can you direct me thi-  
 ther ?

*Win.* I can direct and point you out a path.

*Hum.* But where's your guide ?

Quicken thy spirits, Raybright ; I'll not leave thee :

We'll run the self-same race again, that happiness ;  
These lazy, sleeping, tedious Winter's nights  
Become not noble action.

*Ray.* To the Spring  
I am resolv'd—

*The SUN appears above.—Recorders playing.*

Oh ! what strange light appears ?  
The Sun is up, sure !

*Sun.* Wanton Darling, look,  
And worship with amazement.

*Ray*<sup>1</sup>. Oh, gracious lord !

*Sun.* Thy sands are number'd and thy glass of  
frailty

Here runs out to the last.—Here, in this mirror,  
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes :  
The season of the Spring dawns like the Morning,  
Bedewing Childhood with unrelish'd beauties  
Of gaudy sights : The Summer, as the Noon,  
Shines in delight of Youth, and ripens strength  
To Autumn's Manhood ; here the Evening grows,  
And knits up all felicity in folly :  
Winter at last draws on the Night of Age ;  
Yet still a humour of some novel fancy  
Untasted or untried, puts off the minute  
Of resolution, which should bid farewell  
To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.  
The powers, from whom man does derive his pedigree

Of his creation, with a royal bounty  
Give him Health, Youth, Delight, for free attendants  
To rectify his carriage : to be thankful  
Again to them, man should cashier his riots,  
His bosom's whorish sweetheart, idle Humour ;

<sup>1</sup> *Ray.*] This speech, in the old copy, is not appropriated, and appears thus : “ Oes, gracious lord.”

His Reason' dangerous seducer, Folly :  
Then shall, like four straight pillars, the four Elements  
Support the goodly structure of mortality ;  
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads  
Of a clear river, streaming in his body,  
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew.  
No sickness of contagion, no grim death  
Or<sup>1</sup> deprivation of Health's real blessings,  
Shall then affright the creature built by Heaven ,  
Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth  
In peace go to our altars, and no more  
Question the power of supernal greatness,  
But give us leave to govern as we please  
Nature and her dominion, who from us  
And from our gracious influence, hath both being  
And preservation ; no replies, but reverence !  
Men hath a double guard, if time can win him,  
Heaven's power above him, his own peace within  
him. [Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> Or,] Old copy of.

**THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.**



**BY ROWLEY, DEKKER, FORD, &c.**



The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, and that the laws of quantum mechanics are determined by the laws of the theory of the structure of the atom. This is a circular argument, but it is the only way to proceed.

The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, and that the laws of quantum mechanics are determined by the laws of the theory of the structure of the atom. This is a circular argument, but it is the only way to proceed.

The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, and that the laws of quantum mechanics are determined by the laws of the theory of the structure of the atom. This is a circular argument, but it is the only way to proceed.

The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, and that the laws of quantum mechanics are determined by the laws of the theory of the structure of the atom. This is a circular argument, but it is the only way to proceed.

## THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

THIS tragedy, which is founded upon the history of an unfortunate old woman, who was condemned and executed for witchcraft in the year 1622, was not published till 1658, when it appeared in quarto, with the following title: "The Witch of Edmonton. A known True Story. Composed into a Tragi-Comedy by divers well esteemed poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c. Acted by the Prince's Servants often, at the Cock-pit in Drury-Lane, once at Court, with singular applause. Never printed till now. London, printed by J. Cottrel for Edward Blackmore, at the Angel in Paul's Church-yard." A curious wooden cut is placed on the title-page. To the right an old woman is portrayed, with the following words on a label out of her mouth, "Sanctabecetur nomen tuum," and over her head, "Mother Sawyer;" to the left a black dog uttering these words, which are also on a label, "Ho, haue I found thee cursing." Below, the clown Cuddy Banks in the water, crying out, "Help, help, I am drownd," and his name over his head.

This performance, which, on many accounts, is a very singular one, was probably produced while the remembrance of the superstitious trial which gave rise to it was yet fresh in the remembrance of the audience, and appears to have been the produce of a very extensive partnership of dramatic talents. Some conjectures respecting the part which Ford took in the composition have been already hazarded in the Introduction; and some account of Dekker, another copartner, has been given in the preliminary observations prefixed to *The Sun's Darling*. William Rowley, who stands at the head of the trio (for as to the number and names of the poets included in the *et cætera*, we cannot form any conjecture) was a player and a poet of considerable reputation. Oldys thus notices him in his MS. notes on Langbaine: "Maister Rowley was once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, says Meres in his second part of *Wit's Commonwealth*, 12. 1598, p. 283, where he mentions him among the best writers of come-

dies in those days. There was one William Rowley was head of the Prince's company of comedians in 1613 to 1616. See the office-books of the Lord Stanhope, treasurer of the chambers in those years, in Dr Rawlinson's possession." It has been doubted, upon very slight grounds however, whether the Rowley mentioned by Meres was one and the same with the poet we are speaking of. Many authors of those days continued their poetical career fully as long. His comedy, entitled *The Match at Midnight*, has very considerable merit, and he had a share in one of the best comedies produced by the third class of dramatic authors in those days, *The Fair Quarrel*, which he wrote in conjunction with Thomas Middleton. The beautiful play of *The Parliament of Love*, which has been lately printed in Mr Gifford's edition of Massinger, was, in the manuscript of it destroyed by the servant of Mr Warburton, attributed to him, which makes it probable that he had at least some share in the composition. The date of his death is entirely unknown.

## PROLOGUE.

THE town of Edmonton hath lent the stage  
A devil and a witch \*, both in an age.  
To make comparisons it were uncivil,  
Between so even a pair, a witch and devil :  
But as the year doth with his plenty bring,  
As well a latter as a former spring,  
So hath this witch enjoy'd the first ; and reason  
Presumes she may partake the other season :  
In acts deserving name, the proverb says,  
“ Once good and ever ;” why not so in plays ?  
Why not in this, since, gentlemen, we flatter  
No expectation ? here is mirth and matter.

MR BIRD †.

\* This is an allusion to the very popular play of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, reprinted by Dodsley, and founded on the history of one Peter Fabel, who lived in the reign of Henry VII. and was reputed a conjurer.

† See p. 225 of this volume.



THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

[illegible text block containing several lines of faint, mostly illegible text]

[illegible text block containing several lines of faint, mostly illegible text]

[illegible text block containing a few lines of faint, mostly illegible text]

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Old THORNEY, *a gentleman.*

Old CARTER, *a rich yeoman.*

Old BANKS, *a countryman.*

W. MAGO,

W. HAMLUC\*, } *two countrymen.*

*Three other countrymen.*

WARBECK, }

SOMERTON, } *suitors to CARTER's daughters.*

FRANK, THORNEY's son.

Young CUDDY BANKS, *the clown.*

*Four Morris-dancers.*

Old RATCLIFFE.

SAWGUT, *an old fiddler.*

POLDAVIS, *a barber's boy.*

*Justice.*

*Constable.*

*Officers.*

*Serving-men.*

*A Spirit.*

*A Familiar, in the shape of a dog.*

\* W. Mago and W. Hamruc were probably the names of two inferior actors, who personated two of the countrymen.

*Mother SAWYER, the witch.*

*ANN, RATCLIFFE's wife.*

*SUSAN,*

*KATHERINE, } CARTER's daughters.*

*WINNIFREDE, Sir ARTHUR's maid.*

*Scene.—The town and neighbourhood of Edmonton.  
In the end of the last Act, London.*

---

*The whole Argument is this distich :*

*Forc'd marriage, murder ; murder blood requires ;  
Reproach, revenge ; revenge, hell's help desires.*

# THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Edmonton.—A Room in the House of Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.*

*Enter FRANK THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE, with child.*

*Frank.* Come, wench; why here's a business soon dispatch'd.

Thy heart I know is now at ease: thou need'st not  
Fear what the tattling gossips in their cups  
Can speak against thy fame: thy child shall know  
Whom to call dad now.

*Win.* You have discharg'd  
The true part of an honest man; I cannot  
Request a fuller satisfaction  
Than you have freely granted: yet methinks  
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,  
We should not live together.

*Frank.* Had I fail'd  
In promise of my truth to thee, we must  
Have been then ever sundered; now the longest



Of our forbearing either's company,  
Is only but to gain a little time  
For our continuing thrift, that so hereafter  
The heir that shall be born may not have cause  
To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel  
The misery of beggary and want;  
Two devils that are occasions to enforce  
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep  
My father's love.

*Win.* And that will be as difficult  
To be preserv'd, when he shall understand  
How you are married, as it will be now,  
Should you confess it to him.

*Frank.* Fathers are  
Won by degrees, not bluntly as our masters  
Or wronged friends are; and besides I'll use  
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere  
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance  
To which I am born heir, shall be assur'd:  
That done, why let him know it; if he like it not  
Yet he shall have no power in him left  
To cross the thriving of it.

*Win.* You who had  
The conquest of my maiden-love may easily  
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither  
Must I be hurried?

*Frank.* Pr'ythee do not use  
A word so much unsuitable to the constant  
Affections of thy husband. Thou shalt live  
Near Waltham-Abbey, with thy uncle Selman.  
I have acquainted him with all at large:  
He'll use thee kindly: thou shalt want no pleasures,

Nor any other fit supplies whatever  
Thou canst in heart desire.

*Win.* All these are nothing  
Without your company.

*Frank.* Which thou shalt have  
Once every month at least.

*Win.* Once every month !  
Is this to have an husband ?

*Frank.* Perhaps oft'ner :  
That's as occasion serves.

*Win.* Ay, ay : in case  
No other beauty tempt your eye, whom you  
Like better, I may chance to be remember'd,  
And see you now and then. 'Faith ! I did hope  
You'd not have used me so : 'tis but my fortune.  
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity  
Upon the child I go with ; that's your own.  
And 'less you'll be a cruel-hearted father,  
You cannot but remember that.  
Heaven knows how—

*Frank.* To quit which fear at once,  
As by the ceremony late perform'd,  
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,  
As any double thought ; once more, in hearing  
Of Heaven and thee, I vow that never henceforth  
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,  
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our marriage,  
Shall cause me falsify that bridal oath  
That binds me thine. And, Winnifrede, whenever  
The wanton heats of youth, by subtle baits  
Of beauty, or what woman's art can practice,  
Draw me from only loving thee, let Heaven  
Inflict upon my life some fearful ruin !  
I hope thou dost believe me.

*Win.* Swear no more ;  
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do  
What you think most behoveful for us.

*Frank.* Thus then :  
Make thyself ready ; at the furthest house  
Upon the green, without the town, your uncle  
Expects you. For a little time farewell.

*Win.* Sweet,  
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly?

*Frank.* We shall. One kiss. Away.

[*Exit WINNIFREDE.*]

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.*

*Sir Ar.* Frank Thorney!

*Frank.* Here, sir!

*Sir Ar.* Alone? Then must I tell thee in plain terms,

Thou hast wrong'd thy master's house basely and lewdly.

*Frank.* Your house, sir?

*Sir Ar.* Yes, sir, if the nimble devil That wantoned in your blood, rebell'd against All rules of honest duty, you might, sir, Have found out some more fitting place than here, To have built a stews in. All the country whispers How shamefully thou hast undone a maid, Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage<sup>1</sup>, Till thy prevailing perjuries entic'd her To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet? Make her amends and marry her?

*Frank.* So, sir, I might bring both myself and her to beggary, And that would be a shame worse than the other.

*Sir Ar.* You should have thought on this before, and then Your reason would have oversway'd the passion Of your unruly lust. But that you may Be left without excuse, to salve the infamy Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are A gentleman, and both of you my servants, I'll make the maid a portion.

*Frank.* So you promised me

<sup>1</sup> *Carriage,*] i. e. Conduct.



Before, in case I married her. I know  
Sir Arthur Clarington deserves the credit  
Report hath lent him; and presume you are  
A debtor to your promise: but upon  
What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me  
For being somewhat rude.

*Sir Ar.* It is but reason.

Well, Frank, what think'st thou of two hundred  
pounds,  
And a continual friend?

*Frank.* Tho' my poor fortune  
Might happily prefer me to a choice  
Of a far greater portion; yet to right  
A wronged maid, and to preserve your favour,  
I am content to accept your proffer.

*Sir Ar.* Art thou?

*Frank.* Sir, we shall every day have need to em-  
ploy  
The use of what you please to give.

*Sir Ar.* Thou shalt have it.

*Frank.* Then I claim your promise.—We are man  
and wife.

*Sir Ar.* Already?

*Frank.* And more than so, I have promis'd her  
Free entertainment in her uncle's house  
Near Waltham-Abbey, where she may securely  
Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work  
My father's love and liking.

*Sir Ar.* Honest Frank!

*Frank.* I hope, sir, you will think I cannot keep  
her  
Without a daily charge.

*Sir Ar.* As for the money,  
'Tis all thine own; and tho' I cannot make thee  
A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure  
I will not fail thee.

*Frank.* But our occasions——



*Sir Ar.* Nay, nay, talk not of your occasions ;  
trust my bounty,  
It shall not sleep.—Hast married her i'faith, Frank ?  
'Tis well, 'tis passing well. Then, Winnifrede,  
Once more thou art an honest woman. Frank,  
Thou hast a jewel: love her ; she'll deserve it.  
And when to Waltham ?

*Frank.* She is making ready.  
Her uncle stays for her.

*Sir Ar.* Most provident speed.  
Frank, I will be [your'] friend, and such a friend !—  
Thou wilt bring her thither ?

*Frank.* Sir, I cannot: newly  
My father sent me word I should come to him.

*Sir Ar.* Marry, and do: I know thou hast a wit  
To handle him.

*Frank.* I have a suit to you.

*Sir Ar.* What is't ?  
Any thing, Frank ; command it.

*Frank.* That you'll please  
By letters to assure my father, that  
I am not married.

*Sir Ar.* How ?

*Frank.* Some one or other  
Hath certainly inform'd him, that I purpos'd  
To marry Winnifrede ; on which he threatened  
To disinherit me ; to prevent it  
Lowly I crave your letters, which he seeing  
Will credit ; and I hope ere I return,  
On such conditions as I'll frame, his lands  
Shall be assur'd.

*Sir Ar.* But what is that to quit  
My knowledge of the marriage ?

*Frank.* Why, you were not  
A witness to it.

<sup>1</sup> *Your.*] This word is casually omitted in the quarto.

*Sir Ar.* I conceive : and then  
His land confirmed, thou wilt acquaint him  
throughly  
With all that's past ?

*Frank.* I mean no less.

*Sir Ar.* Provided  
I never was made privy to't.

*Frank.* Alas, sir,  
Am I a talker ?

*Sir Ar.* Draw thyself the letter,  
I'll put my hand to't. I commend thy policy :  
Thou'rt witty, witty, Frank ; nay, nay, 'tis fit :  
Dispatch it.

*Frank.* I shall write effectually. [*Exit.*

*Sir Ar.* Go thy way, cuckoo!—Have I caught the  
young man ?

One trouble then is freed. He that will feast  
At other's cost, must be a bold-fac'd guest.

*Enter WINNIFREDE in a riding-suit.*

*Win.* I have heard the news ; all now is safe.  
The worst is past.

*Sir Ar.* Thy lip, wench ! I must bid  
Farewell, for fashion's sake ; but I will visit thee  
Suddenly, girl. This was cleanly carried :  
Ha ! was't not, Win ?

*Win.* Then were my happiness,  
That I in heart repent I did not bring him  
The dower of virginity. Sir, forgive me ;  
I have been much to blame. Had not my laun-  
dress

Given way to your immoderate waste of virtue,  
You had not with such eagerness pursued  
The error of your goodness.

*Sir Ar.* Dear, dear Win,  
I hug this art of thine ; it shews how cleanly  
Thou canst beguile in case occasion serve

To practise ; it becomes thee. Now we share  
Free scope enough, without controul or fear,  
To interchange our pleasures ; we will surfeit  
In our embraces, wench. Come, tell me, when  
Wilt thou appoint a meeting ?

*Win.* What to do ?

*Sir Ar.* Good, good, to con the lesson of our  
loves,

Our secret game.

*Win.* Oh, blush to speak it further ?  
As you're a noble gentleman, forget  
A sin so monstrous ! 'Tis not gently done,  
To open a cured wound. I know you speak  
For trial : 'Troth, you need not.

*Sir Ar.* I for trial ?  
Not I, by this good sunshine !

*Win.* Can you name  
That syllable of good, and yet not tremble  
To think to what a foul and black intent  
You use it for an oath ? Let me resolve you :  
If you appear in any visitation,  
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs  
Done to abused Thorney, my kind husband ;  
If you infect mine ear with any breath  
That is not thoroughly perfum'd with sighs  
For former deeds of love : may I be curs'd  
Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe  
To see or hear you ! I will change my life,  
From a loose whore to a repentant wife.

*Sir Ar.* Wilt thou turn monster now ? art not  
asham'd  
After so many months to be honest at last ?  
Away, away ! fie on't !

*Win.* My resolution  
Is built upon a rock. This very day  
Young Thorney vow'd with oaths not to be doubted,  
That never any change of love should cancel



The bonds in which we are to either bound,  
Of lasting truth. And shall I then for my part  
Unfile the sacred oath set on record  
In Heaven's book? Sir Arthur, do not study  
To add to your lascivious lust, the sin  
Of sacrilege: for if you but endeavour  
By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,  
You strive as much as in you lies to ruin  
A temple hallowed to the purity  
Of holy marriage. I have said enough:  
You may believe me.

*Sir Ar.* Get you to your nunnery,  
Then freeze in your old cloister. This is fine!

*Win.* Good angels guide me! Sir, you'll give  
me leave

To weep and pray for your conversion?

*Sir Ar.* Yes; away to Waltham. Pox on your  
honesty!

Had you no other trick to fool me? Well,  
You may want money yet.

*Win.* None that I'll send for  
To you for hire of a damnation?

When I am gone, think on my just complaint:  
I was your devil: Oh, be you my saint! [*Exit.*

*Sir Ar.* Go, go thy ways: as changeable a bag-  
gage

As ever cozened knight. I'm glad I'm rid of her.  
Honest! marry hang her! Thorney is my debtor;  
I thought to have paid him too; but fools have  
fortune. [*Exit.*



SCENE II.—*A Room in CARTER'S House.*

*Enter Old THORNEY and Old CARTER.*

*Thor.* You offer, master Carter, like a gentleman. I cannot find fault with it, 'tis so fair.

*Car.* No gentleman I, master Thorney; spare the mastership: call me by my name, John Carter. Master is a title my father, nor his before him, were acquainted with. Honest Hertfordshire yeomen, such an one am I. My word and my deed shall be proved one at all times. I mean to give you no security for the marriage-money.

*Thor.* How? no security? Altho' it need not as long as you live; yet who is he has surety of his life one hour? Men, the proverb says, are mortal: else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum double.

*Car.* Double, treble, more or less; I tell you, master Thorney, I give no security. Bonds and bills are but tarriers to catch fools, and keep lazy knaves busy. My security shall be present payment. And we here, about Edmonton, hold present payment as sure as an alderman's bond in London, master Thorney.

*Thor.* I cry you mercy, sir, I understood you not.

*Car.* I like young Frank well; so does my Susan too. The girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my purse. There be other suitors within, that make much noise to little purpose. If Frank love Sue, Sue shall have none but Frank. 'Tis a mannerly girl, master Thorney, tho' but an homely man's daughter. There have worse faces looked out of black bags, man.

*Thor.* You speak your mind freely and honestly. I marvel my son comes not. I am sure he will be here some time to-day.

*Car.* To-day or to-morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to bread, beer, and beef, yeoman's fare; we have no kickshaws: full dishes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender city suppers, you might send me to Barber-Surgeon's hall the fourth day, to hang up for an anatomy<sup>1</sup>.—Here come they that—

*Enter WARBECK with SUSAN, SOMERTON with KATHERINE.*

How now girls! every day play-day with you? Valentine's day, too? all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our graves, master Thorney. Here's all the care they take. And how do you find the wenches, gentlemen? have they any mind to a loose gown and a strait shoe? Win 'em and wear 'em. They shall choose for themselves by my consent.

*War.* You speak like a kind father. Sue, thou hearest

The liberty that's granted thee. What sayest thou? Wilt thou be mine?

*Sus.* Your what, sir? I dare swear  
Never your wife.

*War.* Canst thou be so unkind,  
Considering how dearly I affect thee,  
Nay dote on thy perfections?

*Sus.* You are studied;  
Too scholar-like in words: I understand not.  
I am too coarse for such a gallant's love  
As you are.

*War.* By the honour of gentility—

<sup>1</sup> *Anatomy,*] A skeleton.

*Sus.* Good sir, no swearing : yea and nay with  
us  
Prevails above all oaths you can invent.

*War.* By this white hand of thine—

*Sus.* Take a false oath ?  
Fie, fie ! flatter the wise : fools not regard it ;  
And one of these am I.

*War.* Dost thou despise me ?

*Car.* Let 'em talk on, master Thorney. I know  
Sue's mind. The fly may buzz about the candle,  
he shall but singe his wings when all's done. Frank,  
Frank is he has her heart.

*Som.* But shall I live in hope, Kate ?

*Kath.* Better so,  
Than be a desperate man.

*Som.* Perhaps thou think'st it is thy portion  
I level at ? Wert thou as poor in fortunes  
As thou art rich in goodness, I would rather  
Be suitor for the dower of thy virtues,  
Than twice thy father's whole estate : and, pr'y-  
thee,  
Be thou resolv'd<sup>1</sup> so.

*Kath.* Master Somerton,  
It is an easy labour to deceive  
A maid that will believe men's subtle promises :  
Yet I conceive of you as worthily  
As I presume you do deserve.

*Som.* Which is,  
As worthily in loving thee sincerely,  
As thou art worthy to be so belov'd.

*Kath.* I shall find time to try you.

*Som.* Do, Kate, do :  
And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me.

*Car.* Warbeck and Sue are at it still. I laugh  
to myself, master Thorney, to see how earnestly

<sup>1</sup> Resolved,] Convinced, satisfied.



he beats the bush, while the bird is flown into another's bosom. A very unthrift, master Thorney; one of the country roaring-lads<sup>1</sup>: we have such as well as the city, and as arrant rake-hells as they are, though not so nimble at their prizes of wit. Sue knows the rascal to an hair's-breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

*Thor.* What is the other gentleman?

*Car.* One Somerton; the honestest man of the two, by five pound in every stone-weight. A civil fellow. He has a fine convenient estate of land by Westham in Essex. Master Ranges, that dwells by Enfield, sent him hither. He likes Kate well: I may tell you, I think she likes him as well. If they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that Warbeck is such another—I'll use him kindly for master Somerton's sake: for he came hither first as a companion of his. Honest men, master Thorney, may fall into knaves' company now and then.

*War.* Three hundred a year jointure, Sue.

*Sus.* ~~Where lies it?~~ Where lies it!  
By sea or land? I think by sea.

*War.* Do I look like a captain?

*Sus.* Not a whit, sir.  
Should all that use the seas be reckon'd captains,  
There's not a ship should have a scullion in her  
To keep her clean.

*War.* Do you scorn me, mistress Susan?  
Am I a subject to be jeer'd at?

*Sus.* Neither  
Am I a property for you to use  
As stale<sup>2</sup> to your fond wanton loose discourse.  
Pray, sir, be civil.

<sup>1</sup> *Roaring-lads.*] See p. 333 of this volume.

<sup>2</sup> *Stale.*] This word seems to be used here in the same sense as in the following lines of Shakespeare:



*War.* Wilt be angry, wasp?

*Car.* God-a mercy, Sue. She'll firk<sup>1</sup> him on my life, if he fumble with her.

*Enter FRANK.*

Master Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed. Your father expected your coming. How does the right worshiptul knight, Sir Arthur Clarington, your master?

*Frank.* In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

*Thor.* Now

You come as I could wish.

*War.* Frank Thorney? ha! [*Aside.*

*Sus.* You must excuse me.

*Frank.* (*Saluting them.*) Virtuous mistress Susan. Kind mistress Katherine. Gentlemen, to both Good time o' th' day.

*Som.* The like to you.

*War.* (*Aside.*) 'Tis he.

A word, friend. (*Aside to Som.*) On my life, this is the man

Stands fair in crossing Susan's love to me.

*Som.* I think no less. Be wise and take no notice on't.

He that can win her, best deserves her.

*War.* Marry,

A serving man? mew!

*Som.* Pr'ythee, friend, no more.

*Car.* Gentlemen all, there's within a slight dinner ready, if you please to taste of it. Master Thor-

"I stand dishonour'd to have gone about  
To link my dear friend to a common stale."

<sup>1</sup> *Firk,*] Chastise, beat. In the same sense it occurs in Barry's Ram-Alley:

———"nay, I will *firk*  
My silly novice, as he was never *firk'd*  
Since midwives bound his noddle."

ney, master Francis, master Somerton !—Why, girls! what, huswives, will you spend all your forenoon in tittle-tattles? Away: it's well, i'faith. Will you go in, gentlemen?

*Thor.* We'll follow presently: my son and I  
Have a few words of business.

*Car.* At your pleasure.

[*Exeunt all but THORNEY and FRANK.*]

*Thor.* I think you guess the reason, Frank, for  
which

I sent for you.

*Frank.* Yes, sir.

*Thor.* I need not tell you  
With what a labyrinth of dangers daily  
The best part of my whole estate's encumbered:  
Nor have I any clew to wind it out,  
But what occasion proffers me. Wherein,  
If you should falter, I shall have the shame,  
And you the loss. On these two points rely  
Our happiness or ruin. If you marry  
With wealthy Carter's daughter, there's a portion  
Will free my land; all which I will instate  
Upon the marriage to you. Otherwise  
I must be of necessity enforc'd  
To make a present sale of all; and yet,  
For ought I know, live in as poor distress,  
Or worse, than now I do. You hear the sum:  
I told you thus before. Have you consider'd on't?

*Frank.* I have, sir. And however I could wish  
To enjoy the benefit of single freedom,  
For<sup>1</sup> that I find no disposition in me  
To undergo the burthen of that care  
That marriage brings with it; yet to secure  
And settle the continuance of your credit,

<sup>1</sup> *For.*] This word was frequently, as in the present case,  
used in the sense of *because*.

I humbly yield to be directed by you  
In all commands.

*Thor.* You have already used  
Such thriving protestations to the maid,  
That she is wholly your's. And——speak the  
truth,—

You love her, do you not ?

*Frank.* 'Twere pity, sir,  
I should deceive her.

*Thor.* Better you had been unborn.  
But is your love so steady that you mean,  
Nay more, desire, to make her your wife ?

*Frank.* Else, sir,  
It were a wrong not to be righted.

*Thor.* True,  
It were : and you will marry her ?

*Frank.* Heaven prosper it !  
I do intend it.

*Thor.* Oh, thou art a villain !  
A devil like a man ! Wherein have I  
Offended all the powers so much, to be  
Father to such a graceless, godless son ?

*Frank.* To me, sir, this ? Oh, my cleft heart !

*Thor.* To thee,  
Son of my curse. Speak truth and blush, thou  
monster !

Hast thou not married Winnifrede, a maid  
Was fellow-servant with thee ?

*Frank. (Aside.)* Some swift spirit  
Has blown this news abroad. I must outface it.

*Thor.* Do you study for excuse ? why all the  
country  
Is full on't.

*Frank.* With your license, 'tis not charitable ;  
I'm sure it is not fatherly, so much  
To be o'erswayed with credulous conceit



Of mere impossibilities. But fathers  
Are privileg'd to think and talk at pleasure.

*Thor.* Why, canst thou yet deny thou hast no wife?

*Frank.* What do you take me for? an atheist?  
One that nor hopes the blessedness of life  
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due  
To such as make the marriage-bed an inn;  
Which travellers, day and night,  
After a toilsome lodging, leave at pleasure?  
Am I become so insensible of losing  
The glory of creation's work, my soul?  
Oh, I have liv'd too long!

*Thor.* Thou hast, dissembler:  
Dar'st thou persèver yet, and pull down wrath  
As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick<sup>1</sup>  
Into the grave of horror? I believe thee not.  
Get from my sight!

*Frank.* Sir, though mine innocence  
Needs not a stronger witness than the clearness  
Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that  
I was inform'd, how mainly you had been  
Possess'd of this untruth, to quit all scruple  
Please you peruse this letter; 'tis to you.

*Thor.* From whom?

*Frank.* Sir Arthur Clarington, my master.

*Thor.* Well, sir. [*Reads.*]

*Frank.* (*Aside.*) On every side I am distracted:  
Am waded deeper into mischief  
Than virtue can avoid. But on I must:  
Fate leads me; I will follow.—There you read  
What may confirm you<sup>2</sup>.

*Thor.* Yes, and wonder at it.  
Forgive me, Frank. Credulity abus'd me.

<sup>1</sup> *Quick,*] Alive.

<sup>2</sup> *Confirm,*] i. e. Convince.



My tears express my joy : and I am sorry  
I injur'd innocence.

*Frank.* Alas ! I knew  
Your rage and grief proceeded from your love  
To me ; so I conceiv'd it.

*Thor.* My good son,  
I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter :  
Bear thou with mine.

*Frank.* The peace is soon concluded.

*Enter Old CARTER and SUSAN.*

*Car.* Why, master Thorney, d'you mean to talk  
out your dinner ? The company attends your com-  
ing. What must it be, master Frank, or son  
Frank ? I am plain Dunstable.

*Thor.* Son, brother, if your daughter like to have  
it so.

*Frank.* I dare be confident, she is not alter'd  
From what I left her at our parting last.—  
Are you, fair maid ?

*Sus.* You took too sure possession  
Of an engaged heart.

*Frank.* Which now I challenge.

*Car.* Marry, and much good may it do thee, son.  
Take her to thee. Get me a brace of boys at a  
burthen, Frank. The nurse shall not stand thee  
in a pennyworth of milk. Reach her home and  
spare her not. When's the day ?

*Thor.* To-morrow if you please. To use cere-  
mony  
Of charge and custom were to little purpose :  
Their loves are married fast enough already.

*Car.* A good motion. We'll e'en have an house-  
hold dinner, and let the fiddlers go scrape. Let the  
bride and bridegroom dance at night together : no  
matter for the guests. To-morrow, Sue, to-mor-  
row. Shall's to dinner now ?

*Thor.* We are on all sides pleas'd, I hope.

*Sus.* Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing  
sent me !

Now my heart's settled.

*Frank.* So is mine.

*Car.* Your marriage-money shall be receiv'd  
before your wedding-shoes can be pulled on. Bless-  
ing on you both !

*Frank.* (*Aside.*) No man can hide his shame  
from Heaven that views him ;  
In vain he flies, whose destiny pursues him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

*Enter ELIZABETH SAWYER, gathering sticks.*

*Saw.* And why on me ? why should the envious  
world

Throw all their scandalous malice upon me ?

'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,

And like a bow buckled and bent together,

By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,

Must I for that be made a common sink

For all the filth and rubbish of mens tongues

To fall and run into ? Some call me witch,

And being ignorant of myself, they go

About to teach me how to be one ; urging,

That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)

Forespeaks their cattle<sup>1</sup>, doth bewitch their corn,

<sup>1</sup> Forespeaks *their cattle*.] To forespeak is used in the sense  
of predicting and of forbidding ; but of that required in the text,

Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse.  
This they enforce upon me ; and in part  
Make me to credit it. And here comes one  
Of my chief adversaries.

*Enter Old BANKS.*

*Banks.* Out ! out upon thee, witch !

*Saw.* Dost call me witch ?

*Banks.* I do, witch, I do : and worse I would,  
knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou  
upon my ground.

*Saw.* Gathering a few rotten sticks to warm me.

*Banks.* Down with them when I bid thee, quickly ; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else !

*Saw.* You won't, churl, cut-throat, miser ! there  
they be.

'Would they stuck 'cross thy throat, thy bowels,  
thy maw,

Thy midriff !

*Banks.* Say'st thou me so ? Hag, out of my  
ground ! *[Beats her.*

*Saw.* Dost strike me slave, curmudgeon ! Now  
thy bones ache,

Thy joints cramp, and convulsions stretch and  
crack

Thy sinews !

*Banks.* Cursing, thou hag ? take that, and that.

*[Beats her and exit.*

*Saw.* Strike ! do, and withered may that hand  
and arm

Whose blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten  
trunk !

Abuse me ! beat me ! call me hag and witch !

What is the name ? where, and by what art learn'd ?

I cannot produce another instance. It evidently means to be a  
witch in some way or other.



What spells, what charms or invocations,  
May the thing call'd familiar be purchas'd?

*Enter CUDDY BANKS, with four of his companions.*

*Cud*<sup>1</sup>. A new head for the tabor, and silver tipping for the pipe: remember that, and forget not five leash<sup>2</sup> of new bells.

1. *Comp.* Double bells: Crooked-Lane, ye shall have 'em straight in Crooked-Lane: double bells all if it be possible.

*Cud.* Double bells? double coxcombs! Trebles: buy me trebles, all trebles: for our purpose is to be in the altitudes.

2. *Comp.* All trebles? not a mean<sup>3</sup>?

*Cud.* Not one. The morris is so cast, we'll have neither mean nor base in our company, fellow Rowland.

<sup>1</sup> The present scene, and those which occur farther on in this play in consequence of it, give one of the best and most complete illustrations of the morris-dance, which has excited so much disquisition amongst antiquarians, by whom this curious play seems, however, to have been almost entirely overlooked. In Mr Douce's late Dissertation on the Ancient English Morris-dance, it is only once quoted, and that in illustration of the present passage from the text. Respecting the bells worn by morris-dancers, I take the liberty to transcribe from Mr Douce: "The number of bells round each leg of the morris-dancers, amounted from twenty to forty. They had various appellations, as the fore-bell, the second bell, the treble, the base, and the double bell. Sometimes they used trebles only; but these refinements were of later times;"—referring to the present scene in *The Witch of Edmonton*.

<sup>2</sup> *Five leash,*] That is, five times three.

<sup>3</sup> *Not a mean?*] A mean in music is the tenor. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

————— Nay, now you are too flat,  
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:  
There wanteth but a *mean* to fill your song.

*Jul.* The *mean* is drown'd with your unruly *base*."

Cuddy Banks, in his ensuing speech, quibbles in the same manner on the musical term *base*.



3. *Comp.* What? not a counter?

*Cud.* By no means, no hunting counter; leave that to the Enfield Chace men: all trebles, all in the altitudes. Now for the disposing of parts in the morris, little or no labour will serve.

2. *Comp.* If you that be minded to follow your leader, know me, (an ancient honour belonging to our house), for a fore-horse, team, and fore-gallant in a morris<sup>1</sup>, my father's stable is not unfurnish'd.

3. *Comp.* So much for the fore-horse: but how for a good hobby-horse?

*Cud.* For a hobby-horse? Let me see an almanack. Midsummer-moon, let me see ye. When the moon's in the full, then wit's in the wane. No more. Use your best skill. Your morris will suffer an eclipse.

1. *Comp.* An eclipse?

*Cud.* A strange one.

2. *Comp.* Strange?

*Cud.* Yes, and most sudden. Remember the fore-gallant, and forget the hobby-horse! The whole body of your morris will be darkened.—There be of us—but 'tis no matter: forget the hobby-horse!

1. *Comp.* Cuddy Banks, have you forgot since he paced it from Enfield Chace to Edmonton?—Cuddy, honest Cuddy, cast thy stuff.

*Cud.* Suffer may ye all! It shall be known, I can take my ease as well as another man. Seek your hobby-horse where you can get him.

1. *Comp.* Cuddy, honest Cuddy, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.

<sup>1</sup> *For a fore-horse, team, and fore-gallant in a morris.*] I have not met with any mention of these characters in the morris-dance. Probably new fashions were introduced into that game, as well as in other things, which require variations to keep up their popularity.

2. *Comp.* The old horse shall have a new bridle.

3. *Comp.* The caparisons new painted.

4. *Comp.* The tail repair'd.

1. *Comp.* The snaffle and the bosses new saffroned o'er.

1. *Comp.* Kind,—

2. *Comp.* Honest,—

3. *Comp.* Loving, ingenious—

4. *Comp.* Affable, Cuddy.

*Cud.* To shew I am not flint, but affable, as you say, very well stuf, a kind of warm dough or puff-paste, I relent, I connive, most affable Jack. Let the hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am on him.—But uds me, mother Sawyer!

1. *Comp.* The old witch of Edmonton.—If our mirth be not cross'd—

2. *Comp.* Bless us, Cuddy, and let her curse her t'other eye out. What dost now!

*Cud.* “Ungirt, unblest,” says the proverb. But my girdle shall serve a riding knit: and a fig for all the witches in Christendom! What would'st thou?

1. *Comp.* The devil cannot abide to be crossed.

2. *Comp.* And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3. *Comp.* Away!

4. *Comp.* With the witch!

*All.* Away with the witch of Edmonton!

[*Exeunt making strange postures.*]

*Saw.* Still vex'd? still tortur'd? That curmudgeon Banks

Is ground of all my scandal. I am shunn'd

And hated like a sickness; made a scorn

To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old bel-dams

Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,

Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,

That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, their  
blood :

But by what means they came acquainted with  
them,

I am now ignorant. 'Would some pow'r, good or  
bad,

Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd

Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,

And give this fury leave to dwell within

This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age ;

Abjure all goodness ; be at hate with prayer ;

And study curses, imprecations,

Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,

Or any thing that's ill ; so I might work

Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,

That barks, and bites, and sucks the very blood

Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,

To be a witch as to be counted one.

Vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker !

*Enter a Spirit in the shape of a black Dog'.*

*Dog.* Ho ! have I found thee cursing ? Now  
thou art

Mine own.

<sup>a</sup> *Enter a Spirit in the shape of a black Dog.]* This was a favourite disguise of the devil, in his intercourse with witches. Elizabeth Southern, *alias* Demdike, one of the Lancashire witches, who were so notorious in the reign of James I. and whose popularity is still remaining in the usual compliment paid to the women of that county, confessed that, " upon a Sabboth-day in the morning, this examinee having a litle child upon her knee, and she being in a slumber, the sayd spirit appeared to her in the likenes of a browne dogg, forcing himself to her knee, to get blood under her left arm : and she being without any apparell, saving her smocke, the said devill did get blood under her left arm." Again, in the evidence of Jennet Device against her brother, she confesses, that " there appeared unto him, in the examinee's mother's house, a black dogge, which her said brother called Dandy."...The Wonderful Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster, 1613, *apud* Somers's Tracts, 1810, III.



*Saw.* Thine? what art thou?

*Dog.* He thou hast so often  
Importun'd to appear to thee, the devil.

*Saw.* Bless me! the devil?

*Dog.* Come, do not fear, I love thee much too  
well

To hurt or fright thee. If I seem terrible,  
It is to such as hate me. I have found  
Thy love unfeign'd; have seen and pitied  
Thy open wrongs, and come, out of my love,  
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

*Saw.* May I believe thee?

*Dog.* To confirm't, command me  
Do any mischief unto man or beast,  
And I'll effect it, on condition  
That uncompell'd thou make a deed of gift  
Of soul and body to me.

*Saw.* Out, alas!

My soul and body!

*Dog.* And that instantly,  
And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,  
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

*Saw.* I know not where to seek relief: but shall I,

p. 101, 110. It is difficult to conceive how the actor, who personated the infernal black dog, was disguised. The part must certainly have been given to a boy: but it must have required the full belief in witchcraft among the spectators, to have beheld the scene without laughter. The following quotation, however, makes it not improbable, that the fictitious dog was not forced to go upon four legs, but that he was allowed to employ his usual erect manner of walking. In the evidence given against Jennet Bierley, Grace Sowerbutts, a girl of fourteen years, says, "that upon Saturday, being the fourth of Aprill, shee, this examine going towards Salmesbury bote, to meete her mother coming from Preston, shee saw this Jennet Bierley, who met this examine at a place called the Two Brigges, first in her owne shape, and afterwards in the likenesse of a black dogge with two legges," ut supra, p. 126.



After such covenants seal'd, see full revenge  
On all that wrong me!

*Dog.* Ha, ha! silly woman!  
The devil is no liar to such as he loves.  
Did'st ever know or hear the devil a liar  
To such as he affects?

*Saw.* Then' I am thine; at least so much of me,  
As I can call mine own.

*Dog.* Equivocations?  
Art mine or no? speak, or I'll tear——

*Saw.* All thine.

*Dog.* Seal't with thy blood.

[*He sucks her arm.—Thunder and lightning.*

See, now I dare call thee mine!  
For proof, command me; instantly I'll run,  
To any mischief; goodness can I none.

*Saw.* And I desire as little. There's an old churl,  
One Banks——

*Dog.* That wronged thee: he lam'd thee, call'd  
thee witch.

*Saw.* The same: first upon him I'll be reveng'd.

*Dog.* Thou shalt: Do but name how?

*Saw.* Go, touch his life.

*Dog.* I cannot.

*Saw.* Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave!

*Dog.* I wonnot.

*Saw.* I cancel then my gift.

*Dog.* Ha, ha!

*Saw.* Dost laugh?

Why wilt not kill him.

*Dog.* Fool! because I cannot.

Tho' we have power, know, 'tis circumscrib'd,  
And tied in limits: tho' he be curs'd to thee,  
Yet of himself he's loving to the world,

<sup>1</sup> *When,*] So the quarto reads.

And charitable to the poor. Now men, that,  
 As he, love goodness, tho' in smallest measure,  
 Live without compass of our reach. His cattle  
 And corn I'll kill and mildew: but his life,  
 (Until I take him, as I late found thee,  
 Cursing and swearing), I have no pow'r to touch.

*Saw.* Work on his corn and cattle then.

*Dog.* I shall.  
 The witch of Edmonton shall see his fall,  
 If she at least put credit in my power,  
 And in mine only; make orisons to me,  
 And none but me.

*Saw.* Say how, and in what manner.

*Dog.* *I'll tell thee: when thou wishest ill,  
 Corn, man, or beast would'st spoil or kill,  
 Turn thy back against the sun<sup>1</sup>,  
 And mumble this short orison:  
 "If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,  
 Sanctibicetur nomen tuum."*

*Saw.* *"If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,  
 Sanctibicetur nomen tuum."*

*Dog.* Perfect. Farewell! Our first-made pro-  
 mises

We'll put in execution against Banks. [*Exit.*

*Saw.* *"Contaminetur nomen tuum."* I'm an ex-  
 pert scholar;

Speak Latin, or I know not well what language,  
 As well as the best of 'em.—But who comes here?

<sup>1</sup> *Turn thy back against the sun.*] The practice of turning towards the rising sun, and of erecting the altar at the east-end of the church, was, it seems, exactly reversed when the prayer was addressed to the devil.

<sup>2</sup> The corrupt Latin, which occurs in this play, has not been altered, as it may have been purposely put in the mouth of the devil and of an ignorant old woman.

*Enter CUDDY BANKS.*

The son of my worst foe. "To death pursue 'em,  
*Et sanctabicetur nomen tuum.*"

*Cud.* What's that she mumbles? the devil's paternoster? 'Would it were else.—Mother Sawyer, good-morrow.

*Saw.* Ill-morrow to thee, and all the world that flout

A poor old woman. "To death pursue 'em,  
*And sanctabacetur nomen tuum.*"

*Cud.* Nay, good gammer Sawyer, whate'er it pleases my father to call you, I know you are——

*Saw.* A witch.

*Cud.* A witch? 'Would you were else, i'faith!

*Saw.* Your father knows I am by this.

*Cud.* I would he did.

*Saw.* And so in time may you.

*Cud.* I would I might else. But witch or no witch, you are a motherly woman: and tho' my father be a kind of God-bless-us, as they say, I have an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kind to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous to kob you another'.

*Saw.* What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call me witch,

As your kind father doth?

*Cud.* My father? I am asham'd to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a plaister; [*gives money*] and a small courtesy I would require at thy hands.

*Saw.* You seem a good young man, and—[*aside*]  
I must dissemble,

' Ka me one good turn, I'll-----kob you another.] Do me one good turn, and I will return it with another. The proverb is the same as ka me, ka thee, which occurs in *Eastward-Hoe*, in *Barry's Ram-Alley*, and in *Massinger's City Madam*.



The better to accomplish my revenge,—  
But for this silver, what would'st thou have me do?  
Bewitch thee?

*Cud.* No, by no means; I am bewitch'd already.  
I would have thee so good as to unwitch me, or  
witch another with me for company.

*Saw.* I understand thee not. Be plain, my son.

*Cud.* As a pike-staff, mother. You know Kate  
Carter?

*Saw.* The wealthy yeoman's daughter? what of  
her?

*Cud.* That same party has bewitch'd me.

*Saw.* Bewitch'd thee?

*Cud.* Bewitch'd me, *hisce auribus*. I saw a little  
devil fly out of her eye like a burbolt, which sticks  
at this hour up to the feathers in my heart. Now,  
my request is, to send one of thy what-d'ye-call-  
'ems, either to pluck that out, or stick another as  
fast in her's. Do, and here's my hand: I am thine  
for three lives.

*Saw.* We shall have sport. [*aside.*—Thou art in  
love with her?

*Cud.* Up to the very hilts, mother.

*Saw.* And thou would'st have me make her love  
thee too?

*Cud.* I think she'll prove a witch in earnest.  
[*aside.*—Yes, I could find in my heart to strike  
her three-quarters deep in love with me too.

*Saw.* But dost thou think that I can do't, and I  
alone?

*Cud.* Truly, mother witch, I do verily believe  
so: and, when I see it done, I shall be half per-  
suaded so too.

*Saw.* It is enough. What art can do, be sure of.  
Turn to the west, and whatsoe'er thou hearest  
Or seest, stand silent, and be not airaid.

[*She stamps on the ground; the Dog ap-  
pears, and fawns, and leaps upon her.*



*Cud.* Afraid, mother witch?—Turn my face to the west? I said I should always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. An her little devil should be hungry, come sneaking behind me, like a cowardly catchpole, and clap his talons on my haunches—'Tis woundy cold sure. I dudder and shake like an aspen leaf every joint of me.

*Saw.* "To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,  
*Et sanctabicitur nomen tuum.*" [*Exit Dog.*

How now, my son, how is't?

*Cud.* Scarce in a clean life, mother witch. But did your goblin and you spout Latin together?

*Saw.* A kind of charm I work by. Didst thou hear me?

*Cud.* I heard, I know not the devil what, mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a drum that had taken cold in the head the last muster. Very comfortable words: what were they? and who taught them you?

*Saw.* A great learned man.

*Cud.* Learned man? Learned devil it was as soon. But what? What comfortable news about the party?

*Saw.* Who? Kate Carter? I'll tell thee: Thou know'st the stile at the west end of thy father's pease-field; be there to-morrow night, after sunset; and the first live thing thou seest, be sure to follow, and that shall bring thee to thy love.

*Cud.* In the pease-field? Has she a mind to codlings already? The first living thing I meet, you say, shall bring me to her?

*Saw.* To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem wantonly coy, and flee thee: but follow her close and boldly. Do but embrace her in thy arms once, and she is thine own.

*Cud.* "At the stile, at the west-end of my father's pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow

and embrace her, and she shall be thine." Nay, an I come to embracing once, she shall be mine : I'll go near to make an eaglet else<sup>1</sup>. [*Exit.*

*Saw.* A ball well bandied : now the set's half won<sup>2</sup> :

The father's wrongs I'll wreak upon the son.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—CARTER'S *House.*

*Enter* CARTER, WARBECK, and SOMERTON.

*Car.* How now, gentlemen, cloudy? I know, master Warbeck, you are in a fog about my daughter's marriage.

*War.* And can you blame me, sir?

*Car.* Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a proverb; and destiny is the juggler that unties the knot. My hope is, you are reserved to a richer fortune than my poor daughter.

*War.* However, your promise.

*Car.* Is a kind of debt, I confess it.

*War.* Which honest men should pay.

*Car.* Yet some gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, sir.

*Som.* I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the wench : but patience is the only salve to cure it. Since Thorney has won the wench, he has most reason to wear her.

<sup>1</sup> *I'll go near to make at eaglet else.*] So the old copy reads. I do not perfectly understand the correction in the text ; but the general sense is very easy, and deserves no explanation.

<sup>2</sup> *A ball well bandied : now the set's half won.*] A metaphor from tennis.

*War.* Love in this kind admits no reason to wear her<sup>1</sup>.

*Car.* Then Love's a fool, and what wise man will take exception?

*Som.* Come, frolick, Ned! Were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

*War.* You hold your's in a string though. 'Tis well: but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage ere long.

*Som.* In my love to her sister Katherine? Indeed, they are a pair of arrows drawn out of one quiver, and should fly at an even length; if she do run after her sister——

*War.* Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

*Som.* She'll keep a surer compass. I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

*War.* And that confidence is a wind, that has blown many a married man ashore at cuckold's haven<sup>2</sup>, I can tell you: I wish your's more prosperous though.

*Car.* Whate'er you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

*War.* Yes, as you did to me.

*Car.* No more of that if you love me. But for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the marriage: and that once seal'd——

*Som.* Leave the manage of the rest to my care.

<sup>1</sup> ——— he has most reason to wear her.

*War.* Love in this kind admits to reason no wear her.] Even with the slight and obvious correction in the text, the sense of Warbeck's rejoinder is very obscure, and perhaps corrupt.

<sup>2</sup> Cuckold's haven.] See Slitgut's soliloquy at the opening of the fourth act of Eastward-Hoe.—Reed's Old Plays, Vol. IV. p. 256.



*Enter FRANK THORNEY and SUSAN.*

But see the bridegroom and bride comes: the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted both to one sheath.

*War.* But the sheath might have been better fitted, if somebody had their due. But——

*Car.* No harsh language, if thou lovest me.— Frank Thorney has done——

*War.* No more than I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

*Som.* Good-morrow, master bridegroom.

*War.* Come, give thee joy. May'st thou live long and happy

In thy fair choice.

*Frank.* I thank ye, gentlemen. Kind master Warbeck,

I find you loving.

*War.* Thorney, that creature, much good do thee with her!

Virtue and beauty hold fair mixture in her;

She's rich no doubt in both. Yet were she fairer,

Thou art right worthy of her. Love her, Thorney;

'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty.

The match is fair and equal; the success

I leave to censure. Farewell, mistress bride,

Till new elected, thy old scorn deride<sup>1</sup>. [*Exit.*

*Som.* Good master Thorney——

*Car.* Nay, you shall not part till you see the barrels run a-tilt, gentlemen. [*Exit with SOMERTON.*

*Sus.* Why change you your face, sweetheart?

*Frank.* Who, I! For nothing.

*Sus.* Dear, say not so: a spirit of your constancy

<sup>1</sup> *Till now elected, thy old scorn deride.*] The correction in the text seems necessary to preserve the antithesis, but the meaning is at best very obscure.



Cannot endure this change for nothing. I've observ'd

Strange variations in you.

*Frank.* In me?

*Sus.* In you, sir.

Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep  
You utter sudden and distracted accents,  
Like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband,

If I may dare to challenge any interest

In you, give me thee fully<sup>1</sup>: you may trust

My breast as safely as your own.

*Frank.* With what?

You half amaze me; pr'ythee—

*Sus.* Come, you shall not,

Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking

The least dislike that grieves you. I'm all your's.

*Frank.* And I all thine.

*Sus.* You are not, if you keep

The least grief from me: but I find the cause,

It grew from me.

*Frank.* From you?

*Sus.* From some distaste

In me or my behaviour: you're not kind

In the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young,

Silly and plain; more strange to those contents

A wife should offer. Say but in what I fail,

I'll study satisfaction.

*Frank.* Come; in nothing.

*Sus.* I know I do: knew I as well in what,

You should not long be sullen. Pr'ythee, love,

If I have been immodest or too bold,

<sup>1</sup> *Give me the fully.*] Another slight variation from this, which is the reading of the quarto, was required here. The text, though somewhat stiff, is the language of the age.

Speak't in a frown ; if peevishly too nice,  
Shew't in a smile. Thy liking is a glass  
By which I'll habit my behaviour.

*Frank.* Wherefore  
Dost weep now ?

*Sus.* You, sweet, have the power  
To make me passionate as an April-day<sup>1</sup>.  
Now smile, then weep ; now pale, then crimson  
red.

You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,  
To make it ebb or flow into my face,  
As your looks change.

*Frank.* Change thy conceit, I pr'ythee :  
Thou'rt all perfection : Diana herself  
Swells in thy thoughts and moderates thy beauty.  
Within thy left eye amorous Cupid sits  
Feathering love-shafts, whose golden heads he dip-  
ped

In thy chaste breast ; in the other lies  
Blushing Adonis scarfed in modesties ;  
And still as wanton Cupid blows love-fires,  
Adonis quenches out unchaste desires :  
And from these two I briefly do imply  
A perfect emblem of thy modesty.  
Then, pr'ythee dear, maintain no more dispute,  
For where thou speak'st, it's fit all tongues be  
mute.

*Sus.* Come, come : these golden strings of flat-  
tery  
Shall not tie up my speech, sir ; I must know  
The ground of your disturbance.

*Frank.* Then look here ;

<sup>1</sup> *Passionate as an April-day.*] *Passionate* is not used here in the usual sense of the word, but signifies *subject to grief, disposed to weep*. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money* :

— "Thou art *passionate*,  
Hast been brought up with girls."

For here, here is the fen in which this hydra  
Of discontent grows rank.

*Sus.* Heaven shield it! Where?

*Frank.* In mine own bosom: here the cause has  
root;

The poisoned leeches twist about my heart,  
And will, I hope, confound me.

*Sus.* You speak riddles.

*Frank.* Take't plainly then: 'twas told me by a  
woman

Known and approv'd in palmestry,  
I should have two wives.

*Sus.* Two wives? Sir, I take it  
Exceeding likely. But let not conceit hurt you.  
You are afraid to bury me?

*Frank.* No, no, my Winnifrede.

*Sus.* How say you? Winnifrede? you forget  
me.

*Frank.* No, I forget myself, Susan.

*Sus.* In what?

*Frank.* Talking of wives, I pretend Winnifrede,  
A maid that at my mother's waited on me  
Before thyself.

*Sus.* I hope, sir, she may live  
To take my place. But why should all this move  
you?

*Frank.* The poor girl, she has't before thee,  
And that's the fiend torments me.

*Sus.* Yet why should this  
Raise mutiny within you? Such presages  
Proves often false: or say it should be true?

*Frank.* That I should have another wife?

*Sus.* Yes, many;  
If they be good, the better.

*Frank.* Never any equal  
To thee in goodness.

*Sus.* Sir, I could wish I were



Much better for you ; yet if I knew your fate  
Ordain'd you for another, I could wish  
(So well I love you, and your hopeful pleasure)  
Me in my grave, and my poor virtues added  
To my successor.

*Frank.* Pr'ythee, pr'ythee talk not  
Of death or graves ; thou art so rare a goodness,  
As Death would rather put itself to death,  
Than murther thee. But we, as all things else,  
Are mutable and changing.

*Sus.* Yet you still move  
In your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase  
Those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

*Frank.* At my return I will.

*Sus.* Return ? ah me !  
Will you then leave me ?

*Frank.* For a time I must :  
But how ? as birds their young, or loving bees  
Their hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

*Sus.* Leave me ?  
Now has my fear met its effect. You shall not,  
Cost it my life, you shall not.

*Frank.* Why ? your reason.

*Sus.* Like to the lapwing have you all this while,  
With your false love, deluded me ; pretending  
Counterfeit senses for your discontent,  
And now at last it is by chance stole from you.

*Frank.* What ? what by chance ?

*Sus.* Your preappointed meeting  
Of single combat with young Warbeck.

*Frank.* Ha !

*Sus.* Even so : dissemble not ; 'tis too apparent.  
Then in his look I read it : deny it not ;  
I see't apparent : cost it my undoing,  
And unto that my life, I will not leave you.

*Frank.* Not until then ?



*Sus.* Till he and you be friends.  
Was this your cunning?—and then flam me off<sup>1</sup>  
With an old witch, two wives, and Winnifrede?  
You're not so kind indeed as I imagin'd.

*Frank.* And you more fond by far than I expected:

It is a virtue that attends thy kind.  
But of our business within; and by this kiss  
I'll anger thee no more: 'troth, chuck, I will not.

*Sus.* You shall have no just cause.

*Frank.* Dear Sue, I will not. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Field.*

*Enter CUDDY BANKS and his Companions.*

1. *Comp.* Nay, Cuddy, do not leave us now: if we part all this night, we shall not meet before day.

2. *Comp.* I pr'ythee Banks, let's keep together now.

*Cud.* If you were wise, a word would serve: but as you are, I must be forc'd to tell you again: I have a little private business, an hour's work; it may prove but an half hour's, as luck may serve; and then I take horse, and along with you. Have we e'er a witch in the morris?

1. *Comp.* No, no; no woman's part, but Maid-Marian and the hobby-horse.

*Cud.* I'll have a witch: I love a witch.

<sup>1</sup> *Flam me off.*] A cant verb, signifying, to deceive with a lie. It is still in use.

1. *Comp.* 'Faith, witches themselves are so common now-a-days', that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They say we have three or four in Edmonton, besides mother Sawyer.

2. *Comp.* I would she would dance her part with us.

3. *Comp.* So would not I : for if she comes, the devil and all comes along with her.

*Cud.* Well, I'll have a witch : I have lov'd a witch ever since I played at cherrypit. Leave me, and get my horse dress'd : give him oats ; but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first ?

2. *Comp.* To Sir Arthur Clarington's first ; then whither thou wilt.

*Cud.* Well, I am content ; but we must up to Carter's, the rich yeoman. I must be seen on hobby-horse there.

1. *Comp.* Oh, I smell him now. I'll lay my ears Banks is in love, and that's the reason he would walk melancholy by himself.

[*Half aside to 2. Comp.*

*Cud.* Hah ! who was that said I was in love ?

1. *Comp.* Not I.

2. *Comp.* Not I.

*Cud.* Go to : no more of that. When I understand what you speak, I know what you say : believe that.

1. *Comp.* Well, 'twas I ; I'll not deny it : I meant no hurt in't. I have seen you walk up to Carter's of Chessum. Banks, were not you there last Shrove-tide ?

<sup>1</sup> *Witches themselves are so common now-a-days.*] This is not said at random, for in the days of the sapient James I., witchcraft, by his own royal example, was become the subject of many publications, and supposed witches were hunted down without mercy in every quarter of the kingdom.

*Cud.* Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrovetide.

2. *Comp.* How could that be, when there are but seven days in the week ?

*Cud.* Pr'ythee peace ! I reckon *stila nova* as a traveller : thou understand'st as a fresh-water farmer, that never saw'st a week beyond sea. Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in High Germany, Italy, and those remote places.

3. *Comp.* Aye, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

*Cud.* No, simply as thou understand'st. Pr'ythee look but in the lover's almanack : when he has been three days absent, " Oh, says he, I have not seen my love these seven years : " there's a long cut ! When he comes to her again and embraces her, " Oh, says he, now methinks I am in Heaven ; " and that's a pretty step : he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey : you may ride a hundred days in a caroch, and be farther off than when you set forth. But I pray you, good morris-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1. *Comp.* Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again, and trouble him no more.

*All.* But remember, Banks.

*Cud.* The hobby-horse shall be remembered. But hark you : get Poldavis, the barber's boy, for the witch ; because he can show his art better than another. [*Exeunt.*

Well, now to my walk. I am near the place where I should meet—I know not what. Say I meet a thief, I must follow him, if to the gallows. Say I meet a horse, or hare, or hound, still I must



follow : some slow-pac'd beast, I hope : yet love is full of lightness in the heaviest lovers. Ha ! my guide is come.

*Enter the Spirit in the shape of a Dog.*

A water-dog ? I am thy first man, sculler. I go with thee ; ply no other but myself. Away with the boat ! land me but at Katherine's Dock, my sweet Katherine's Dock, and I'll be a fare to thee. That way ? nay, which way thou wilt ; thou'st the way better than I. Fine gentle cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a-ducking, spaniel : thou shalt fetch me the ducks, pretty kind rascal.

*Enter another Spirit in the shape of KATHERINE, with a vizard, which he takes off.*

*Spir.* Thus throw I off mine own essential horror,

And take the shape of a sweet lovely maid  
Whom this fool dotes on. We can meet his folly,  
But from his virtues must be run-aways.  
We'll sport with him ; but when we reckoning call,  
We know where to receive : th' witch pays for all.  
[*Dog barks.*

*Cud.* Aye ! is that the watchword ? She's come.  
Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-church, in memory of thee. Now come behind, kind cur.

*And have I met thee, sweet Kate ?  
I will teach thee to walk so late.*

Oh see, we meet in metre. What ? dost thou trip from me ? Oh ! that I were upon my hobby-horse, I would mount after thee so nimble ! " Stay nymph, stay nymph," sing'd Apollo. Tarry and kiss me ; sweet nymph, stay ! Tarry and kiss me,



sweet. We will to Chessum Street, and then to the house stands in the highway. Nay, by your leave, I must embrace you.

[*Exit after the Spirit.*

(*Within.*) Oh, help, help, I am drown'd, I am drown'd.

*Re-enter CUDDY BANKS wet.*

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Cud.* This was an ill night to go a-wooing in; I find it now in Pond's almanack. Thinking to land at Katherine's Dock, I was almost at Gravesend. I'll never go to a wench in the dog-days again: yet 'tis cool enough. Had you never a paw in this dog-trick? A mangy take that black hide of your's! I'll throw you in at Limehouse, in some tanner's pit or other.

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Cud.* How now? Who's that laughs at me? Hist to him. (*Dog barks.*) Peace, peace! thou didst but thy kind neither. 'Twas my own fault.

*Dog.* Take heed how thou trustest the devil another time.

*Cud.* How now? Who's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading tongue about you<sup>1</sup>?

*Dog.* Yes, I can speak.

*Cud.* The devil you can! You have read Æsop's fables then. I have play'd one of your parts then: the dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. 'Pray you, let me catechize you a little. What might one call your name, dog?

*Dog.* My dame calls me Tom.

<sup>1</sup> *I hope you have not your reading tongue about you.*] This may possibly be a miserable quibble upon Reading, the most considerable town in *Barkshire*. See Dr Sheridan's *Art of Punning*.

*Cud.* 'Tis well : and she may call me ass : so there's an whole one betwixt us, Tom-Ass. She said, I should follow you indeed. Well, Tom, give me thy fist : we are friends. You shall be mine ingler : I love you ; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

*Dog.* Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved. Cherish me, and I'll do any thing for thee.

*Cud.* Well, you shall have jowls and livers ; I have butchers to my friends that shall bestow 'em ; and I will keep crusts and bones for you, if you'll be a kind dog, Tom.

*Dog.* Any thing : I'll help thee to thy love.

*Cud.* Wilt thou ? That promise shall cost me a brown loaf, tho' I steal it out of my father's cupboard. You'll eat stolen goods, Tom, will you not ?

*Dog.* Oh, best of all. The sweetest bits those.

*Cud.* You shall not starve, ningle Tom, believe that : if you love fish, I'll help you to maids and soles. I'm acquainted with a fishmonger.

*Dog.* Maids and soles ? Oh, sweet bits ! banqueting stuff those.

*Cud.* One thing I would request you, ningle, as you have play'd the knavish cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongst our morris-dancers in the morning. You can dance ?

*Dog.* Yes, yes, any thing : I'll be there, but unseen to any but thyself. Get thee gone before : fear not my presence. I have work to-night : I serve more masters, more dames than one.

*Cud.* He can serve Mammon and the devil too.

*Dog.* It shall concern thee, and thy love's purchase. There's a gallant rival loves the maid, and likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief, before the morris ends, shall light on him.

*Cud.* Oh, sweet ningle, thy neufe once again.  
 Friends must part for a time. Farewell, with this  
 remembrance : shalt have bread too when we meet  
 again. If ever there were an honest devil, 'twill  
 be the devil of Edmonton ' I see. Farewell Tom.  
 I pr'ythee dog me as soon as thou canst. [*Exit.*]

*Dog.* I'll not miss thee, and be merry with thee.

*Those that are joys denied, must take delight  
 In sins and mischief, 'tis the devil's right.*

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—*Another Field.*

*Enter FRANK THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE in  
 boy's clothes.*

*Frank.* Pr'ythee no more ! those tears give nourishment

To weeds and briars in me, which shortly will  
 O'ergrow and top my head. My shame will sit  
 And cover all that can be seen of me.

*Win.* I have not shewn this cheek in company ;  
 Pardon me now : thus singled with yourself,  
 It calls a thousand sorrows round about,  
 Some going before, and some on either side,  
 But infinite behind ; all chain'd together :  
 Your second adulterous marriage leads ;  
 That is the sad eclipse, the effects must follow,  
 As plagues of shame, spite, scorn, and obloquy.

<sup>1</sup> *If ever there were an honest devil, 'twill be the devil of Edmonton.*] This seems to refer to the play of the Devil of Edmonton, mentioned before in a note to the prologue. Fabel says, towards the conclusion of that play, to Sir Arthur Clare,

" Smile then upon your daughter and your son,  
 And let our toil to future ages prove,  
 The devil of Edmonton did good in love."



*Frank.* Why, hast thou not left one hour's patience

To add to all the rest ? One hour bears us  
Beyond the reach of all these enemies.

Are we not now set forward in the flight,  
Provided with the dowry of our sin,  
To keep us in some other nation ?

While we together are, we are at home  
In any place.

*Win.* 'Tis foul ill gotten coin,  
Far worse than usury or extortion.

*Frank.* Let my father then make the restitution,  
Who forc'd me take the bribe : it is his gift  
And patrimony to me ; so I receive it.  
He would not bless, nor look a father on me,  
Until I satisfied his angry will.

When I was sold, I sold myself again  
(Some knaves have done't in lands, and I in body)  
For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet, no  
more,

'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse ;  
And then prevention takes off all our hopes :  
For only but to take her leave of me,  
My wife is coming.

*Win.* Who coming ? your wife ?

*Frank.* No, no ; thou art here : the woman—I  
knew

Not how to call her now : but after this day  
She shall be quite forgot, and have no name  
In my remembrance. See, see ! she's come.

*Enter SUSAN.*

Go lead the horses to th' hill's top ; there I'll meet  
thee.

*Sus.* Nay, with your favour let him stay a little ;  
I would part with him too, because he is



Your sole companion ; and I'll begin with him,  
Reserving you the last.

*Frank.* Ay, with all my heart.

*Sus.* You may hear if it please you, sir.

*Frank.* No, 'tis not fit :

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,  
To overlook my slipp'ry footings. And so—

*Sus.* No, indeed, sir.

*Frank.* Tush, I know it must be so,  
And it is necessary. On ! but be brief.

*Win.* What charge soe'er you lay upon me, mis-  
tress,

I shall support it faithfully (being honest)  
To my best strength.

*Sus.* Believe't shall be no other. I know you were  
Commended to my husband by a noble knight.

*Win.* Oh God ! oh, mine eyes.

*Sus.* How now ? what ail'st thou lad ?

*Win.* Something hit mine eye (it makes it water  
still),

Even as you said, " commended to my husband."  
Some dorr I think it was.—I was, forsooth,  
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.

*Sus.* Whose servant once my Thorney was him-  
self.

That title, methinks, should make you almost fel-  
lows;

Or at the least much more than a servant :

And I am sure he will respect you so.

Your love to him then needs no spur for me,

And what for my sake you will ever do,

'Tis fit it should be bought with something more  
Than fair entreats. Look here's a jewel for thee,

A pretty wanton label for thine ear ;

And I would have it hang there, still to whisper

These words to thee, " Thou hast my jewel with  
thee."

It is but earnest of a larger bounty,  
 When thou return'st, with praises of thy service,  
 Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.  
 Why, thou art many now besides thyself:  
 Thou may'st be servant, friend, and wife to him:  
 A good wife is them<sup>1</sup> all. A friend can play  
 The wife and servant's part, and shift enough;  
 No less the servant can the friend and wife:  
 'Tis all but sweet society and counsel,  
 Interchang'd loves; yes, and counsel-keeping.

*Frank.* Not done yet!

*Sus.* ~~it is done~~ Even now, sir.

*Win.* Mistress, believe my vow, your severe eye  
 Were't present to command; your bounteous hand,  
 Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,  
 Shall not make me more dear or near unto him,  
 Than I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge;  
 Servant, friend, wife to him.

*Sus.* ~~thou art many~~ Wilt thou?  
 Now blessings go with thee for't! Courtesies  
 Shall meet thee coming home.

*Win.* Pray you say plainly,  
 Mistress, are you jealous of him? if you be,  
 I'll look to him that way too.

*Sus.* Say'st thou so?  
 I would thou hadst a woman's bosom now.  
 We have weak thoughts within us. Alas,  
 There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion:  
 But I dare not, nay, I will not think  
 So hardly of my Thorney.

*Win.* Believe it, mistress,  
 I'll be no pandar to him; and if I find  
 Any loose lubrick<sup>2</sup> 'scapes in him, I'll watch him,

<sup>1</sup> *Then,*] So the original copy reads.

<sup>2</sup> *Lubrick.*] This is a singular use of the word, as a substantive, for a slippery trick.

And at my return, 'protest I'll show you all :  
He hardly shall offend without my knowledge.

*Sus.* Thine own diligence is that I press,  
And not the curious eye over his faults.  
Farewell : if I should never see thee more,  
Take it for ever.

*Frank.* Pr'ythee take that along with thee,  
[*Gives his sword to WINNIFREDE.*

And haste thee to the hill's top : I'll be there instantly. [Exit.]

*Sus.* No haste, I pr'ythee ; slowly as thou canst.—  
Pray let him obey me now : 'tis happily his last  
Service to me.

My power is e'en a'going out of sight.

*Frank.* Why would you delay ? we have no other  
business

Now but to part.

*Sus.* And will not that, sweet-heart, ask a long  
time ?

Methinks it is the hardest piece of work  
That e'er I took in hand.

*Frank.* Fie, fie ! why look,  
I'll make it plain and easy to you. Farewell.  
[*Kisses her.*

*Sus.* Ah, 'las ! I'm not half perfect in it yet.  
I must have it read o'er an hundred times.

Pray you take some pains, I confess my dulness.

*Frank* What a thorn this rose grows on ! Part-  
ing were sweet ;

But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it !—

Come, again and again, farewell. [*Kisses her.*] Yet  
wilt return ?

All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,  
And revisitation, fully I have answered all.  
There's nothing now behind but—nothing.

*Sus.* And that nothing's more hard than any  
thing,  
Than all the every things. This request—



*Frank.* What is't?

*Sus.* That I may bring you thro' one pasture more  
Up to yon knot of trees: amongst those shadows  
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

*Frank.* Why 'tis granted: come, walk then.

*Sus.* Nay, not too fast:  
They say, slow things have best perfection;  
The gentle show'r wets to fertility,  
The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty;  
The baser beasts take strength even from the womb;  
But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Field, with a clump of Trees.*

*Enter the Dog.*

*Dog.* Now for an early mischief and a sudden:  
The mind's about it now. One touch from me  
Soon sets the body forward.

*Enter FRANK and SUSAN.*

*Frank.* Your request  
Is out: yet will you leave me?

*Sus.* What? so churlishly?  
You'll make me stay for ever,  
Rather than part with such a sound from you.

*Frank.* Why, you almost anger me.—'Pray you  
be gone.

You have no company, and 'tis very early;  
Some hurt may betide you homewards.

*Sus.* Tush! I fear none:  
To leave you is the greatest hurt I can suffer:  
Besides, I expect your father and mine own,  
To meet me back, or overtake me with you.  
They began to stir when I came after you:  
I know they'll not be long.



*Frank.* So, I shall have more trouble.

[*The Dog rubs against him.*

Thank you for that. Then, I'll ease all at once.

'Tis done now : what I ne'er thought on.—You shall not go back.

*Sus.* Why? shall I go along with thee? Sweet music!

*Frank.* No, to a better place.

*Sus.* Any place I :

I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.

*Frank.* At home? I'll leave you in your last lodging.

I must kill you.

*Sus.* Oh fine! you'd fright me from you.

*Frank.* You see I had no purpose : I'm unarm'd. 'Tis this minute's decree, and it must be.

Look, this will serve your turn. [*Draws a knife.*

*Sus.* I'll not turn from it

If you be earnest<sup>1</sup>, sir. Yet you may tell me Wherefore you'll kill me.

*Frank.* Because you are a whore.

*Sus.* There's one deep wound already: a whore? 'Twas ever farther from me than the thought Of this black hour. A whore?

*Frank.* Yes, I will prove it, And you shall confess it. You are my whore, No wife of mine. The word admits no second : I was before wedded to another ; have her still. I do not lay the sin unto your charge, 'Tis all mine own. Your marriage was my theft ; For I espous'd your dowry, and I have it : I did not purpose to have added murder ; The devil did not prompt me : till this minute You might have safe returned ; now you cannot. You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*

<sup>1</sup> *Earst,*] This is the corrupt reading of the quarto.

*Sus.* And I deserve it.  
I'm glad my fate was so intelligent :  
'Twas some good spirit's motion. Die? oh, 'twas  
time !

How many years might I have slept in sin,  
Sin of my most hatred too, adultery !

*Frank.* Nay sure 'twas likely that the most was  
past,  
For I meant never to return to you  
After this parting.

*Sus.* Why then I thank you more ;  
You have done lovingly, leaving yourself,  
That you would thus bestow me on another.  
Thou art my husband, Death ; I embrace thee  
With all the love I have. Forget the stain  
Of my unwitting sin : and then I come  
A crystal virgin to thee. My soul's purity  
Shall, with bold wings, ascend the doors of mercy ;  
For innocence is ever her companion.

*Frank.* Not yet mortal? I would not linger you.  
Or leave you a tongue to blab. [*Stabs her again.*]

*Sus.* Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse for  
me !

I did not think that death had been so sweet,  
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,  
Had I stay'd forty years for preparation :  
For I'm in charity with all the world.  
Let me for once be thine example, heaven ;  
Do to this man as I, him free forgive,  
And may he better die, and sweeter live. [*Dies.*]

*Frank.* 'Tis done ; and I am in : once past our  
height,

We scorn the deep'st abyss. This follows now,  
To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.  
Arms, thighs, hands, any place ; we must not fail,  
[*Wounds himself.*]  
Light scratches giving such deep ones ; the best I can

To bind myself to this tree. Now's the storm,  
Which, if blown o'er, many fair days may follow.

*[The Dog assists in tying himself to a tree.]*

So, so : I'm fast ; I did not think I could  
Have done so well behind me. How prosperous  
And effectual mischief sometimes is.—Help ! help !  
Murther, murther, murther !

*Enter CARTER and Old THORNEY.*

*Car.* Ha ! whom tolls the bell for ?

*Frank.*

Oh, oh !

*Thor.*

Ah me !

The cause appears too soon : my child, my son.

*Car.* Susan, girl, child. Not speak to thy father?  
ha !

*Frank.* Oh lend me some assistance to o'ertake  
This hapless woman.

*Thor.*

Let us o'ertake the murtherers.  
Speak whilst thou canst : anon may be too late.  
I fear thou hast death's mark upon thee too.

*Frank.* I know them both ; yet such an oath is  
pass'd,  
As pulls damnation up if it be broke ;  
I dare not name 'em : think what forc'd men do.

*Thor.* Keep oath with murtherers ! that were a  
conscience  
To hold the devil in.

*Frank.*

Nay, Sir, I can describe 'em ;  
Shall show them as familiar as their names.

The taller of the two at this time wears  
His satin doublet white, but crimson lin'd ;  
Hose of black satin, cloak of scarlet.

*Thor.*

Warbeck, Warbeck !—Do you list to this, sir ?

*Car.* Yes, yes, I listen you : here's nothing to  
be heard.



*Frank.* The other's, branch'd velvet<sup>1</sup>; black velvet lin'd his suit.

*Thor.* I have 'em already : Somerton, Somerton. Binal<sup>2</sup> revenge, all this. Come, sir, the first work is to pursue the murtherers, when we have Remov'd these mangled bodies hence.

*Car.* Sir, take that carcase there, and give me this. I'll not own her now; she's none of mine. Bob me off with a dumb show? No, I'll have life. This is my son too, and while there's life in him, 'tis half mine: take you half that silence for't.—When I speak I look to be spoken to: forgetful slut!

*Thor.* Alas! what grief may do now!  
Look, sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

*Car.* Ay, do, and I'll have this. How do you, sir?

*Frank.* O, very ill, sir.

*Car.* Yes, I think so; but 'tis well you can speak yet: There's no music but in sound: sound it must be.

I have not wept these twenty years before,  
And that I guess was ere that girl was born:  
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,  
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Before Sir ARTHUR's House.*

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, WARBECK, SOMERTON, and a Servant.*

*Sir Ar.* Come, gentlemen, we must all help to grace

<sup>1</sup> *Branch'd velvet.*] Velvet with figures stamped upon it.

<sup>2</sup> *Binal,*] Double. Binary is used still in the same sense.



The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton,  
That are so kind to call us up to-day  
With an high morris.

*War.* I could wish it for the best, it were the worst now. Absurdity's, in my opinion, ever the best dancer in a morris.

*Som.* I could rather sleep than see 'em.

*Sir Ar.* Not well, sir?

*Som.* 'Faith not ever thus leaden; yet I know no cause for't.

*War.* Now am I, beyond mine own condition, highly disposed to mirth.

*Sir Ar.* Well, you may have a morris to help both;  
To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

*Enter SAWGUT, the Fiddler, the Morris-dancers, and POLDAVIS, the Barber's boy.*

*Fid.* Come, will you set yourselves in a morris-ray? The fore-bell, second bell, tenor, and great-bell: Maid Marian for the same bell. But where's the weather-cock now? the hobby-horse?

1. *Comp.* Is not Banks come yet? What a spite 'tis!

*Sir Ar.* When set you forward, gentlemen?

1. *Comp.* We stay but for the hobby-horse, sir: all our footmen are ready.

*Som.* 'Tis marvel your horse should be behind your foot.

2. *Comp.* Yes, sir, he goes further about; we can come in at the wicket, but the broad gate must be opened for him.

*Enter CUDDY BANKS, as Hobby-horse', and the Dog.*

*Sir Ar.* Oh, we staid for you, sir.

1. *Hobby-horse.*] "The hobby-horse was represented by a

*Cud.* Only my horse wanted a shoe, sir: but we shall make you amends ere we part.

*Sir Ar.* Ay? well said: make 'em drink ere they begin.

*Enter a Servant with beer.*

*Cud.* A bowl, I pr'ythee, and a little for my horse; he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else. Here Hobby. [*Drinks, and then holds the bowl to the head of the hobby-horse.*] I pray you. No? not drink? You see, gentlemen, we can but bring our horse to the water; he may choose whether he'll drink or no.

*Som.* A good moral made plain by history.

1. *Comp.* Strike up, father Sawgut, strike up.

*Fid.* E'en when you will, children. Now, in the name of the best foot, forward! [*Endeavours to play in vain.*]—How now? not a word in thy guts? I think, children, my instrument has caught cold on the sudden.

*Cud.* My ningle's knavery: black Tom's doing.—[*Aside.*]

*All.* Why, what mean you, father Sawgut?

*Cud.* Why, what would you have him do? You hear his fiddle is speechless.

*Fid.* I'll lay mine ear to my instrument, that my poor fiddle is bewitched. I play'd "The Flowers in May" e'en now, as sweet as a violet; now 'twill not go against the hair. You see I can make no more music than a beetle of a cow-turd.

man equipped with as much pasteboard as was sufficient to form the head and hinder parts of a horse, the quadrupedal defects being concealed by a long mantle or foot-cloth that nearly touched the ground. The performer, on this occasion, exerted all his skill in burlesque horsemanship."—Mr Douce's Dissertation, *ut supra*, p. 467.

*Cud.* Let me see; father Sawgut, say once you had a brave hobby-horse, that you were beholden to. I'll play and dance too.—Ningle, away with it.

*[Takes the fiddle, and gives it to the Dog, who plays the morris.]*

*All.* Ay, marry, sir!

*Enter a Constable and Officers.*

*Con.* Away with jollity! 'tis too sad an hour. Sir Arthur Clarrington, your own assistance, In the king's name, I charge, for apprehension Of these two inurtherers, Warbeck and Somerton.

*Sir Ar.* Ha! Flat murtherers!

*Som.* Ha, ha, ha! this has awaken'd my melancholy.

*War.* And struck my mirth down flat.—Murtherers?

*Con.* The accusation's flat against you, gentlemen.

Sir, you may be satisfied with this. *[Shows his warrant.]* I hope you'll quietly

Obeys my power; 'twill make your cause the fairer.

*Both.* Oh, with all our hearts, sir.

*Cud.* There's my rival taken up for hangman's meat. Tom told me he was about a piece of villany.—Mates and morris-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing. This news of murder has slain the morris. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well: I am for a gallop. Come, ningle. *[Exit with the Dog.]*

*Fid.* *[plays on his fiddle.]* Ay! Nay, an my fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the devil has been abroad amongst us this day. I'll keep thee out of thy fit now, if I can.

*[Exit with the morris-dancers.]*

*Sir Ar.* These things are full of horror, full of pity.



But if this time be constant to the proof,  
The guilt of both these gentlemen I dare take  
Upon mine own danger; yet, however, sir,  
Your pow'r must be obeyed.

*War.* Oh, most willingly, sir;  
'Tis a most sweet affliction. I could not meet  
A joy in the best shape with better will.  
Come, fear not, sir; nor judge, nor evidence  
Can bind him o'er, who's freed by conscience.

*Som.* Mine stands so upright to the middle zone,  
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter Old BANKS, with three Countrymen.*

*Banks.* My horse this morning runs most piteously of the glanders, whose nose yesternight was as clean as any man's here, now coming from the barber's; and this, I'll take my death upon't, is 'long of this jadish witch mother Sawyer.

1. *Coun.* I took my wife and a serving-man in our town of Edmonton, thrashing in my barn together, such corn as country-wenches carry to market; and examining my pole-cat why she did so, she swore in her conscience she was bewitch'd: and what witch have we about us but mother Sawyer?

2. *Coun.* Rid the town of her, else all our wives will do nothing but dance about other country may-poles.

3. *Coun.* Our cattle fall, our wives fall, our daughters fall, and maid-servants fall; and we ourselves

shall not be able to stand, if this beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

*Enter W. HAMLUC, with thatch and a link.*

*Ham.* Burn the witch, the witch, the witch, the witch!

*All.* What has't got there?

*Ham.* A handful of thatch, pluck'd off a hovel of her's; and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a witch, she'll come running in.

*Banks.* Fire it, fire it! I'll stand between thee and home, for any danger. [*They burn the thatch.*]

*Enter Mother SAWYER, running.*

*Saw.* Diseases, plagues, the curse of an old woman

Follow and fall upon you!

*All.* Are you come, you old trot?

*Banks.* You hot whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail?

*1. Coun.* This thatch is as good as a jury to prove she is a witch.

*All.* Out witch! beat her, kick her, set fire on her!

*Saw.* Shall I be murdered by a bed of serpents? Help, help!

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, and a Justice.*

*All.* Hang her, beat her, kill her!

*Just.* How now? Forbear this violence!

*Saw.* A crew of villains, a knot of bloody hangmen,

Set to torment me, I know not why.

*Just.* Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a ring-leader in mischief? Fie, to abuse an aged woman!

*Banks.* Woman? a she-hell-cat, a witch! To prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the thatch

of her house, but in she came running, as if the devil had sent her in a barrel of gun-powder; which trick as surely proves her a witch, as the pox, in a snuffling nose, is a sign a man is a whoremaster.

*Just.* Come, come: firing her thatch! ridiculous!

Take heed, sirs, what you do; unless your proofs  
Come better arm'd, instead of turning her  
Into a witch, you'll prove yourselves stark fools.

*All.* Fools?

*Just.* Arrant fools.

*Banks.* 'Pray, master Justice what-you-call-'em, hear me but in one thing: This grumbling devil owes me, I know, no good will ever since I fell out with her.

*Saw.* And break'dst my back with beating me.

*Banks.* I'll break it worse.

*Saw.* Wilt thou?

*Just.* You must not threaten her: 'tis against law.

Go on.

*Banks.* So, sir, ever since, having a dun cow tied up in my back-side, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd, I cannot choose, though it be ten times in a hour, but run to the cow, and taking up her tail, kiss (saving your worship's reverence) my cow behind, that the whole town of Edmonton has been ready to bepiss themselves with laughing me to scorn.

*Just.* And this is 'long of her?

*Banks.* Who the devil else? for is any man such an ass to be such a baby, if he were not bewitch'd?

*Sir Ar.* Nay, if she be a witch, and the harms  
She does end in such sports, she may 'scape burning.

*Just.* Go, go; 'pray vex her not: she is a subject,



And you must not be judges of the law  
To strike her as you please.

*All.* No, no, we'll find cudgel enough to strike  
her.

*Banks.* Ay; no lips to kiss but my cow's!

[*Exeunt BANKS and Countrymen.*]

*Saw.* Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and  
thine!

*Just.* Here's none now, mother Sawyer, but this  
gentleman,

Myself, and you; let us have some mild questions;  
Have you mild answers. Tell us honestly,  
And with a free confession (we'll do our best  
To wean you from it), are you a witch, or no?

*Saw.* I am none.

*Just.* Be not so furious.

*Saw.* I'm none.

None but base curs so bark at me: I'm none.

Or 'would I were: if every poor old woman,  
Be trod on thus by slaves, revil'd, kick'd, beaten,  
As I am daily, she to be reveng'd  
Had need turn witch.

*Sir Ar.* And you to be revenged  
Have sold your soul to th' devil.

*Saw.* Keep thine own from him.

*Just.* You are too saucy and too bitter.

*Saw.* Saucy?

By what commission can he send my soul  
On the devil's errand more than I can his?

Is he a landlord of my soul, to thrust it  
When he list out of door?

*Just.* Know whom you speak too.

*Saw.* A man; perhaps no man. Men in gay  
clothes,

Whose backs are laden with titles and honours,  
Are within far more crooked than I am,  
And if I be a witch, more witch-like.

*Sir. Ar.* You're a base hell-hound.—  
And now, sir, let me tell you, far and near  
She's bruited<sup>1</sup> for a woman that maintains  
A spirit that sucks her.

*Saw.* I defy thee.

*Sir Ar.* Go, go :  
I can, if need be, bring an hundred voices,  
E'en here in Edmonton, that shall proclaim  
Thee for a secret and pernicious witch.

*Saw.* Ha, ha !

*Just.* Do you laugh ? why laugh you ?

*Saw.* At my name :  
The brave name this knight gives me, witch.

*Just.* Is the name of witch  
So pleasing to thine ear ?

*Sir Ar.* 'Pray, sir, give way ;  
Let her tongue gallop on.

*Saw.* A witch ? who is it not ?  
Hold not that universal name in scorn then.  
What are your painted things in princes courts,  
Upon whose eye-lids lust sits, blowing fires  
To burn mens souls in sensual hot desires ;  
Upon whose naked paps, a lecher's thought  
Acts sin in fouler shapes than can be wrought ?

*Just.* But those work not as you do.

*Saw.* No, but far worse.  
These by enchantments, can whole lordships change  
To trunks of rich attire ; turn ploughs and teams  
To Flanders mares and coaches ; and huge trains  
Of servitors, to a French butterfly.  
Have you not city-witches who can turn  
Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of  
wares,  
To sumptuous tables, gardens of stol'n sin,

<sup>1</sup> *Bruited,*] Reported, noised.

In one year wasting, what scarce twenty win?  
Are not these witches?

*Just.* Yes, yes; but the law  
Casts not an eye on these.

*Saw.* Why then on me,  
Or any lean old beldam? Reverence once  
Had wont to wait on age: now an old woman,  
Ill-favour'd grown with years, if she be poor,  
Must be call'd bawd or witch. Such, so abus'd,  
Are the coarse witches: t'other are the fine,  
Spun for the devil's own wearing.

*Sir Ar.* And so is thine.

*Saw.* She, on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to  
blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,  
To lean his head on rocks and fighting waves,  
Is not that scold a witch? The man of law  
Whose honeyed hopes the credulous client draws,  
(As bees by tinkling basons) to swarm to him,  
From his own hive, to work the wax in his;  
He is no witch, not he!

*Sir Ar.* But these men-witches  
Are not in trading with hell's merchandize,  
Like such as you are, that for a word, a look,  
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,  
Children and cattle.

*Saw.* Tell them, sir, that do so.  
Am I accus'd for such a one?

*Sir Ar.* Yes; 'twill be sworn.

*Saw.* Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden  
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,  
To come and lose her honour? and being lost,  
To pay not a denier for't? Some slaves have done  
it.

Men-witches can, without the fangs of law,



Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit  
pieces

Away for true gold.

*Sir Ar.* By one thing she speaks,  
I know now she's a witch, and dare no longer  
Hold conference with the fury.

*Just.* Let's then away.  
Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

[*Exeunt Sir ARTHUR and JUSTICE.*]

*Saw.* For his confusion!

*Enter Dog.*

My dear Tom-boy, welcome.  
I'm torn in pieces by a pack of curs  
Clapt all upon me, and for want of thee.  
Comfort me: thou shalt have the teat anon.

*Dog.* Bow, wow: I'll have it now.

*Saw.* I am dried up  
With cursing and with madness; and have yet  
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.  
Stand on thy hind-legs up. Kiss me, my Tommy,  
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,  
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy  
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done? Let's  
tickle.

Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee?

*Dog.* Yes;  
And nipp'd the sucking child.

*Saw.* Ho, ho, my dainty,  
My little pearl! No lady loves her hound,  
Monkey, or parakeet, as I do thee.

*Dog.* The maid has been churning butter nine  
hours;  
But it shall not come.

*Saw.* Let 'em eat cheese and choke.

*Dog.* I had rare sport  
Among the clowns i' th' morris.

*Saw.* I could dance  
Out of my skin to hear thee. But my curl-pate,  
That jade, that foul-tongued whore, Nan Ratcliffe,  
Who for a little soap lick'd by my sow,  
Struck, and almost had lam'd it; did not I charge  
thee  
To pinch that quean to th' heart?

*Dog.* Bow, wow, wow: look here else.

*Enter ANN RATCLIFFE mad.*

*Ann.* See, see, see! The man i' th' moon has  
built a new windmill, and what running there's  
from all quarters of the city to learn the art of  
grinding!

*Saw.* Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my sweet mon-  
grel.

*Ann.* Hoyda! a pox of the devil's false hopper!  
all the golden meal runs into the rich knaves'  
purses, and the poor have nothing but bran. Hey  
derry down! Are not you mother Sawyer?

*Saw.* No, I am a lawyer.

*Ann.* Art thou? I pr'ythee let me scratch thy  
face; for thy pen has flea'd off a great many mens  
skins. You'll have brave doings in the vacation;  
for knaves and fools are at variance in every village.  
I'll sue mother Sawyer, and her own sow shall give  
in evidence against her.

*Saw.* Touch her. [*The Dog rubs against her.*]

*Ann.* Oh! my ribs are made of a payn'd hose<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *Oh! my ribs are made of a payn'd hose.*] *Paned hose* are  
what would now be called *ribbed breeches*. The intended pun  
in the text will be easily understood. Those articles of dress  
seem to have been very fashionable formerly. So in Massinger's  
*Great Duke of Florence*,

————— “I have all that's requisite  
To the making up of a signior: my spruce ruff,  
My hooded cloak, long stocking, and *paned hose*.”

and they break. There's a Lancashire hornpipe in my throat: hark, how it tickles it, with doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle. Welcome, serjeants! welcome, devil! hands, hands; hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round. [*Dancing.*]

*Enter Old BANKS, his Son CUDDY, Old RATCLIFFE, and Country-fellows.*

*Rat.* She's here; alas, my poor wife is here.

*Banks.* Catch her fast, and have her into some close chamber, do; for she's, as many wives are, stark mad.

*Cud.* The witch! Mother Sawyer, the witch, the devil!

*Rat.* Oh, my dear wife! Help, sirs!

[*ANN RATCLIFFE is taken away.*]

*Banks.* You see your work, mother Bumby.

*Saw.* My work? Should she and all you here run mad,

Is the work mine?

*Cud.* No, on my conscience, she would not hurt a devil of two years old.

*Re-enter RATCLIFFE and the Countrymen.*

How now? what's become of her?

*Rat.* Nothing: she's become nothing, but the miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as reeds in a mighty tempest: 'spite of our strengths, away she brake; and nothing in her mouth being heard, but "the devil, the witch, the witch, the devil!" She beat out her brains, and so died.

*Cud.* Its any man's case, be he never so wise, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

*Banks.* Masters, be rul'd by me; let's all to a justice. Hag; thou hast done this, and thou shalt answer it.



*Saw.* Banks, I defy thee.

*Banks.* Get a warrant first to examine her ; then ship her to Newgate : here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a witch. You have a spirit, they say, comes to you in the likeness of a dog ; we shall see your cur at one time or other. If we do, unless it be the devil himself, he shall go howling to the gaol in one chain, and thou in another.

*Saw.* Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy worst !

*Cud.* How, father ? you send the poor dumb thing howling to th' gaol ? He that makes him howl, makes me roar.

*Banks.* Why, foolish boy, dost thou know him ?

*Cud.* No matter if I do or not. He's bailable, I am sure, by law. But if the dog's word will not be taken, mine shall.

*Banks.* Thou bail for a dog ?

*Cud.* Yes, or a bitch either, being my friend. I'll lie by the heels myself, before puppy-son shall : his dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

*Banks.* What manner of dog is it ? didst ever see him ?

*Cud.* See him ? yes, and given him a bone to gnaw twenty times. The dog is no court-foisting hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his tail ; neither is it a citizen's water-spaniel, enticing his master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week, whilst his wife makes ducks and drakes at home : this is no Paris-garden bandog neither, that keeps a bough-wough-woughing, to have butchers bring their curs thither ; and when all comes to all, they run away like sheep : neither is this the black dog of Newgate.

*Banks.* No, good-man, son-fool ; but the dog of hell-gate.

*Cud.* I say, good-man, father-fool, it's a lie.

*All.* He's bewitch'd.

*Cud.* A gross lie, as big as myself. The devil in St Dunstan's will as soon drink with this poor cur, as with any Temple-bar-laundress, that washes and wrings lawyers.

*Dog.* Bough, wough, wough, wough!

*All.* Oh, the dog's here; the dog's here.

*Banks.* It was the voice of a dog.

*Cud.* The voice of a dog? If that voice were a dog's, what voice had my mother? So am I a dog: bough, wough, wough. It was I that bark'd so, father, to make cockscombs<sup>1</sup> of these clowns.

*Banks.* However, we'll be cockscomb'd no longer: away, therefore, to th' justice for a warrant; and then, Gammer Gurton<sup>2</sup>, have at your needle of witchcraft.

*Saw.* And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish fools<sup>3</sup>!

[*Exit BANKS, RAT. and Countrymen.*]

*Cud.* Ningle, you had like to have spoiled all with your boughings. I was glad to put 'em off with one of my dog-tricks, on a sudden; I am bewitched, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee,—a pox,—that a morris makes me spit in thy mouth. I dare not stay. Farewell, ningle; you whore-son dog's nose! Farewell, witch! [*Exit.*]

*Dog.* Bow, wow, wow, wow.

<sup>1</sup> *Cockscombs,*] *i. e.* Fools, so called from the cock's combs worn upon the caps of fools. The word must not be understood in its modern sense.

<sup>2</sup> *Gammer Gurton.*] This lady obtained great popularity from the excellent old comedy of Gammer Gurton's Needle.

<sup>3</sup> *Peevish,*] Weak, silly. So in 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, by Ford, (Vol. I. p. 10.):

"This is your peevish chattering, weak old man."

*Saw.* Mind him not, he's not worth thy worrying.  
Run at a fairer game : that foul-mouth'd knight,  
Scurvy Sir Arthur, fly at him, my Tommy,  
And pluck out's throat.

*Dog.* No, there's a dog already biting, his conscience.

*Saw.* That's a sure blood-hound. Come, let's  
home and play,  
Our black work ended, we'll make holiday.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in CARTER's House.*—  
*FRANK lying on a bed sleeping.*

*Enter KATHERINE.*

*Kath.* Brother, brother!—So sound asleep? that's well.

*Frank.* No, not I, sister: He that's wounded here

As I am (all my other hurts are bitings  
Of a poor flea), but he that here once bleeds,  
Is maim'd incurably.

*Kath.* My good sweet brother ;  
For now my sister must grow up in you,  
Tho' her loss strikes you thro', and that I feel  
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel  
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away  
In your own helpless sorrow. Good love, sit up :  
And if you can give physic to yourself,  
I shall be well.

*Frank.* I'll do my best.

*Kath.* I thank you.  
What do you look about you for?

*Frank.* Nothing, nothing ;  
But I was thinking, sister——



*Kath.* Dear heart, what?

*Frank.* Who but a fool would thus be bound to  
a bed,

Having this room to walk in?

*Kath.* Why do you talk so?

'Would you were fast asleep.

*Frank.* No, no : I'm not idle<sup>1</sup> :

But here's my meaning ; being robb'd as I am,  
Why should my soul, which married was to her's,  
Live in divorce, and not fly after her?

Why should not I walk hand in hand with Death,  
To find my love out?

*Kath.* That were well, indeed,

Your time being come ; when Death is sent to call  
you,

No doubt you shall meet her.

*Frank.* Why should not I

Go without calling?

*Kath.* Yes, brother, so you might,

Were there no place to go to when you're gone,  
But only this.

*Frank.* 'Troth, sister, thou say'st true ;

For when a man has been an hundred years  
Hard travelling o'er the tott'ring bridge of age,  
He's not the thousandth part upon his way.

All life is but a wand'ring to find home :

When we are gone, we're there. Happy were man,  
Could here his voyage end ; he should not then  
Answer, how well or ill he steer'd his soul,

By heav'n's or by hell's compass ; how he put in  
(Losing bless'd goodness' shore) at such a sin ;

Nor how life's dear provision he has spent :

Nor how far he in's navigation went

Beyond commission. This were a fine reign,

To do ill, and not hear of it again.

<sup>1</sup> *Idle,*] Foolish, trifling.

Yet then were man more wretched than a beast :  
For, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

*Kath.* 'Tis so, the best or worst : and I wish  
Heaven

To pay (and so I know it will) that traitor,  
That devil Somerton (who stood in mine eye  
Once as an angel) home to his deservings.  
What villain but himself, once loving me,  
With Warbeck's soul would pawn his own to hell,  
To be reveng'd on my poor sister !

*Frank.* Slaves !

A pair of merciless slaves ! speak no more of them.

*Kath.* I think this talking hurts you.

*Frank.* Does me no good, I'm sure.

I pay for't everywhere.

*Kath.* I have done then.

Eat if you cannot sleep : you have these two days  
Not tasted any food.—Jane, is it ready ?

*Frank.* What's ready ? what's ready ?

*Kath.* I have made ready a roasted chicken for  
you.

Sweet, wilt thou eat ?

*Enter a Maid-Servant bringing a dish to the Bedside.*

*Frank.* A pretty stomach on a sudden, yes.—  
There's one i' th' house can play upon a lute :  
Good girl, let's hear him too.

*Kath.* You shall, dear brother.  
'Would I were a musician, you should hear

*[Lute plays within.]*

How I would feast your ear.—Stay, mend your pil-  
low,

And raise you higher.

*Frank.* I am up too high :

Am I not sister, now ?

*Kath.* No, no, 'tis well.

Fall to, fall to ! A knife, here's ne'er a knife.  
 Brother, I'll look out your's.

[*Searches in his clothes.*]

*Enter the Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.*

*Frank.* Sister, O sister,  
 I'm ill upon a sudden, and can eat nothing.

*Kath.* In very deed you shall. The want of food  
 Makes you so faint. Ha ! here's none in your pocket.  
 [*Finds the bloody knife in his pocket.*]

I will go fetch a knife.

*Frank.* Will you ? 'tis well, all's well.  
 [*Exit KATHERINE.*]

*The Dog runs off.—FRANK lies down.—The spirit of SUSAN comes to the bed's side : he turns to the other, but the spirit is there.—In the meanwhile enter WINNIFREDE as a page, and stands at the foot of the bed.—FRANK sits up in the bed, and the spirit vanishes.*

*Frank.* What art thou ?

*Win.* A lost creature.

*Frank.* So am I too.—Win ?

Ah, my she-page !

*Win.* For your sake I put on  
 A shape that's false ; yet do I wear a heart  
 True to you as your own.

*Frank.* 'Would mine and thine  
 Were fellows in one house.—Kneel by me here :  
 On this side now ? How dar'st thou come to mock  
 me

On both sides of my bed ?

*Win.* When ?

*Frank.* But just now :  
 Outface me ; stare upon me with strange postures ;  
 Turn my soul wild by a face in which were drawn



A thousand ghosts leapt newly from their graves,  
To pluck me into a winding sheet !

*Win.* Believe it,  
I came no nearer to you than yon place,  
At your bed's feet ; and of the house had leave,  
Calling myself your horse-boy, in to come  
And visit my sick master.

*Frank.* Then 'twas my fancy ;  
Some windmill in my brains for want of sleep.

*Win.* 'Would I might never sleep so you could  
rest !

But you have pluck'd a thunder on your head,  
Whose noise cannot cease suddenly : why should  
you

Dance at the wedding of a second wife,  
When scarce the music which you heard at mine  
Had ta'en a farewell of you ? O, this was ill !  
And they who thus can give both hands away,  
In th' end shall want their best limbs.

*Frank.* Winnifrede,  
The chamber door[']s fast ?

*Win.* Yes.

*Frank.* Sit thee then down ;  
And when thou'st heard me speak, melt into tears :  
Yet I, to save those eyes of thine from weeping,  
Being to write a story of us two,  
Instead of ink, dipp'd my sad pen in blood.  
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad  
Only for pillage, as a freebooter,  
What gold so'er I got, to make it thine.  
To please a father, I have Heaven displeas'd,  
Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,  
Thro' my bad workmanship I now have none.  
I have lost her and thee.

*Win.* I know she's dead :  
But you have me still.

*Frank.* Nay, her this hand  
Murdered, ; and so I loose thee too.

*Win.* Oh me !

*Frank.* Be quiet, for thou my evidence art,  
Jury and judge : sit quiet and I'll tell all.

[*They whisper.*]

*Enter at one end of the Stage Old CARTER and  
KATHERINE, at the other the Dog, who paws  
softly at FRANK.*

*Kath.* I have run madding up and down to find  
you,  
Being laden with the heaviest news that ever  
Poor daughter carried.

*Car.* Why ? is the boy dead ?

*Kath.* Dead, sir ? Oh father, we are cozen'd :  
you are told

The murtherer sings in prison, and he laughs here.  
This villain kill'd my sister : see else, see,  
A bloody knife in's pocket.

*Car.* Bless me, patience !

*Frank.* The knife, the knife, the knife !

*Kath.* What knife ? [Exit Dog.

*Frank.* To cut my chicken up, my chicken ;  
Be you my carver, father.

*Car.* That I will.

*Kath.* How the devil steels our brows after do-  
ing ill !

*Frank.* My stomach and my sight are taken from  
me ;

All is not well within me.

*Car.* I believe thee, boy : I that have seen so  
many moons clap their horns on other mens  
foreheads to strike them sick ; yet mine to  
'scape, and be well ! I that never cast away a  
fee upon urinats, but am as sound as an honest  
man's conscience when he's dying. I should cry

out as thou dost, "All is not well within me," felt I but the bag of thy imposthumes. Ah poor villain! ah my wounded rascal! all my grief is, I have now small hope of thee.

*Frank.* Do the surgeons say my wounds are dangerous, then?

*Car.* Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.

*Frank.* 'Would he were here to open them.

*Car.* I'll go to fetch him: I'll make an holiday to see thee as I wish. [Exit.

*Frank.* A wond'rous kind old man.

*Win.* Your sin's the blacker so to abuse his goodness.—

Master, how do you?

*Frank.* Pretty well now, boy: I have such odd qualms

Come cross my stomach: I'll fall to; boy cut me.

*Win.* You have cut me, I'm sure.—A leg or wing, sir?

*Frank.* No, no, no: a wing? 'Would I had wings to soar

Up to yon tower'. But here's a clog that hinders me.

*Enter CARTER with the body of SUSAN in a coffin.*

What's that?

*Car.* That? what? oh, now I see her; 'tis a young wench, my daughter, sirrah, sick to the death; and hearing thee to be an excellent rascal for letting blood, she looks out at a casement, and cries: "Help! help! stay that man! him must I have, or none."

\* *Would I had wings to soar up to yon tow'r.*] If I recollect right, this is a quotation from some ancient love-song.



*Frank.* For pity's sake remove her: see, she stares  
With one broad open eye still in my face.

*Car.* Thou putttest both her's out, like a villain  
as thou art; yet she is willing to lend thee one  
again, to find out the murtherer, and that's thyself.

*Frank.* Old man thou liest.

*Car.* So shalt thou, i' th' jail. Run for officers!

*Kath.* Oh thou merciless slave!

She was (tho' yet above the ground) in her grave  
To me, but thou hast torn it up again.

Mine eyes too much drown'd, now must feel more  
rain.

*Car.* Fetch officers.

[*Exit KATH.*

*Frank.* For whom?

*Car.* For thee, sirrah! sirrah! Some knives  
have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a  
villainous one: Look! (*Shewing the knife.*) Oh it  
is enamelled with the heart-blood of thy hated wife,  
my beloved daughter. What say'st thou to this  
evidence? is't not sharp? does't not strike home?  
thou canst not answer honestly, and without a  
trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible  
bloody point.

*Win.* I beseech you, sir, strike him no more;  
You see he's dead already.

*Car.* Oh, sir? you held his horses; you are as  
arrant a rogue as he: up go you too.

*Frank.* As you're a man, throw not upon that  
woman

Your loads of tyranny, for she's innocent.

*Car.* How now? a woman? Is't grown to a  
fashion for women in all countries to wear the  
breeches?

*Win.* I am not as my disguise speaks me, sir,  
His page; but his first, only wife, his lawful wife.

*Car.* How? how? more fire i' th' bed-straw.

*Win.* The wrongs which singly fell upon your daughter,  
On me are multiplied : she lost a life,  
But I an husband and myself must lose,  
If you call him to a bar for what he has done.

*Car.* He has done it then ?

*Win.* Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

*Frank.* Dost thou betray me ?

*Win.* Oh pardon me, dear heart ! I'm mad to lose thee,  
And know not what I speak ; but if thou didst,  
I must arraign this father for two sins,  
Adultery and murder.

*Enter KATHERINE.*

*Kath.* Sir, they're come.

*Car.* Arraign me for what thou wilt, all Middlesex knows me better for an honest man, than the middle of a market-place knows thee for an honest woman. Rise, sirrah, and don't your tacklings, rig yourself for the gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back : your trull shall to th' jail go with you ; there be as fine Newgate birds as she, that can draw him in. Pox on's wounds !

*Frank.* I've serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid.

Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> *Don,*] Put on, contracted from *do on*.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The inside of the Witch's Hut.**Enter Mother SAWYER.*

*Saw.* Still wrong'd by every slave? and not a dog  
 Bark in his dame's defence? I am call'd witch,  
 Yet am myself bewitch'd from doing harm.  
 Have I giv'n up myself to thy black lust  
 Thus to be scorn'd? not see me in three days?  
 I'm lost without my Tomalin: pr'ythee come,  
 Revenge to me is sweeter far than life;  
 Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings  
 Revenge comes flying to me. Oh my best love!  
 I am on fire, even in the midst of ice,  
 Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel  
 Thy curl'd head leaning on them. Come then, my  
     darling,  
 If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me  
 In some dark cloud; and as I oft have seen  
 Dragons and serpents in the elements,  
 Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i' th' sea?  
 Muster up all the monsters from the deep,  
 And be the ugliest of them. So that my bulch<sup>1</sup>  
 Shew but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,  
 And break from hell, I care not: could I run  
 Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world,  
 Up would I blow it, all to find out thee,  
 Tho' I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come!  
 I must then fall to my old prayer:

<sup>1</sup> *Bulch.*] Probably an abbreviation from *bulchin*, a young male calf. So in Shirley's *Gamester*:

"Hazard and Wilding, how is't? how is't, *bulchins*?"



*Sanctibiceter nomen tuum.* Not yet come !  
Worrying of wolves, biting of mad dogs, the manges,  
And the——

*Enter the Dog, white.*

*Dog.* How now ! whom art thou cursing ?

*Saw.* Thee. Ha ! No, 'tis my black dog I am  
cursing,

For not attending on me.

*Dog.* I am that cur.

*Saw.* Thou liest : hence ! come not nigh me.

*Dog.* Bough, wough.

*Saw.* Why dost thou thus appear to me in white,  
As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love ?

*Dog.* I am dogged, list not to tell thee yet, to  
torment thee ; my whiteness puts thee in mind of  
thy winding sheet<sup>1</sup>.

*Saw.* Am I near death ?

*Dog.* Yes, if the dog of hell be near thee. When  
the devil comes to thee as a lamb, have at thy  
throat !

*Saw.* Off, cur !

*Dog.* He has the back of a sheep, but the belly  
of an otter ; devours by sea and land. Why am I  
in white ! didst thou not pray to me ?

*Saw.* Yes thou dissembling hell-hound :  
Why now in white more than at other times ?

*Dog.* Be blasted with the news : whiteness is  
day's foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which shows  
thy old rivell'd face : villainies are stript naked ;  
the witch must be beaten out of her cock-pit.

*Saw.* Must she ? she shall not : thou'rt a lying  
spirit :

Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce ?  
I am at peace with none : 'tis the black colour

<sup>1</sup> *Sweet,*] So the quarto reads corruptedly.

Or none, which I fight under. I do not like  
Thy puritan paleness. Glowing furnaces  
Are far more hot than they which flame outright.  
If thou my old dog art, go and bite such  
As I shall set thee on.

*Dog.* I will not.

*Saw.* I'll sell myself to twenty thousand fiends,  
To have thee torn in pieces.

*Dog.* Thou canst not: thou art so ripe to fall in-  
to hell, that no more of my kennel will so much as  
bark at him that hangs thee.

*Saw.* I shall run mad.

*Dog.* Do so, thy time is come to curse, and rave,  
and die. The glass of thy sins is full, and it must  
run out at gallows.

*Saw.* It cannot, ugly cur, I'll confess nothing;  
And not confessing, who dare come and swear  
I have bewitch'd them? I'll not confess one mouth-  
ful.

*Dog.* Choose, and be hang'd or burn'd.

*Saw.* 'Spite of the devil and thee,  
I'll muzzle up my tongue from telling tales.

*Dog.* 'Spite of thee and the devil thou'lt be  
condemn'd.

*Saw.* Yes! when?

*Dog.* And ere the executioner catch thee full in's  
claws, thou'lt confess all.

*Saw.* Out dog!

*Dog.* Out witch! thy trial is at hand:  
Our prey being had, the devil does laughing stand.  
[*Stands aloof.*]

*Enter Old BANKS, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.*

*Banks.* She's here; attach her! Witch, you  
must go with us, [She is seized.]

*Saw.* Whither! to hell?

*Banks.* No, no, no, old crone: your mittimus

shall be made thither, but your own jailors shall receive you. Away with her!

*Saw.* My Tommy! my sweet Tom-boy! Oh, thou dog!

Dost thou now fly to thy kennel and forsake me! Plagues and consumptions— [*She is carried off.*]

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Let not the world witches or devils condemn;  
They follow us, and then we follow them.

*Enter CUDDY BANKS.*

*Cud.* I would fain meet with mine ingle once more; he has had a claw amongst 'em. My rival that lov'd my wench is like to be hang'd like an innocent. A kind cur where he takes; but where he takes not, a dogged rascal. I know the villain loves me. [*Dog barks.*] No, art thou there? that's Tom's voice, but 'tis not he; this is a dog of another hair. This? bark and not speak to me? not Tom then: there's as much difference betwixt Tom and this, as betwixt white and black.

*Dog.* Hast thou forgot me?

*Cud.* That's Tom again: pr'ythee speak, ningle, speak: is thy name Tom?

*Dog.* Whilst I serv'd my old dame Sawyer, 'twas. I'm gone from her now.

*Cud.* Gone? away with the witch then too! she'll never thrive if thou leav'st her; she knows no more how to kill a cow, or a horse, or a sow, without thee, than she does to kill a goose.

*Dog.* No, she has done killing now, but must be killed for what she has done. She's shortly to be hang'd.

*Cud.* Is she? In my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the gallows, Tom.

*Dog.* Right: I serv'd her to that purpose; 'twas part of my wages.



*Cud.* This was no honest servant's part, by your leave, Tom. This remember, I pray you, between you and I, I entertain'd you ever as a dog, not as a devil.

*Dog.* True ; and so I us'd thee doggedly, not devilishly.

I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at.  
The wench thou seek'st after thou never spak'st with,  
But a spirit in her form, habit, and likeness. Ha, ha !

*Cud.* I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of women too.

*Dog.* Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine ; but chiefly those coarse creatures, dog, or cat, hare, ferret, frog, toad.

*Cud.* Louse or flea ?

*Dog.* Any poor vermin.

*Cud.* It seems you devils have poor thin souls, that you can bestow yourselves in such small bodies. But 'pray you, Tom, one question at parting (I think I shall never see you more), where do you borrow those bodies that are not your own ? The garment-shape you may hire at brokers.

*Dog.* Why would'st thou know that ? fool it avails thee not.

*Cud.* Only for my mind's sake, Tom, and to tell some of my friends.

*Dog.* I'll thus much tell thee : thou never art so distant

From an evil spirit, but that thy oaths,  
Curses, and blasphemies pull him to thine elbow ;  
Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a devil  
Is within hearing it ; thy evil purposes  
Are ever haunted ; but when they come to act,  
As thy tongue slandering, bearing false witness,  
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,  
He's then within thee : thou play'st, he bets upon  
thy part ;

Altho' thou lose, yet he will gain by thee.

*Cud.* Aye? then he comes in the shape of a rook?

*Dog.* The old cadaver of some self-strangled wretch

We sometimes borrow, and appear human<sup>1</sup> :

The carcase of some disease-slain strumpet

We varnish fresh, and wear as her first beauty.

Didst never hear? if not, it has been done ;

An hot luxurious lecher in his twines,

When he has thought to clip his dalliance,

There has provided been for his embrace

A fine hot flaming devil in her place.

*Cud.* Yes, I am partly a witness to this ; but I never could embrace her : I thank thee for that, Tom. Well, again I thank thee, Tom, for all this counsel ; without a fee, too. There's few lawyers of thy mind now. Certainly, Tom, I begin to pity thee.

*Dog.* Pity me? for what?

*Cud.* Were it possible for thee to become an honest dog yet? 'Tis a base life that you lead, Tom, to serve witches, to kill innocent children, to kill harmless cattle, to 'stroy corn and fruit, and so forth. 'Twere better to be a butcher and kill for yourself.

*Dog.* Why, these are all my delights, my pleasures, fool.

*Cud.* Or, Tom, if you could give your mind to ducking, (I know you can swim, fetch, and carry) some shopkeeper in London would take great delight in you, and be a tender master over you : or if you have any mind to the game, either at bull or bear, I think I could prefer you to Moll Cutpurse<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Humane.*] The difference between *human* and *humane* was not well established in our author's period. The latter is evidently confounded with the former.

<sup>2</sup> Moll Cutpurse, or Mary Frith, was a celebrated character

*Dog.* Ha, ha ! I should kill all the game, bulls, bears, dogs and all : not a cub to be left.

*Cud.* You could do, Tom, but you must play fair, you should be stav'd off else. Or if your stomach did better like to serve in some nobleman's, knight's, or gentleman's kitchen, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit (your labour could not be much), when they have roast meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most ; here you could lick you own toes very well ; or if you could translate yourself into a lady's arming puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty offices. But to creep under an old witch's coats, and suck like a great puppy ! fie upon't ! I have heard beastly things of you, Tom.

*Dog.* Ha, ha ! the worst thou heardest of me the better 'tis.

Shall I serve thee, fool, at the self-same rate ?

*Cud.* No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first ! I know thy qualities too well. I'll give no suck to such whelps ; therefore, henceforth I defy thee. Out ! avaunt !

*Dog.* Nor will I serve for such a silly soul. I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness ; There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance : Serve some Briarean footcloth-strider<sup>1</sup>, That has an hundred hands to catch at bribes, But not a finger's nail of charity. Such, like the dragon's tail, shall pull down hundreds

in the days of King James I., who, assuming the habit of either sex, acted alternately the character of a prostitute, pick-pocket, thief, &c. She died in 1659. An excellent comedy, entitled, *The Roaring Girl*, or *Moll Cutpurse*, in which she is a principal character, was the joint production of Middleton and Dekker.

<sup>1</sup> *Footcloth-strider.*] Footcloth was the caparison of a state-horse : it became subsequently a term for the horse itself.



To drop and sink with him: I'll stretch myself,  
And draw this bulk small as a silver wire,  
Enter at the least pore, tobacco-fume  
Can make a breach for. Hence, silly fool!  
I scorn to prey on such an atom-soul.

*Cud.* Come out, come out, you cur! I will beat thee out of the bounds of Edmonton, and to-morrow we go in procession, and after thou shalt never come in again. If thou goest to London, I'll make thee go about by Tyburn, stealing in by Thieving-lane. If thou canst rub thy shoulder against a lawyer's gown, as thou passest by Westminster-hall, do; if not, to the stairs amongst the ban-dogs<sup>1</sup> take water, and the devil go with thee.

[*Exeunt CUDDY, and the Dog barking.*]

SCENE II.—*London.—A Street leading to Tyburn.*

*Enter Sir ARTHUR, SOMERTON, WARBECK, CARTER, and KATHERINE.*

*Just.* Sir Arthur, though the bench hath mildly censured your errors, yet you have indeed been the instrument that wrought all their misfortunes; I would wish you paid down your fine speedily and willingly.

*Sir Ar.* I need no urging to it.

*Car.* If you should, 'twere a shame to you; for, if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered; and now make what you can of it. But I am glad these gentlemen are freed.

<sup>1</sup> *To the stairs amongst the ban-dogs.*] This probably refers to the celebrated bear-garden, called Paris-garden, which was contiguous to the Globe-theatre, and situated on the Bank-side in Southwark.

*War.* We knew our innocence.

*Som.* And therefore fear'd it not.

*Kath.* But I am glad that I have you safe.

[*A noise within.*

*Just.* How now? what noise is that?

*Cud.* Young Frank is going the wrong way.—  
Alas, poor youth! Now, I begin to pity him.

*Enter Old THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE weeping.*

*Thor.* Here let our sorrows wait him: to press  
nearer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions  
May tempt our grief too much, at height already.—  
Daughter, be comforted.

*Win.* Comfort and I

Are too far separated to be join'd  
But in eternity. I share too much  
Of him that's going thither.

*Car.* Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault: I  
grieve to see thee weep for him that hath my pity  
too.

*Win.* My fault was lust, my punishment was  
shame.

Yet I am happy that my soul is free  
Both from consent, fore-knowledge, and intent,  
Of any murther, but of mine own honour,  
Restor'd again by a fair satisfaction,  
And since not to be wounded.

*Thor.* Daughter, grieve not

For what necessity forceth; rather resolve  
To conquer it with patience. Alas, she faints!

*Win.* My griefs are strong upon me; my weak-  
ness scarce

Can bear them.—

[*Within.*—Away with her! Hang her, witch?

*Enter to execution Mother SAWYER; Officers with halberts; Country people.*

*Car.* The witch, that instrument of mischief! Did not she witch the devil into my son-in-law, when he kill'd my poor daughter? Do you hear, mother Sawyer?

*Saw.* What would you have?  
Cannot a poor old woman have your leave  
To die without vexation?

*Car.* Did not you bewitch Frank, to kill his wife? He could never have done't without the devil.

*Saw.* Who doubts it? But is every devil mine? 'Would I had one now whom I might command  
To tear you all in pieces! Tom would have done't  
Before he left me.

*Car.* Thou didst bewitch Ann Ratcliffe to kill herself.

*Saw.* Churl, thou liest; I never did her hurt: 'would you were all as near your ends as I am, that gave evidence against me for it.

*Coun.* I'll be sworn, master Carter, she bewitch'd Gammer Washbowl's sow to cast her pigs a day before the day they would have farried. Yet they were sent up to London, and sold for as good Westminster dog-pigs, at Bartholomew-fair, as ever great-bellied ale-wife longed for.

*Saw.* These dogs will mad me: I was well resolv'd

To die in my repentance; tho' 'tis true  
I would live longer if I might: yet since  
I cannot, 'pray torment me not. My conscience  
Is settled as it shall be. All take heed  
How they believe the devil; at last he'll cheat you.

*Car.* Thou'dst best confess all truly.

*Saw.* Yet again?

Have I scarce breath enough to say my prayers?



And would you force me to spend that in bawling?  
Bear witness, I repent all former evil,  
There is no damned conjuror like the devil.

*All.* Away with her, away! [*She is led off.*]

*Enter FRANK to execution, and Officers.*

*Thor.* Here's the sad object which I yet must  
meet

With hope of comfort, if a repentant end  
Make him more happy than misfortune would  
Suffer him here to be.

*Frank.* Good sirs, turn from me;  
You will revive affliction almost kill'd  
With my continual sorrow.

*Thor.* Oh, Frank, Frank!  
'Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died  
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted!

*Frank.* To look upon your sorrows executes me,  
Before my execution.

*Win.* Let me pray you, sir—

*Frank.* Thou much wrong'd woman, I must sigh  
for thee,

As he that's only loath to leave the world  
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,  
Unfriended; and for me to beg a pity  
From any man to thee when I am gone,  
Is more than I can hope; nor, to say truth,  
Have I deserv'd it: but there is a payment  
Belongs to goodness from the great exchequer  
Above: it will not fail thee, Winnifrede;  
Be that thy comfort.

*Thor.* Let it be thine too.  
Untimely lost young man.

*Frank.* He is not lost,  
Who bears his peace within him: had I spun  
My web of life out at full length, and dreamed  
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,

Murthers of reputations, gallant sins  
Commended or approv'd ; then, tho' I had  
Died easily, as great and rich men do,  
Upon my own bed, not compell'd by justice,  
You might have mourn'd for me indeed ; my mis-  
eries

Had been as everlasting, as remediless :  
But now the law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd,  
With greater rigour my unhappy fact,  
Than I myself have every little sin  
My memory can reckon from my childhood :  
A court hath been kept here, where I am found  
Guilty ; the difference is, my impartial judge  
Is much more gracious than my faults  
Are monstrous to be nam'd ; yes, they are mon-  
strous.

*Thor.* Here's comfort in this penitence.

*Win.*

It speaks

How truly you are reconcil'd, and quickens  
My dying comfort, that was near expiring  
With my last breath : now this repentance makes  
thee

As white as innocence ; and my first sin with thee,  
Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow  
Is clearly cancell'd. Might our souls together  
Climb to the height of their eternity,  
And there enjoy what earth denied us, happiness !  
But since I must survive, and be the monument  
Of thy lov'd memory, I will preserve it  
With a religious care, and pay thy ashes  
A widow's duty, calling that end best,  
Which, tho' it stain the name, makes the soul blest.

*Frank.* Give me thy hand, poor woman. Do not  
weep !

Farewell. Thou dost forgive me ?

*Win.*

'Tis my part

To use that language.

*Frank.* Oh ! that my example  
Might teach the world hereafter what a curse  
Hangs on their heads, who rather choose to marry  
A goodly portion than a dow'r of virtues !—  
Are you there, gentlemen ? there is not one  
Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd ; you most :  
[To CARTER.

I robb'd you of a daughter ; but she is  
In heaven ; and I must suffer for it willingly.

*Car.* Ay, ay, she's in heaven, and I am glad to  
see thee so well prepar'd to follow her. I forgive  
thee with all my heart. If thou hadst not had ill  
counsel, thou would'st not have done as thou didst :  
the more shame for them !

*Som.* Spare your excuses to me, I do conceive  
What you would speak. I would you could as ea-  
sily

Make satisfaction to the law, as to  
My wrongs : I'm sorry for you.

*War.* And so am I,  
And heartily forgive you.

*Kath.* I will pray for you,  
For her sake, who, I'm sure, did love you dearly.

*Sir Ar.* Let us part friendly too : I am asham'd  
Of my part in thy wrongs.

*Frank.* You are all merciful,  
And send me to my grave in peace. Sir Arthur,  
Heaven send you a new heart.—Lastly, to you, sir ;  
And tho' I have deserv'd not to be call'd  
Your son, yet give me leave upon my knees,  
To beg a blessing.—[*Kneels.*]

*Thor.* Take it : Let me wet  
Thy cheeks with the last tears my griefs have left  
me.

O Frank, Frank, Frank !

*Frank.* Let me beseech you, gentlemen,  
To comfort my old father, keep him with you ;



Love this distressed widow; and as often  
As you remember what a graceless man  
I was, remember likewise that these are  
Both free, both worthy of a better fate,  
Than such a son or husband as I have been.  
All help me with your prayers. On, on: 'tis just  
That law should purge the guilt of blood and lust.

[*He is led off by the officers.*]

*Car.* Go thy ways: I did not think to have shed  
one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water my  
plants 'spite of my heart. Master Thorney, cheer  
up man, whilst I can stand by you, you shall not  
want help to keep you from falling. We have lost  
our children both on's the wrong way, but we can-  
not help it: better or worse, 'tis now as 'tis.

*Thor.* I thank you, sir, you are more kind than I  
Have cause to hope or look for.

*Car.* Master Somerton, is Kate yours or no?

*Som.* We are agreed.

*Kath.* And, but my faith is pass'd, I should fear  
to be married, husbands are so cruelly unkind. Ex-  
cuse me that I am troubled.

*Som.* Thou shalt have no cause.

*Just<sup>1</sup>.* Take comfort, mistress Winnifrede. Sir  
Arthur,

For his abuse to you and to your husband,  
Is by the bench enjoin'd to pay you down  
A thousand merks,

*Sir Ar.* Which I will soon discharge.

*Win.* Sir, 'tis too great a sum to be employ'd  
Upon my funeral.

*Car.* Come, come: if luck had serv'd, Sir Arthur,  
and every man had his due, somebody might have  
tottered ere this, without paying fines: like it as

<sup>1</sup> *Just.*] This speech is given to Carter in the original. It  
evidently belongs to the Justice.

you list. Come to me, Winnifrede, 'shalt be welcome. Make much of her, Kate, I charge you: I do not think but she's a good wench, and hath had wrong as well as we. So let's every man home to Edmonton with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can, though not as we would.

*Just.* Join friends in sorrow; make of all the best:

Harms past may be lamented, not redrest.

[*Exeunt.*]





## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by WINNIFREDE.*

I AM a widow still, and must not sort  
A second choice, without a good report ;  
Which tho' some widows find, and few deserve,  
Yet I dare not presume, but will not swerve  
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free ;  
The gentle may speak one kind word for me.

PHEN \*.

\* *Phen.*] Probably the name of the actor who spoke the epilogue in the character of Winnifrede. William Penn, most likely the person meant, was one of the actors mentioned in the second folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, as having performed some characters in their plays. Or it may possibly have been Andrew Pennycuik, who has been mentioned in the notes to the preceding play, and as he is known to have acted the parts of women, not improbably personated the character of Winnifrede in this drama.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF  
HIS MAJESTY  
GEORGE THE THIRD  
BY  
JAMES OBERLIN

Year	Month	Day	Event
1760	Sept	3	George III crowned
1763	Oct	7	Treaty of Paris signed
1766	Mar	10	Stamp Act repealed
1768	Aug	15	Proclamation of 1763 issued
1770	Mar	5	Tea Act passed
1773	Dec	16	Boston Tea Party
1774	Sept	17	First Continental Congress opens
1775	Apr	19	Battle of Lexington
1776	Jul	4	Declaration of Independence
1777	Sept	26	British occupy Philadelphia
1778	Oct	4	Battle of the Clouds
1781	Sept	26	British evacuated Philadelphia
1783	Mar	3	Evacuation of Fort Mifflin
1784	Mar	1	First meeting of the Continental Congress
1787	Sept	17	Constitution signed
1789	Sept	17	George III dies
1790	Mar	4	George IV crowned
1791	Mar	4	George IV crowned
1792	Mar	4	George IV crowned
1793	Mar	4	George IV crowned
1794	Mar	4	George IV crowned
1795	Mar	4	George IV crowned
1796	Mar	4	George IV crowned
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## ERRATA.

### VOL. I.

- P. 74, line 27, *for* but now, *read* but how.  
 178, notes, line 8, *for* Edin. *read* London.  
 330,                   5, *for* Pilgrim, *read* Love's Pilgrimage.  
 349,                   7, *for* Monstruo, *read* El Monstruo.  
 371,                   20, *for* ratter, *read* rutter.  
 392, line 12, *for* sending, *read* send.  
 420,                17, *for* go too, *read* go to.

### VOL. II.

- P. 321, line 12, *for* Satiromastrix, *read* Satiromastix.







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